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THE

Lounger's Common-Place Book

OR

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS,

IN

History, Criticism, Biography, Poetry, & Romance.

[Newman, Jeremiah Whitaker]

THE THIRD EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NON OMNINO EX SCRIPTORUM OFFICINA SED VITÆ HUMANÆ SCHOLA.

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I

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE EXCELLENT

THE EVER REVERED

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE;

AND TO HIS SURVIVING ASSOCIATES,

LORD HUTCHINSON AND LORD KEITH;

ALSO TO

LORD NELSON, SIR SIDNEY SMITH,

AND EVERY INDIVIDUAL OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY, WHO UNITING INEXTINGUISHABLE COURAGE WITH CONSUMMATE SKILL, EXTERMINATED THE GALLIC CROCODILE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE; DISSIPATED THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT, AND RESCUED THAT COUNTRY FROM THE BITTEREST OF ALL ITS VISITATIONS; FROM THE COLONIZATION OF ATHEISTS, AND THE LEGISLATION OF MARAUDERS; FROM PLUNDER IN THE MASK OF DEVOTION, AND INFIDELITY UNDER THE VIZARD OF FANATICISM.

PREFACE.

THE EDITOR OF THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK, on appearing again before the Public, cannot ſuppreſs his gratitude and joy; gratitude to his readers, for their candidly overlooking his numerous errors; and joy, on finding that he has not wholly failed in attempting to pleaſe them.

But, in proportion to the kindneſs of his reception, a more arduous taſk is impoſed on him; it becomes his duty to act as well as to feel, and, if his Collection is not improved, he can only lament that a conſiderable portion of time and labor has been ineffectually beſtowed. This is a point which HE cannot decently, nor perhaps, correctly decide.

To thoſe perſons who have not ſeen the former editions, a ſhort ſtatement of the deſign of this work ſeems neceſſary; the title, which has ſometimes been cenſured for its ſtrangeneſs, and ſometimes been diſapproved as an uncreditable ſhelter for indolence, the title was choſen, that diſappointment might not be produced, by exciting expectation.

To catch ere it periſh the trifle of the minute; to give ſhort ſketches of men and things, which tho' beneath the dignity of a Biographia, deſerve to be recorded; to ſelect from the ſcene before us, whatever appeared curious, amuſing, or applicable, to the purpoſes of human life; *to make a book*, which might be peruſed without injury to morals or taſte, is attempted in the following pages.

The

The preſent Collection is not profeſſedly biographical; in that reſpect, it will be conſidered as deficient in dates, and narrative minuteneſs; the Editor has only caught hold of names to identify fact, to impreſs ſentiment, to give faſhion and form to idea.

He has tried to unite the uſeful with the pleaſant; for, in the preſent day, a book merely inſtructive would not be peruſed, and a publication ſolely entertaining, without any view to improve the underſtanding, or amend the heart, no one ought to write.

Though not entirely a compiler, his pretenſions to originality are ſlender: he offers THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK as an eaſy tooth-pick companion for idle, diſſipated, forgetful men, who paſs their mornings in Hyde Park, the fruit ſhop, or St. James's-ſtreet; and who, at the club, or after dinner, would be ſorry to appear wholly uninformed on any caſual ſubject of private converſe, or public diſcuſſion.

If, as a literary trifler, he has occaſionally called the attention of theſe gentlemen to important truth, or rouzed them by illuſtrious example, he aſſumes the merit of uſefully occupying a claſs of perſons, more numerous than is generally imagined, who would yawn at a moral eſſay, and ſlumber over a ſermon.

To ſelect and lay before common readers, who, not faſtidiouſly ſcrupulous, or delicately nice, ſteal a few hours from buſineſs or pleaſure, ſtriking facts and circumſtances which come home to the boſoms of us all; to point out a path equally diſtant from vicious exceſs, and unſocial ſecluſion; to cry down alike unwarrantable ſcepticiſm, and debaſing ſuperſtition; to find the happy midway between blind unconditional ſubmiſſion, and the mad licentiouſneſs of anarchy; to glean in ſpots which have been ſometimes neglected, and ſometimes forgotten, were motives which firſt ſeduced, and encouraged by public favor, ſtill invite, *a man not abounding in patience*, to encounter the teazing delays and irritating minutiæ of the preſs.

Theſe

Theſe evils, he feels it a duty to ſay, have been diminiſhed and alleviated by the accommodating attentions of his printer, and every perſon concerned.

As many years have paſſed ſince the publication of his laſt volume; years marked by highly important events; whole fleets of our enemy burnt or triumphantly carried into port; countries conquered and *invincible* armies taken captive; ſhort-lived peace, and a new war; he cannot, as an Engliſhman, contemplate in ſilence our preſent ſtruggle with perfidious France.

If there *be* an omnipotent ſuperintending power, and that there *is*, all nature cries aloud in all her works; with the energies we exert, and the means in our hands, WE MUST SUCCEED; GOD AND ALL GOOD MEN ARE WITH US.

Britons hands and hearts prepare,
Deep ton'd thunders roll in air,
Enthron'd in darkneſs, cloud, and ſtorm,
Deſolation rears her form.

She ſignals forth the hell-born brood,
And lures them with our promis'd blood,
They mark us for their deſtin'd prey,
While death and rapine point the way.

To Britons glorious is the ſtrife,
We fight for liberty and life.

Turn the bright hiſtoric page,
Albion's arms for many an age,
Have, in glory's tented field,
Forc'd proud Gallia's bands to yield.

Victorious Edward's conq'ring lance,
Once cruſh'd the power of proſtrate France.
To truant Henry ſhe was forc'd to yield,
He ſeiz'd her Fleurs de Lys, and with them grac'd his ſhield.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

ABERDALGIE, a ſmall pariſh in Scotland, to which certain loyal and conſtitutional reſolutions were tranſmitted during a ſeaſon of general and well-founded alarm, produced by ſeditious movements. The inhabitants firmly refuſed their ſubſcriptions and aſſent, although theſe reſolutions were ſtrongly recommended from the pulpit, and by a noble lord of conſiderable property and influence; the general anſwer given by the pariſhioners, was, in the following words:

"We ſincerely wiſh well to the King and Conſtitution, but while there exiſts ſuch urgent neceſſity for reform, and which may eaſily be put in practice without danger to either, we cannot think of ſigning any paper, in which redreſs of grievance, and diminution of public expence, ſinecures, and penſions, are not the prevailing ſentiments; nor will we on any account tie up our hands from endeavouring to procure by all lawful and tranquil methods, ſuch deſirable purpoſes."

With this declaration, they left the church, I believe entirely, to the aſtoniſhed clergyman, and the thunderſtruck peer, who, if I miſtake not, was the Earl of Kinnoul.

ADAIR, ROBERT, a ſurgeon, a good-natured pleaſant man, a favorite of princes, of women, and of fortune, whoſe unaſſuming mediocrity of talent, has not protected him from the induſtrious watchfulneſs of modern biography.

Detection in an early amour, drove him precipitately from Dublin, and, after filling the poſt of an army ſurgeon for ſeveral years, he fortunately attracted the notice of Lady Caroline Keppel, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and ſiſter to the gallant

gallant admiral, who fought, or would have fought the French handſomely, off Uſhant.

Adair's marriage with a woman of quality introduced him to good buſineſs as well as good company; he was a few months after appointed inſpector-general of military hoſpitals, an office, in which his frugal expenditure of public money, attracted the notice, and received the marked approbation of his Royal Maſter; while his affability and mild manners, were a ſtriking contraſt to the harſh ſeverity and rugged peeviſhneſs, of ſome of his profeſſional cotemporaries.

Although publicly parſimonious, he was from his own ſtores privately generous; he became the beſt friend of the private ſoldier, and of a claſs of men who may often look with envy on the condition of a private ſoldier, I mean thoſe unhappy ſubalterns, whoſe parents having been mad and cruel enough to ſink the wholè of their ſon's fortune in an enſigncy, or a lieutenant's commiſſion, have doomed him to *exiſt* in ſplendid poverty on four ſhillings a day.

Lady Caroline, who died conſumptive a few years after her marriage, ought not to be mentioned without a reflection on what are commonly called great matches: that in many inſtances they conduct a private individual to honour and wealth, and, as was the caſe with the ſubject of our preſent article, to nuptial happineſs, is an undoubted fact; but it cannot be denied, that indifference, reproach, and family diſcord, are the natural and too frequent conſequences of unequal alliance.

Enchanting form, immenſe wealth, and brilliant accompliſhment, however they may be the general objects of purſuit, are by no means eſſential to happineſs; a uſeful friend and unaſſuming companion, with more humble acquirements, and whoſe fortune, rank, and intellect, are nearly on an equality with her huſband's, is more likely to bring the invaluable marriage portion, of internal comfort and domeſtic peace.

I have ſaid that Adair was a favourite of the fair, as well as of fortune, and a haſty ſketch of a lady is given in the memoirs of his life, which has perplexed the critics in amorous anecdote, and private ſcandal, to find out who was meant.

She is deſcribed as an early and generous friend of our *fortunate Iriſhman*, and as a woman of faſhion, at that time well known in polite circles; a famous demirep and free-thinker, on the wrong ſide of nine and thirty,

thirty, who had paſſed the prime of her life, in adopting every wild opinion, and gratifying every paſſion.

At this juncture, being accidentally at Bath, ſhe engaged the attentions of a wealthy old peer, and by virtue of a plump face, good ſpirits, and agreeable ſmall-talk, won the heart of a decayed rake at ſixty-five: miſtaking the pertneſs of dotage, and the effects of a good fire and ſtrong punch for vigor, he ſettled on her an enormous jointure; inſtead of an additional flannel waiſtcoat, he took a wife to his boſom, and when he ought to have ordered a hot pan of coals, determined on a bed-fellow; but his courage was ſuperior to his conſtitution, and he ſunk under this autumnal effort.

The widow ſubmitted to fate without murmuring, and wore her weeds with decent compoſure: but as years advanced, qualms, for the ſins of her youth came on, her ſpirits and infidelity forſook her, and ſhe made a bold leap from Spinoza and whiſt, to Whitfield and coniac.

Adair always ſpoke of the counteſs with tenderneſs and regret, calling her the beſt patient he ever had, not merely from her generoſity which was ſplendid, but from her favors and patronage being ſo admirably well-timed; they took place exactly at the inſtant they were moſt wanted, at the moment of his landing from Ireland, in diſgrace, ſhort of caſh, and almoſt without a friend.

Having by a brilliant marriage, as well as by ſucceſsful intrigue, attached a current value to his character among the women; many of them are ſaid to have longed to preſs the dear deſtroyer to their arms, not content till they had aſcertained the irreſiſtible powers of a hero, for whom the heart of the wife, the widow, and the heireſs, had alternately throbbed with deſire.

He was often rallied on the moderate ſhare of beauty enjoyed by ſome of his fair favorites, but he preferred them to very handſome women; who, paying greater attention to the decoration of their perſons than the cultivation of their minds, ſeldom are agreeable companions.

Could I be permitted in the choice of a wife, to exert the power of a magician, the companion of my future life, during her childhood and education, ſhould poſſeſs a diſagreeable but a well proportioned and healthy exterior; by this means one great avenue to vanity, preſumption, and frivolous manners, would be cloſed; but, when marriage rites had made her mine, I would

exert the omnipotence of my talisman, to give beauty and expression to her form.

On the death of Mr. Ranby, the favorite surgeon of King George the second, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners, the subject of this article succeeded him in a lucrative post; and, on the strength of personal attachment, is said to have prevailed on a good-natured king to break his word, as the appointment had been promised to David Middleton, a veteran in the service of his royal master's family; Adair, however, secured a good thing, and honest David, as hath been the fate of many a greater man, died with a king in his debt.

It was not long after that this fortunate Irishman was dispatched on a business of life and death, to attend the Duke of Gloucester, on the continent, and he enjoyed the credit of snatching the king's brother from the grave: on this occasion, he was introduced to and enjoyed frequent conversations with the excellent Ganganelli, Clement the fourteenth, whom I have ever called THE PROTESTANT POPE.

Having visited different parts of Europe, in the suite of his recovered patient, Mr. Adair returned to England, to reap the rewards of augmented fame and regal gratitude, when an opportunity offered of exerting his benevolence and philanthropy, with singular efficacy and success.

His friend, Mr. Hesse, of the army pay-office, and I believe a commissary of musters, a man of pleasing manners, general acquaintance in polite circles, and at a certain time, of competent income, but not of a solid understanding; had unhappily been seduced by the dissipating madness of the times, to form habits and indulge in expences, inconsistent with his rank and fortune.

Although his affairs had for some time been desperate, his pride or his folly would not suffer him to retrench; he regarded with dread the contemptuous sneer of the world; at least that despicable dissipated drove which passes for it; a vile unmanly fatal fear, which makes and keeps us fools and beggars half our lives.

Wine, company, gaming, and a dependence on *certain promises*, helped, for a time, to shut out intruding care, and support a wounded spirit; unhappily, his expectations were disappointed, his creditors were urgent, and he retired with a smile on his countenance, but mortal chagrin at his heart, to one of those nocturnal associations for getting rid of time, money, and reflection, which

which have been called little earthly Pandemoniums, where, how deep ſo ever our diſtreſs, hopeleſs our proſpects, or miſerable our fate, we may be certain of meeting companions, equally unhappy with ourſelves, alike ſmarting under the ill-treatment and reproaches of mankind or themſelves; ready to receive us with open arms and ſympathy, and in the diſtraction of play, the tumult of carouſing, or the roar of merriment, ſetting at defiance God and man; cards and dice, here level every diſtinction, and mix in familiar intimacy, the prince and prizefighter, the peer and horſe-jockey, the gambler and the heir.

This unhappy man paſſed part of the night in one of theſe ſplendid receptacles of deſperate adventure, which attract by their bulky magnificence, the wonder and ſigh of the indignant public.

With that timid caution which often accompanies bloody intent, he exhibited nothing peculiar in his deportment or appearance, but, at the uſual time, and in the uſual mode, quitting thoſe he was to ſee no more, repaired to his own houſe, and, in the agonies of deſpair, ſnatched, from God's right hand, the inſtruments of death.

The ſituation of a wife, at once, and by a ſhocking cataſtrophe, deprived of huſband, friend, and fortune, may be eaſily imagined; the ſtruggle too great for a delicate frame, terminated in temporary diſtraction.

From the houſe of affliction, ſhe was conveyed, by Adair, to his hoſpitable roof at Chelſea, where ſhe experienced every help, and, as reaſon gradually returned, every conſolation, the lenient hand of friendſhip could beſtow; he was indeed the good Samaritan, the father, and the friend.

From the preſent page, young men, who early in life have been groſsly led aſtray by impetuous paſſions, may learn not to give way to ſupineneſs and deſpair, as by ſubſequent prudence, and application, difficulties may be ſurmounted, character reſtored, and ſucceſs ultimately attained.

Perſons of moderate capacity, without brilliant powers or attainments, may alſo be taught from the example before us, that pre-eminence and fortune, for which we all are ſtruggling through life, are within the reach of humble diligence, minute attention, gentleneſs, civility, and dexterity in turning the little accidents of life to good account.

From a conſideration of Adair's life, an oft-repeated leſſon may alſo be brought home to the boſom of every reader; though few,

few, comparatively ſpeaking, have opportunities of acting conſpicuous parts on the great theatre of life, though we cannot all be heroes, ſtateſmen, warriors, philoſophers, and poets, yet, we *all* have it in our power to fulfill the duties of private life, to abſtain, as far as human infirmity will permit, from violence, folly, and crime, and to diffuſe, in ſome degree, the bleſſings of eaſe and comfort, to the unhappy, the ſick, and the unfortunate.

ADDINGTON, Dr. a phyſician of Reading, in Berkſhire, who firſt ſignalized himſelf, by his acuteneſs in detecting, his zeal in apprehending, and his evidence in condemning a wretched female, the dupe of vanity and illicit intercourſe, who ſuffered an ignominious death more than thirty years ago, for poiſoning her father, Mr. Blandy, by the advice and aſſiſtance of a military paramour.

The murdered man was a reputable attorney of Henley, in Oxfordſhire, and what rendered his death ſtill more ſhocking, a tender and moſt affectionate parent, to the monſter who deſtroyed him: it is much to be lamented, that the efforts of public juſtice were not ſufficiently rapid to overtake and apprehend Cranſton, her infamous aſſociate in this horrid buſineſs; I would have travelled over African deſerts and Scythian ſnows, to have ſeized and ſuſpended him to the ſame tree.

Dr. Addington, equally keen and ſcientific in medicine, and the *meum and tuum* in money matters, could never ſubmit to the inconvenience of a profeſſional competitor, with temper or moderation.

This diſpoſition involved him in frequent diſputes with Dr. Pigot and Dr. Ruſſel, two able phyſicians, who practiſed in his neighbourhood; but from his ſuperior knowledge of the world, and by the intereſt he had eſtabliſhed with a conſiderable number of apothecaries, the Reading doctor generally gained the victory.

It is true, that in one inſtance a challenge was ſent to him, which, although his opponent told him he loved a fee better than fighting, he did not accept; and, on another occaſion, having deviated from propriety and good manners, the only excuſe he could make, was, that the gentleman he inſulted, had not taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge.

The enthuſiaſtic political attachments of Dr. Addington, often excited the ſmiles of his neighbours; his conduct in this reſpect, they compared to certain eccentric

eccentric characters, who appear to be mad only on one ſubject:.

His general deportment in private life was conſiſtent and proper, but whenever the name of Pitt or Burton Pynſent was mentioned, the meekneſs with which he commonly bore his faculties inſtantly forſook him, and he burſt forth in a peculiar ſtrain of high-flying rapturous panegyric, which nothing could interrupt, however important the buſineſs, or ſolemn the occaſion which occupied him.

Yet, in this madneſs there was method, as well as good policy, it acquired for himſelf and ſecured to his family, the friendſhip and patronage of Mr. Pitt; procured by collateral connection, wealthy and reſpectable huſbands for his daughters; and placed his ſon in that chair, where Onſlow once preſided; Onſlow, who might have ſeen with ſurprize and ſatisfaction, a young man preſiding over and moderating the counſels of a great aſſembly, with dignity, ſpirit, and mildneſs; uniting a large portion of parliamentary information, and rigid impartiality, with the habits and manners of a gentleman.

It is with pride and pleaſure I add, that ſince my former impreſſion, Mr. Addington has been appointed firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; a circumſtance ſoothing to a ſplenetic and irritable mind, too often brooding over and declaiming againſt political depravity and official incapacity.

Our new premier was evidently conducted to thoſe honors, which for my country's ſake as well as his own, I wiſh him long to enjoy; he was, I ſay, evidently conducted by the predominancy of perſonal worth, and his appointment ſtamped by the broad ſeal of general approbation.

It was during the dangerous illneſs of a friend of the writer of this article, that Dr. Addington was ſent for, and while in the ſick man's room, the family aſſembled below in anxious expectation.

After a long and painful pauſe, one of the company hurried out of the room to enquire into the cauſe of ſuch delay; *on the ſtairs* he found the phyſician arguing with the apothecary, who was a *ſhocking Foxite*, on the memorable but obnoxious India bill, carried into parliament by Mr. Fox when in office; and elaborately comparing it with the *happier* production of Mr. Pitt.

"Dear doctor," ſaid the young man, labouring with fraternal affection, angry with the phyſician,

ſician, but fearful of offending him; "Dear doctor, no one in this houſe preſumes to deny the tranſcendent merits of the heroes and demi-gods of the houſe of Chatham, but I fear my poor brother will expire before you get through the merits of the bill."

Feeling he was wrong, the medical man buſtled down ſtairs, wrote his preſcription, pocketed his fee, and left the houſe ſomewhat ruffled; he could not however reſiſt the impulſe he felt to accompany the apothecary, though two miles out of his way, in order to finiſh his argument; this he did with his uſual energy, and returned home with the triumphant idea of having made a political proſelyte.

In juſtice to Dr. Addington, I cannot conclude without obſerving that he clearly conceived the caſe of his patient, who ſoon after recovered, and has often joined in a hearty laugh at the little ſtory I relate.

AGUR's PRAYER; the rational petition of a diffident and pious mind, generally conſidered as a ſafe ſtandard, an effectual boundary to the deſires of a good man, who, while he prays for deliverance from the infelicities of poverty, is far from being ſolicitous for ſuperfluous wealth; convinced, that the firſt might tempt him to invade the property of his neighbour, and that he might be enticed by the latter, to a profuſe, and unfeeling misapplication of his own.

The ſtrong, the ſcriptural, the oriental figure, at which ſo many have trembled, that "It is eaſier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," hath alſo been produced in ſupport of the propriety of Agur's wiſh.

Yet this popular and impreſſive effuſion, apparently ſuggeſted by humility and moderation, and preſerved by a great monarch, for the inſtruction of future ages, in the book of wiſdom, has been attacked by a modern writer, who unites deep reaſoning with a lively fancy.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, leſt I be full and deny thee, or be poor and ſteal," are the words ſo often produced, and ſo frequently praiſed; "Yet" ſays the author I quote, "I cannot but conſider this ejaculation as the narrow conception of a ſelfiſh, unſocial, and frigid imagination, contented with ſafety, and the negative enjoyment of uninterrupted ſecurity, neither hoping for, nor aſpiring to the honor and

and happineſs of diffuſing the warm rays of benevolence and comfort beyond its own contracted circle.

"For, after all that envy can create, or common-place collect againſt pecuniary accumulation, the man who miſapplies, and not he who acquires, is clearly the criminal agent; if, to reward induſtry, alleviate diſtreſs, and ſupport helpleſs indigence, are the great and moſt ſatisfactory duties of life, how can riches make ſalvation difficult? How can the ſame thing enable us to exerciſe the firſt of virtues, yet endanger its future rewards?

"For this reaſon, I cannot but conſider *the very deſire* of wealth, in a good man, as meritorious; he is endeavouring to qualify himſelf to act as the delegate of the Almighty in diffuſing good and diminiſhing evil; he cannot, he will not forget that omnipotent creator, who has graciouſly placed ſo powerful an inſtrument in his hands, and planted in his breaſt ſympathies ſo admirably calculated to direct him in the application of it.

"Such a character may, and naturally will deprecate poverty, not merely becauſe it ſubjects human infirmity to new temptations, but becauſe it renders benevolence impotent, leaving him hourly to witneſs diſtreſs he cannot relieve, and to reſent wrongs it is not in his power to redreſs."

Yet, in ſpite of all the ſophiſtry and ingenuity of this writer, I cannot but conſider Agur's prayer as excellently calculated for the condition of a creature like man, who, though confeſſedly a compound of reaſon as well as paſſion, is governed ninety times in a hundred, by the impulſe of the latter, rather than influenced by the ſuggeſtions of the former; and although GIVE ME RICHES, may be juſtified as a proper prayer in the mouth of a good man, every day's experience proves that immenſe wealth too often leads its poſſeſſors to capricious diſſipation, or the groſſneſs of ſenſual indulgence.

I agree that a carnal-minded man, who ſees nothing in money but means for indulging irregular appetites, may well deſire not to be rich; and that ſo rare a ſpecies of ſelf-denial, if not a meritorious, is, at leaſt, a prudent wiſh; but until the author I have quoted, has proved that the conduct of the majority of the wealthier claſſes of mankind, in the ſame proportion that they are richer, is more correct than that of their poorer neighbours, I ſhall continue to join with Agur in his prayer, from a firm conviction, that the ſtate of mediocrity

erity to which it points, is moſt favourable to moral purity, external propriety, and internal peace:

" Thus Aglaus liv'd unknown—
When royal Gyges, impotent and great,
Preſumed at wiſe Apollo's Delphic ſeat,
Preſum'd to aſk, 'O thou, the whole world's eye,
See'ſt thou a man who happier is than I?'
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
'Aglaus happier is,' but Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, 'Who can this Aglaus be?
I've heard, as yet, of no ſuch king as he.
Is ſome old hero of this name alive,
Who his high race doth from the gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty gen'ral who hath done
Wonders in fight and godlike honors won?

None, none of theſe, who can this Aglaus be?'
After long toils, and vain enquiries paſt,
In a remote Arcadian vale at laſt

Near Sopho's town which he but once had ſeen;
This mighty Aglaus, who monarchs envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the gods themſelves ſtood witneſs to;
This mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found
With his own hand in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! if it may lawful be,
Amongſt thoſe fooliſh gods to mention thee,
So let me act on ſuch a private ſtage,
The laſt dull ſcenes of my declining age;
Of heavenly reſt this earneſt to me lend,
Let my ſoul ſleep and learn to love her end."

A facetious rogue, who ſometimes reads and ſometimes laughs at my book, deſires to know who Agur was, and what proof there is of ſuch a perſon as Aglaus having ever exiſted; for what is ſaid of Agur, of whom very little is known, I refer him, with ſubmiſſion, to his bible: as to Aglaus, the whole of the ground work I can find for Cowley's little narrative, occurs in the beginning of the ſeventh book of Valerius Maximus.

Aglaus Arcadum pauperrimus, ætate major, ſed terminos agelli ſui nunquam exceſſerat, parvuli ruris fructibus contentus: and in Pliny,

Pliny, 7, 46, Aglaus in angustiſſimo Arcadiæ angulo, parvum, ſed annuis victibus large ſufficiens, prædium colebat, nunquam ex eo egreſſus.

ALARMIST, a new-coined but not inexpreſſive word, applied to certain modern politicians, who, from the commencement of the revolution in France, have conſidered it as an object in the higheſt degree intereſting and formidable to the internal happineſs and external proſperity of Great Britain, as well from geographical poſition, and the principles which gave it birth, as from the electrical enthuſiaſm, and ardent paſſion for fraternization which have generally accompanied it.

As an Engliſhman, and a lover of my country, I agree that of two evils, unneceſſary alarm, or torpid indifference, the firſt is by far the ſafeſt, and attended with inconveniences more eaſily remedied.

To cry out before we are hurt, to teaze ourſelves, our friends, and half the country, by groundleſs apprehenſions, unfounded jealouſies, and a half-way ſyſtem between eſpionage and coercion, is, it muſt be confeſſed, an unneighbourly and uncharitable office; but, that careleſs negligence, that fatal thoughtleſsneſs, which ſees not, or will not ſee, calamity till overwhelmed by it, and takes no precaution againſt the plunderer, and the aſſaſſin, until his dagger is in our vitals, muſt end in irretrievable ruin.

I am ready to make ample allowance for fear, excited by undeniable or probable danger, yet I cannot but reprobate that uncandid ſpirit and unceaſing ſuſpicion which attends it, that tendency to nick-names and opprobrious epithets, *at a certain time*, ſo prevalent among us, and indiſcriminately directed againſt every man who preſumed to cenſure public meaſures, or ventured to hint that any thing could be amended in the theory or practice of the Engliſh conſtitution.

The delicate ſenſibility of thoſe gentlemen who oppoſe reform in every ſhape, has been compared to the prohibition with reſpect to the ark, that ark *once* in the poſſeſſion of the children of Iſrael, "HE WHO TOUCHETH IT SHALL SURELY DIE."

It was not ill ſaid by a republican alarmiſt, one of the members of the Gallic Convention, in reply to Legendre, who, while he acknowledged the warm patriotiſm of his aſſociate (I believe Bentabole) could not help blaming his unceaſing terrors and ſuſpicions; "I tremble" replied Bentabole to his friend,

friend, "I tremble for the republic, as a lover for the object of his affections."

According to this theory, his Grace of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Roſſelyn and Mr. Wyndham, are the fondeſt of ſwains; Mr. Burke, a ranting Romeo; and Meſſrs. Bowles, Gifford, and Arthur Young, the moſt diſtracted of lovers.

Others have compared the conduct of alarmiſts to that of a debauchee, who flatters the foibles, and indulges the weak propenſities of the virgin he means to ſeduce; after having impoſed on her underſtanding, he finds it no difficult taſk to corrupt the purity of her mind, awakens her paſſions, triumphs over her chaſtity, and riots in her charms.

ALEXANDER, King of Macedon, and the conqueror of Darius, a prince of ſtrong paſſions, but eminently poſſeſſing the good qualities which often accompany them, generoſity, greatneſs of mind, and a nice ſenſe of honor.

Yet, with all his heroiſm and all his virtues, he hath been the common-place-butt of the cynic, the ſatiriſt, and the divine; a popular Latin poet, in a fluent line, which is in the mouth of every ſchool-boy, tells us, that *one* world was not ſufficient for the youth of Pellæ; the accompliſhed ſon of Philip hath alſo been ranked, in a memorable ſtanza of Pope, with Charles the twelfth, the ſavage King of Sweden; and a modern writer, in an ingenious periodic work, hath not ſcrupled to make a degrading compariſon between Alexander the Great and Bagſhot, a murderer and a highwayman.

Yet, neither the coarſe ſatire of the eſſayiſt, nor the declamatory virulence of the poet, will bear the teſt of hiſtoric criticiſm, nor the ſcrutiny of moral juſtice.

It is not my wiſh to defend the riotous intemperance, and luxurious exceſſes of the Macedonian warrior, although the generally received opinion of his wantonly burning Perſepolis is contradicted by reſpectable evidence; and every good man muſt deteſt his murdering a faithful friend, grey-headed in the ſervice of his family; it was, indeed, no proof of the old man's wiſdom, to accuſe of ingratitude, a ſovereign remarkable for princely munificence; atempting to preach to a young ſoldier in his cups, was folly, approaching to madneſs.

But, with reſpect to the conduct of Alexander towards Greece and Perſia, which has frequently been cenſured, had he acted in any way but preciſely as he

he did, and which places his abilities as an independent king and great captain, in the moſt exalted point of view, he would inevitably have been cruſhed; in *that* caſe, I agree with a late writer, he would have left his name and example, to point a moral, and to turn a tale.

The Perſians had, for ſeveral ages, hung like a dark cloud over the Grecian republics, proving themſelves, on every occaſion, their open or inſidious enemies; fomenting diſcontent, corrupting their citizens, and watching every opportunity of diviſion, negligence, or weakneſs, to conquer and deſtroy them.

Under ſuch circumſtances, the effort of any ſingle ſtate, to reſiſt or attack the GREAT KING, would have been uſeleſs and abſurd; long before he turned his *arms* againſt the Perſian, Alexander had to counteract his arts, and a large party he had gained among the Greeks; it is alſo a well authenticated fact, that, at the moment of his marching into Perſia, Darius was collecting troops from different quarters, and had reſolved on invading Greece.

To guard againſt perfidy by every means in his power, to anticipate an enemy who truſted rather to the gold he had laviſhed than the diſcipline and courage of his forces, and to attack him on his own frontier, was fair and juſtifiable, on every principle of juſtice, policy, and ſelf preſervation; it was an act of filial duty as well as patriotiſm in Alexander, had been warmly recommended to his royal father, fifty years before, by Iſocrates; and there is good reaſon for ſuppoſing, that a peruſal of the famous panegyric of that writer, added to a ſtrong conviction of the truths it contained, had determined the young king on his expedition againſt Darius.

The ſubject of this article hath alſo been blamed for not reſtoring the neighbouring republics to that liberty of which they had been deprived by Philip, who is handed down to poſterity as a tyrant by the *thunder and lightning* of Demoſthenes.

Some allowance muſt be made to the pride and prejudices of a youthful monarch; we alſo ſhould remember the education and opinions of princes and conquerors at that period; power and extenſive territory, particularly if procured by the ſword, they conſidered in the ſame light as a man now regards the eſtate, hat, or coat, he has purchaſed, and to the full as unconditionally at their diſpoſal; ſituated as Alexander was, to have liberated the Attic republics would, in effect,

fect, have been putting new arms into the hands of an enemy, the democratic citizens being notoriously in the pay of the Persian.

But the fairest method of deciding upon, and properly estimating the merits of the King of Macedon, will be to imagine, for a moment, what would have taken place had Darius proved victorious; if it is possible to suppose, that a train of women, and men like women, whose numbers and cumbersome baggage disabled them from acting with vigor, celerity, and effect; if it is possible to suppose that *such* an army could resist the Macedonian phalanx, the whole of the civilized world would have been delivered over to plunder and violation; the most horrid cruelties would have been exercised on old age, women, and children; for cowards are always mercileſs and unfeeling.

The Grecian peninsula, once the seat of learning, arts, and science, would, as in modern times, have been paralized by the iron sceptre of lust, barbarity, and superstition.

The son of Philip, after defeating a foe who had aimed at his destruction, sympathized with the sorrows of the vanquished, endeavoured by every means in his power to soften the asperity of a victorious army, by kindness; treated his captives, particularly his female captives, with the most delicate respect; beheld, with the averted eye of a philosopher, and a man of feeling, the most beautiful and bewitching of forms; and, if Darius could have learned from adversity, the wholesome lessons of discretion and moderation, the conqueror would have replaced him in splendor and independence on the throne of his ancestors.

Alexander's giving his mistress, Campaspe, to the painter Apelles, has been mentioned as a strong instance of friendship and self-denial; but if the circumstances of dress and attitude, in which he chose to have his fair favorite's picture drawn, are to be depended on, I cannot think that parting with her cost many sighs; it is not possible that he could have loved or respected a woman whom he thus wantonly degraded.

ANABAPTISTS, a religious sect so called, whose opinions concerning baptism, appear to be founded on the primitive practice of the Christian church.

They contend that this ceremony should be administered only to persons grown up to years of discretion, and that the common mode of sprinkling is insufficient and

and incomplete; they therefore re-baptize, by dipping, thoſe who are admitted into their ſociety.

But to theſe and other harmleſs inſtitutions, neither injurious to the peace or welfare of ſociety, they added doctrines of a moſt dangerous tendency, which ſpringing into action, in the ſixteenth century, ſoon after the ſucceſsful efforts of Luther, were mentioned to his reproach; although he attacked their irrational chimæras, as ſubverſive of ſocial happineſs and fatal to true religion, with great ſtrength of argument, and his cuſtomary acrimonious language.

Having been driven by the vigilance of the magiſtrate from other parts of Germany, the Anabaptiſts had propagated their opinions with zeal and boldneſs at Munſter, an imperial city of Weſtphalia, where they were attended with memorable conſequences, and produced a temporary revolution, of which an intereſting narrative has been given by a modern hiſtorian.

Theſe wild enthuſiaſts maintained, that among chriſtians, who had the precepts of the goſpel to direct, and the ſpirit of God to guide them, the office of a magiſtrate was not only unneceſſary, but an unlawful encroachment on their ſpiritual liberty.

They reſolved that all diſtinctions occaſioned by birth, rank, or wealth, ought to be entirely aboliſhed, as they were contrary to the ſpirit of divine revelation, which conſiders all men as equal, and all earthly poſſeſſions as common; they openly avowed themſelves friends to polygamy, both in doctrine and practice, declaring, that neither the laws of nature, nor the precepts of the new teſtament, laid any reſtraint on a plurality of wives, and that it was a liberty which God himſelf had allowed to the Patriarchs.

Two of their principal prophets, Matthias, a baker, and Boccold, a taylor, uniting conſident plauſible manners, and apparent ſanctity, with a ſpirit of enterprize, and a thirſt for novelty and making proſelytes; had fixed their reſidence at Munſter, where, among other converts, they gained Rothman, who had firſt preached the proteſtant doctrines in that city, and Nipperdoling, a wealthy and reſpectable citizen.

Stimulated by, or not contented with theſe encouragements, they were deſirous of eſtabliſhing their tenets by public authority; caballing with the city guards, they forced the arſenal and ſenate houſe at midnight, whilſt their aſſociates, ruſhing through the ſtreets

ſtreets with drawn ſwords, proclaimed to the terrified inhabitants; "DEPART YE UNGODLY, OR REPENT AND BE BAPTIZED."

The ſenators, canons, and nobility, with the more ſober citizens, fled from the city, which was abandoned to the dominion of a frantic multitude, and a ſuperſtructure of intolerancy, uſurpation, and licentiouſneſs, was impiouſly erected on the foundations of the goſpel.

Nipperdoling and another proſelyte were immediately elected conſuls, though all proceedings were directed by Matthias, who in the ſtile, and with the authority of a prophet, uttered, as by inſpiration, commands which it was death to diſobey: he encouraged the multitude to pillage the churches, and deface their ornaments, to deſtroy all books except the bible, and directed the eſtates of thoſe who fled, to be confiſcated.

Every individual in the mean time, either voluntarily or by command, brought forth his gold, ſilver, and other precious effects, and depoſited them in a treaſury or common ſtock, which was diſpenſed for the common uſe of all; to complete the plan of equality, the whole ſociety eat promiſcuouſly, without regard to age, ſex, or rank, at tables publicly prepared for them.

The defence of their newly acquired city was not neglected; large magazines of every kind were formed, the fortifications repaired, thoſe perſons capable of bearing arms were diſciplined, and Matthias by a rare union of prudence and fanaticiſm, by precept as well as example, animated his followers, to act as well as ſuffer; while the impetuoſity of enthuſiaſm was occaſionally rouſed by exhortation, revelation, and prophecy.

The German princes, offended and alarmed at the preſumption of theſe uſurpers, voted a ſupply of men and money to the Biſhop of Munſter, who advanced with a conſiderable body to beſiege the town, which the Anabaptiſts dignified with the ſcriptural name of Mount Sion.

When the enemy appeared, Matthias ſallied forth to attack them; gaining ſome advantage, he returned with ſpoils and glory, and was ſo much intoxicated with this partial ſucceſs, that he appeared the next day brandiſhing a ſpear, and declared he would go with a handful of men, and ſmite the ungodly: thirty of his deluded diſciples followed him without heſitation, and ruſhing forth, were all of them immediately cut to pieces.

The death of their prophet cauſed great conſternation, but

Boccold

Boccold revived the ſpirits of his followers, by ſtrong aſſurances of more fortunate events, and mildly cenſuring the raſhneſs of Matthias; he gradually wrought on the affections of the people, in a ſhort time ſucceeded to the direction of their affairs, and it was declared by ſound of trumpet, to be the will of God, "that Boccold ſhould be King of Sion, and ſit on the throne of David."

He ſatisfied himſelf with carrying on a defenſive war, waited with patience for ſuccours from the Low Countries, which had been long promiſed and often foretold by their prophets; but he was a wilder enthuſiaſt than his predeceſſor, and of more unbounded ambition; he marched naked through the ſtreets, declaring with a loud voice, "that the kingdom of Heaven was at hand, that the higheſt ſhould be brought low, and that the loweſt ſhould be exalted."

To exemplify by practice this equalizing theory, he cauſed every church in the city to be levelled with the ground, degraded the ſenators, and placed them in menial offices, and depriving Nipperdoling of his conſulſhip, the higheſt poſt in the commonwealth, he appointed him to the loweſt, that of common hangman.

Boccold wore a crown of gold on his head, and put on ſplendid apparel; a body of guards accompanied him when he appeared in public; a drawn ſword, and an open bible on a cuſhion of velvet richly embroidered, were alſo carried before him; he coined money, aſſumed the ſtate and pomp of royalty, and ſoon after married three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matthias, a woman of extraordinary beauty, who was dignified with the title of queen.

Enthuſiaſm being generally accompanied with a proneneſs to ſenſuality, the new king of the Anabaptiſts, allured by female charms or the love of variety, increaſed the number of his wives to eight, to twelve, and at laſt to fourteen; an example which the multitude was not backward in following, and under the ſpecious deception of polygamy and divorce, they gave themſelves up to an uncontrouled gratification of licentious paſſion; thus by a monſtrous and almoſt incredible union, voluptuouſneſs was grafted on religion, and diſſolute pleaſures accompanied the auſterities of fanatical devotion.

In this form, and by ſuch ſupports, their government had ſubſiſted more than fifteen months, but their promiſed aſſiſtance from the Low Countries had been intercepted, the biſhop's army gradually

gradually encloſed the town, cut off all communication with the adjacent country, and the beſieged, notwithſtanding the prudent management of their proviſions, had the evils of famine, added to the fatigues of military duty and working on the fortifications.

But under the impulſe of fanaticiſm, which imparts ſuch wonderful ſtrength to the human mind, they were not to be ſubdued, and ſubmitted to the moſt ſhocking hardſhips and the vileſt food, rather than liſten to terms of capitulation, which were repeatedly offered; the leaſt ſymptom of want of faith in the divinity of Boccold or the prophets, was puniſhed with inſtant death; one of the king's wives, from the diſtreſſes of the inhabitants, having preſumed to doubt the heavenly nature of his miſſion, was immediately beheaded by her huſband.

At length a deſerter, in whom exceſſive hunger had cooled enthuſiaſm, made his eſcape; with an emaciated body and in a faint voice he petitioned for food, and having obtained a promiſe of pardon, pointed out to the beſiegers a decayed and neglected part of the walls, by which a detachment paſſed in, one of the city gates was taken poſſeſſion of, and the whole army ſoon after entered.

The Anabaptiſts, though ſurprized, formed in the market-place, and valiantly defended themſelves; till ſurrounded, overpowered by numbers, and without a poſſibility of eſcape, the whole of them were cut to pieces, except Boccold, Nipperdoling, and a few others, who were loaded with chains, and expoſed to the curioſity and deriſion of the principal cities of the empire.

This extraordinary man, who had acquired ſuch dominion over the minds of his followers, and excited ſuch dangerous commotions, was only twenty-ſix years of age, but did not appear humbled or dejected by this reverſe of fortune; he adhered with unſhaken firmneſs to his tenets, though he ſuffered the ſevereſt tortures that could be inflicted, and died without receding from them.

The kingdom of the Anabaptiſts was extinguiſhed, but their principles had taken deep root in the Low Countries, where the ſect ſtill ſubſiſts under the name of Mennonites, which, notwithſtanding its ſeditious and bloody origin, is altogether innocent and pacific: they hold it unlawful to wage war or to accept of civil offices, and devoting themſelves to induſtry and charity, endeavour to compenſate to mankind,

kind, for the ſanguinary violence of their founders.

ANDRE, JOHN, a major in the Britiſh army, of amiable manners and enterpriſing ſpirit, who, in the zeal of public duty, or from gratitude to his patron, the commander in chief, became the inſtrument of illicit intrigue, with Arnold, a general officer, in the American army, during the campaign of 1780.

Being detected in this intercourſe, which had for its object the poſſeſſion of important poſts, and the betraying a large colonial army, Arnold eſcaped on board the Vulture ſloop of war, but the unhappy Engliſhman was impriſoned, and after the moſt powerful interceſſions, ſuffered death.

This melancholy buſineſs powerfully intereſted the public mind, and deeply diſtreſſed a very worthy family; but how much ſoever we may lament the untimely cataſtrophe of a good young man, a dutiful ſon, and an affectionate brother, we are bound by the ſevere decrees of impartial juſtice, to conſider the puniſhment he ſuffered as ſtrictly conformable to the laws of war.

With clandeſtine views, and in a ſecret manner, he had introduced himſelf within the lines of an enemy: diſguiſed in his dreſs, and aſſuming a feigned name, he was taken in the very act of conveying intelligence; he himſelf declared that it was impoſſible to ſuppoſe that he came on ſhore under the ſanction of a flag; he was of courſe in every ſenſe of the word a ſpy, and, with all his valuable qualities, certainly merited death.

Had another agent in this unfortunate affair been ſacrificed, few perſons would have deplored his fate; could the rigid maxims of the military code have been ſomewhat relaxed, or the harſh mode of putting the young man to death, have been altered or ſoftened, in its odious form, which mortified him more than the loſs of life, the cauſe of America would not have been injured; and ſuch humane conduct would have done credit to the finer feelings of the American generals, in which, by the voice of party malevolence or of truth, they are accuſed of having been groſsly deficient.

Major Andrè indulged when a boy, a ſtrong paſſion for a military life, this turn was not encouraged by his family, who placed him with a merchant in the city: the following is part of a letter he wrote in this ſituation; "Inſtead of a merchant in ſnuff-coloured cloaths, count-

ing money, turning over bales, and accepting bills, I ſometimes in a reverie, fancy myſelf a Marlborough, mounted on my charger, and brandiſhing a truncheon; national thanks, ſumptuous palaces, titles, and honors, are ſhowered down upon me, while painters and poets celebrate my name; the porter ſuddenly opens the door, I ſtart from my trance, and diſcover myſelf plain John Andrè, by the ſmall coal fire of a gloomy counting-houſe, in the heart of the city."

Though intimate with the ſubject of this article, in early life, different purſuits afterwards widely ſeparated us, and I am not able to trace him from the trammels of a deſk, to the brilliant and oſtenſible appointment of Deputy Adjutant General to Sir Henry Clinton; it may, however furniſh a uſeful leſſon, and help to curb the vanity of human wiſhes, to compare the ſtate of his mind, when ſitting by his ſmall coal fire, in an obſcure counting-houſe, with what he felt when conducted by a ſtern provoſt martial to the fatal tree.

This ſhort memorial is ſketched by one who well remembers the vivacity, worth, and warm ſenſibility of Andrè's heart, which ſparkled with fervor from his expreſſive and prominent eyes, in the dawn of manhood: had America or Europe been ſearched, a victim could not have been found who would have felt more acutely, the diſgrace of his miſſion, and the ignominy of his death; for he united the niceſt ſenſe of honor, and gallant intrepidity, with the tender affections and mild manners of poliſhed life.

The diſtreſs of his patron, Sir Henry, muſt alſo have been poignant, as well from the loſs of a friend to whom he was warmly attached, as from reflecting on the nature, and probable conſequences of the miſſion on which he had ſent him; the commander in chief could not, or ought not to have forgotten, that diſgrace and death would inevitably follow detection; this appears to have been one of thoſe undertakings, in which the prodigious advantages of ſucceſs made the parties loſe ſight of the difficulties and dangers by which they were ſurrounded.

After narrowly eſcaping the immediate reward of treachery, and taking an active part againſt the Americans, whom he had firſt effectually aſſiſted; Mr. Arnold, ſtimulated by narrow finances, or conſtitutional reſtleſsneſs, embarked, during the late war, on a commercial expedition to the Weſt Indies, but was taken on his voyage by a French cruiſer, who ſteered with her

her prize to one of the ports of the tranſatlantic republic, where the priſoner would have been inevitably ſuſpended by the neck.

But having ſecured the confidence, purchaſed the connivance, or evaded the guards of his enemies, he laſhed himſelf with a few neceſſaries, to a raft, and chuſing to truſt his perſon to the winds and waves, rather than to the reſentments of his former aſſociates, he committed himſelf to the deep; taking advantage of a favourable wind and tide, he eſcaped in ſafety, and ſince my laſt impreſſion, after a life ſtrongly marked, died peaceably in his bed at London.

ANIELLO, TOMASO, commonly, and by contraction, called Maſſianello, a fiſherman of Naples, and the leader of an inſurrection againſt the houſe of Auſtria, in the year 1647.

The Neapolitans had ſubmitted to the heavy impoſts of Philip the fourth, without repining, till, by an additional tax laid on fruit, the chief ſupport of the poor Italians, their reſentments burſt into outrage.

Maſſianello was a ſprightly, active, humorous fellow, with ſhort cropped hair, a mariner's cap, generally on his head, and about twenty-four years of age; living in the market place, he was every day a witneſs to the diſputes between the fruit-ſellers and the revenue officers, and, by repeated acts of oppreſſion, gradually became an enemy to the Spaniſh government; throwing up his cap, as was his general cuſtom when any thing provoked him, he ſwore, "that if only two or three hearty fellows would join him, he would ſoon put an end to the tyranny of ſuch raſcals."

A circumſtance occurred which violently inflamed diſcontent; ſtimulated by poverty, and with a deſign to evade the impoſt, his wife had been detected in ſecreting proviſions; for this offence ſhe was committed to priſon, and a larger ſum than he could afford being demanded, before the officers would ſet her at liberty, Maſſianello was obliged to ſell his goods to raiſe the money; he ruſhed directly to a quarter of the town where a toll-houſe had been lately erected, and where a mixed multitude was already aſſembled, crying out, as he paſſed along, "We will no longer be beaſts of burthen; God gives us plenty, but our governors give us famine."

The loudneſs of his voice, and the violence of his rage, attracted general notice, but when he related what had happened, univerſal and bitter execrations burſt forth

forth againſt the regent of the city; an officer, called an elect of the people, arriving with his attendants to diſperſe them, was attacked with a ſhower of ſtones, and narrowly eſcaped being torn to pieces.

Seeing that the mob was ripe for miſchief, and poſſeſſing that ſpecies of rude eloquence which repeated injury and ſtrong feelings frequently inſpire, Maſſianello ſuddenly leaped on a fruit ſtall, and thus addreſſed the exaſperated crowd.

"Rejoice, my dear companions and countrymen! give thanks to God, and the moſt gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of your deliverance draweth near; a poor bare-footed fiſherman, ſhall, like another Moſes, releaſe the Iſraelites from the cruel yoke of Pharaoh; St. Peter, who reſcued the city of Rome from the ſlavery of the Devil, was himſelf a poor fiſherman.

"If we are courageous, and hold together, this cruel yoke of tolls and gabelles will, in a moment be put an end to; I have no fears for myſelf, I do not dread being pulled to pieces, being dragged through the ſtreets, and ſpilling every drop of blood in my body in ſuch a cauſe; on the contrary, I ſhould think it both deſirable and glorious, provided that my being put to death would redreſs your numerous grievances."

The tumultuous ſhouting of a thouſand voices, and a lighted torch applied to the toll-houſe, were the ſignals of univerſal approbation; armed with ſticks, clubs, and ſuch weapons as accident or occupation threw in their way, they emptied the houſes of every perſon concerned in collecting the revenue, ſtrictly obſerving to take nothing for their own uſe, but piling up the furniture, linen, plate, and china, in a heap, ſet the whole on fire.

Their numbers rapidly increaſing, they boldly advanced to the Viceroy's palace, carrying loaves on the tops of their pikes, and ſoon forced the gate, but he had eſcaped to a neighbouring convent.

Another party proceeded to the priſons, and ſet the priſoners at liberty, while Cardinal Filomarini, Archbiſhop of Naples, a prelate highly reſpected by the populace, and indeed all ranks, vainly endeavoured to appeaſe them; he was told that peace could not be reſtored unleſs the Viceroy would give an inſtrument in writing, properly ſigned and ſealed, to grant a releaſe from taxes of every kind: a paper to this effect was produced, but was not

not attended with the desired effect.

The good Archbishop finding all his efforts useless, retired to his palace, and the insurgents proceeded to pull down the religious house in which the Viceroy had taken refuge, but by means of a ladder, he escaped over a garden-wall, and reached the castle of St. Elmo in safety.

Thus, by the oppression of a bad minister, or the crimes of the inhabitants, Naples, the third city in Christian Europe, for beauty, extent, and population, which eleven hundred years before had been saved from the horrors of military execution, by the mercy of Belisarius, was in the power of a frantic multitude, spreading fire and devastation in different quarters.

Each man carrying a faggot at his back, and a flaming torch in his hand, they marched through the streets in military array; set fire to the dogana or public granary, an immense pile of building full of corn, the whole of which was quickly consumed; destroying, in their blind fury, this salutary provision against a scanty harvest, the dread of famine was added to the horrors of conflagration.

The Viceroy was censured for not crushing the commotion at its commencement; he hoped, by mildness and lenient measures, to sooth the people's minds, and, at an early period, had abolished the oppressive taxes, ordering the loaf, which used to weigh twenty-two ounces, to be augmented to thirty-two, without increasing the price; but in this as in other cases of popular revolt, pacific measures were considered as the effects of fear rather than of good will.

The insurgents being joined by every necessitous, bold and bad man in Naples, and its environs, by banditti, robbers, and free-booters, they amounted to a hundred thousand men, and unanimously chose Massianello for their General; marching through the streets, he declared, by sound of trumpet, that the Spanish government was dissolved, divided his followers into regiments and companies, appointed pâtroles, and watch-words for the night, and ordered the great market-place, La Vinaro, and the Porta Nolana, to be the places of rendezvous.

The Duke of Arcos, at that time Viceroy, thinking himself no longer secure in the castle of St. Elmo, retired in the night to Castelnovo, with the nobility, clergy, and principal citizens, having first ordered all the powder in the magazines to be moistened; he surrounded the castle by

by a broad deep ditch, and a parapet of earth and faggots; the ſtreets leading to the fort were baricadoed, and cannon placed at every avenue; the religious orders walked in proceſſion, the Cardinal offered up public prayers; the hoſt, the head, and the miraculous liquifying blood of Saint Januarius, were devoutly brought forth.

A ſubmiſſive meſſage being ſent to Maſſianello, deſiring to know what would ſatisfy the people, he received the Viceroy's meſſengers, clothed in armour, holding in his hand a ſword unſheathed, and ſitting on a horſe richly capariſoned: having quieted the clamorous execrations of the multitude, he pointed out the various and abominable oppreſſions of the Spaniſh adminiſtration, and thus proceeded: "Had the city been burnt to aſhes, and our tyrants periſhed in the flames, it would have been only an act of juſtice; have not our friends, our wives, and our children been buried in dungeons, to ſatisfy cormorants and contractors, who fatten on the ſpoils of the public; have not the fruits of the earth, ſo bountifully beſtowed on us by Providence, been rendered artificially ſcarce, for the purpoſe of putting money into the pockets of thoſe who are already wallowing in abundance?

"But, it is better to amend than to deſtroy, and it is fairly juſtifiable, to take power out of the hands of thoſe who have abuſed it. I demand in the name of the people of Naples, a perfect and entire reſtitution of all the privileges granted to this city by King Ferdinand, and the Emperor Charles the fifth, whoſe glorious arms are cut on a ſtone over my door.

"I require that the Viceroy, the collateral council, the council of ſtate, and the nobility, by oath and a public inſtrument, binding themſelves and their ſucceſſors, ſhall ratify the charter; that the clerk of the market, and the capo populi, ſhall be actually nominated by the people, without any interpoſition of the Viceroy; that no tax of any kind ſhall be laid, without the conſent of the laſt-mentioned officer, and that a refuſal to pay taxes, laid on againſt his will, ſhall not be conſidered as treaſon.

"Such are our demands, and we will rather die than recede from them, and may God ſave the faithful people of Naples, but a cruel and perfidious government, who have almoſt ſtarved us, never ſhall proſper."

An inſtrument drawn up to this

this effect, ſigned and ſealed, was prepared, and in addition to the conditions already ſpecified, Maſſianello further inſiſted, that the elect of the people in all public proceedings, ſhould be conſidered as poſſeſſing, and be actually allowed, as many votes as the whole of the nobility; that the multitude ſhould not diſarm till the King of Spain had ratified the terms, and that a copy of the preſent treaty ſhould be cut in large letters, on marble, and be ſet up in different parts of the city.

The popular leader had been prevailed on with conſiderable difficulty, to change his fiſherman's dreſs for a ſplendid habit, crying out as he put it on, "I am only a poor fiſherman:" having diſmiſſed the deputies to report his anſwer to the Viceroy, and appointed a meeting to ratify the treaty in the great church; it was read aloud in that place, the people ſignifying their conſent by loud acclamations.

At the door of the cathedral, he received an invitation from the Duke of Arcos, to favor him with an interview, to which Maſſianello conſented; in the way to Caſtelnovo, the ſtreets were ſtrewed with palm and olive branches, the windows, balconies, and roofs of the houſes, crowded with ſpectators, and hung with rich tapeſtry, while the fiſherman was ſaluted from every quarter as the deliverer of his country; young men and maidens, with garlands of flowers, and in looſe white robes, celebrating his praiſes, and joining the proceſſion with vocal and inſtrumental muſic.

When they reached the gate of the caſtle, the guard received and ſaluted Maſſianello as a general officer, and the captain on duty informed him that the Viceroy waited his pleaſure in the chamber of audience; making a ſlight bow to the officer, he turned to the people, and moving his ſword as a ſignal for ſilence, thus addreſſed them.

"My dear companions and countrymen;

"Let us offer up our prayers to God, for the recovery of our liberties; we ſhall no longer groan under unfeeling taſk-maſters, but enjoy the fruits of our induſtry, without hateful collectors.

"I ſee that your countenances are enlivened with joy, and who would not be glad on an occaſion like the preſent; ſome of you I underſtand can ſcarce believe it to be any thing but a dream; indeed, my friends, it is no deluſion, behold in my hand the precious pledges of the bleſſings we have recovered; theſe are the charters of the Emperor Charles

Charles the fifth, and of Ferdinand.

"I have been accuſed by ſome of having ſelfiſh motives for the conduct I have purſued, and that it is on this account I diſplay the advantages that have been procured: I appeal to you, my Lord Archbiſhop, and to the Viceroy's ſecretary, who ſtands near the Cardinal, whether I did not, early in the preſent buſineſs, refuſe a penſion of two hundred crowns a month, which was offered me, on condition that I would undertake to diſſuade the people from aſſerting their rights! *(The prelate and ſecretary confirmed what he ſaid)*.

"I will not puzzle you with a long ſpeech, but ſhall conclude with giving you two pieces of advice, not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain, and not to place too much confidence in the promiſes of courtiers. I am now going to ſpeak with the Duke of Arcos, and ſhall probably return in a ſhort time; but if you do not ſee me ſafe and at liberty by ſeven o'clock to-morrow morning, you may take it for granted there has been treachery, and will of courſe take ſuch methods of revenge as you may judge neceſſary."

Maſſianello was then conducted to the Duke, with whom he had a long audience, and from the caſtle repaired to his own houſe, where he received the congratulations of the principal inhabitants of the city.

For ſeven days, during which period, he was abſolute maſter of the lives and fortunes of all in Naples, and had he ordered thouſands to have been put to death, or the city to have been upſet from its foundations, it would have been inſtantly done; during the whole of the time, he had conducted himſelf with a prudence, regularity, and foreſight, as praiſeworthy as it was unexpected; but whilſt he was thus enjoying that firſt, beſt pleaſure of power and influence, the conſciouſneſs of having exerted it, for the welfare of mankind; this popular leader was afflicted with a malady, which levels the proud lord of the creation with the meaneſt reptile he cruſhes on the ground.

From fatigue of body and mind, as he ſcarcely allowed himſelf the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep, or, as was ſuſpected, but never proved, from the effect of intoxicating drugs infuſed in his liquors, ſymptoms of phrenzy and madneſs appeared; he treated his friends and aſſociates with inſolence, outrage, and abuſe; tore his cloaths from his body, and rode, with a drawn ſword, furiouſly

furiouſly through the ſtreets, wounding and killing many perſons.

The Neapolitans beheld the deplorable ſtate of their favorite with deep regret, and after receiving aſſurances from the Viceroy, that whatever he had promiſed, ſhould be ſacredly performed, and that their privileges ſhould remain inviolate, they declared that Maſſianello was no longer their general: the Counceil fearing the moſt dreadful conſequences, from a madman at the head of a mob, ſent a military detachment, with orders to put him to death.

The unfortunate fiſherman had been haranguing the people from the pulpit of the great church, in an incoherent mixture of reproach, juſtification, and penitence, for he perceived he had loſt the confidence of his followers; from the church he was conducted into an adjoining cloyſter, ſtruggling in the agonies of diſeaſe, madneſs and deſpair; hearing his name mentioned, he turned quickly round, ſaying, "Is it me you look for, my people; behold, I am here." The ſoldiers at the inſtant diſcharged their muſkets, and he dropped on the pavement, exclaiming with his laſt breath, "Ah ungrateful traitors."

A magnificent funeral followed his death; the reign of the fiſherman is ſtill handed down among the loweſt claſſes of Naples, by popular tradition; and the modern Lazzaroni alternately excited by ſuperſtition, hunger, and ſedition, dwell with enthuſiaſm on the ſhort but ſplendid triumphs of Maſſianello.

The obnoxious taxes in a ſhort time again were levied, and again produced ineffectual reſiſtance; ſo unavailing are attempts at amendment in governments radically defective in their forms; where the voice of the people is not concentrated by a repreſentative body, organized, frequently meeting, tempered by preeautionary formality, and cooled by deliberative delay; the guardians of the public purſe, and, ſubject to an ariſtocratic, as well as an executive check, endued with legiſlative power; ſuch an aſſembly, ſecured from corruption, at ſome moment more auſpicious to human integrity, ſeems to be the beſt protector of rational freedom, againſt popular as well as regal deſpotiſm.

ANNIHILATION, far preferable to everlaſting puniſhment; yet a late writer is of a different opinion.

Deſcribing the heroine of her tale, as ſuffering under the agitations of love, on its firſt acceſſion,

ſion, ſhe thus proceeds: "The walks were melancholy, and the company inſipid, every thing ſeemed altered, but it was herſelf who was changed; yet, though ſhe found herſelf leſs happy, ſhe felt, that to enjoy the happineſs ſhe had loſt, ſhe would not again be reduced to the being ſhe was before.

"Thus does the lover conſider the extinction of his paſſion, with the ſame horror, *as the libertine looks upon annihilation*; the one would rather live hereafter, though in eternal puniſhment, than ceaſe to exiſt."

Nothing can be more oppoſite to fact, feeling, and every day's experience; I never yet knew a wicked man, and I have had intercourſe with a few in my time, who would not merely have preferred a ſtate of non-exiſtence to everlaſting puniſhment, or even the awful riſque of it, but have earneſtly and eagerly deſired it.

It is preciſely on this principle that ancient and modern freethinkers have perſuaded, or have endeavoured to perſuade themſelves of the mortality of the human ſoul; a ſhort illuſtration of this opinion, founded on the conduct of ſuicides, ſome of which have preſented themſelves to the eye, and have come home to the boſom of the editor of theſe pages, may be ſeen in the latter part of the article Coroner.

ANNIUS, JOHN, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, a learned man, and an impoſtor, who excited conſiderable attention, by aſſerting that he had diſcovered the works of many ancient authors which have been generally conſidered as loſt; he pretended to have recovered Beroſus, Manethon, Archilochus, Cato, and Fabius Pictor.

Literary men received his intelligence with doubt and ſuſpicion; for the purpoſe of ſupporting what he had ſaid, he publiſhed a book, the title of which is, Antiquitatum variarum volumina XVII, a venerando ſacræ theologiæ, et prædicatorii ordinis profeſſore Johanne Annio.

Like perſons of a ſimilar deſcription in modern times, he was not without patrons and believers; relying on their credit, or his own aſſurance, he did not condeſcend to give any particular account of the manner in which he became poſſeſſed of theſe remains of antiquity; in a ſhort epiſtle, addreſſed to his brother, which is not prefixed to, but in the latter part of the copy before me, Annius contents himſelf, but not his readers, by ſaying, that he

he brought them with him from Mantua.

There is nothing in the work he publiſhed but what any dextrous well read man might eaſily have produced; in addition to this internal evidence, there were ſtrong collateral circumſtances which rendered his being a deceiver extremely probable; he had endeavoured to convince the inhabitants of Viterbo, the place of his birth, that it was originally an Egyptian colony, at leaſt two thouſand years older than Rome; to prove what he ſaid, he brought forth ſeveral inſcriptions, bearing every appearance of antiquity, and which had been dug up in the environs of that city; by the confeſſion of an accomplice in the fraud, he had himſelf previouſly depoſited them in the earth.

Annius was maſter of the ſacred palace during the pontificate of Roderigo Borgia Lenzoli, who exalted the authority, but disgraced the name of Pope, under the title of Alexander the ſixth; he was alſo patronized by Paulus de Campo Fulgoſo, a Roman cardinal: the general anſwer, given by his abettors to thoſe who ventured to doubt the authenticity of the pieces in queſtion, was, that it was impoſſible for an individual, ſo humbly endowed to fabricate that which is equal to the moſt precious remains of the Auguſtan age.

This argument has been made uſe of by the defenders of Chatterton, and the encouragers of the Shakeſpeare forgery, but it will not bear examination; each impoſtor having exhibited conſiderable art, induſtry, and extenſive reading; that the fabrications, in either inſtance, made any near approaches to Auguſtan literature, is eaſier ſaid than proved.

The work of Annius has often been printed; at Rome in 1498; at Venice, and at Antwerp, in 1552; the book I am now peruſing has not any place mentioned in the title, but muſt have been publiſhed at Paris, from a ſhort addreſs, prefixed to it by the learned printer, Jodocus Badius, to Gulielmus Parvus, Petit, or little, who, I believe, was afterwards Biſhop of Troyes, and dated 1512.

In this ſhort but curious preliminary piece, Badius obſerves, that God thought two *great lights* ſufficient for the heavens, but that he has ſcattered *many bright luminaries* on the face of the earth; of theſe the moſt refulgent is Thomas Aquinas; among the ſtars of a ſecond magnitude, Annius of Viterbo ought not to be forgotten.

This printer was rallied by one

one of his countrymen, for making books and getting children, in the following epitaph, made during the life of the subject of it: "Here lies Jodocus Badius, father of many children, printer of many books, but the latter were more numerous than his offspring; he commenced author early, but married when he was an old man."

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. Nothing places in a stronger point of view the superiority of the present age, in domestic comfort and convivial enjoyment, than the accounts which have been occasionally handed down to us, of entertainments given in days of old; they decide, at once, in favor of those minute rules of propriety and decorum, observed by all who *now* keep good company.

A curious narrative is extant of a marriage-feast, given by a wealthy young man of Athens, during the reign of Trajan.

To this entertainment, the writer who tells the story, and a great number of both sexes were invited; but the new-married couple appear to have erred in selecting their company; a most material point, which the giver of a modern dinner, who is ambitious of the fame of elegant hospitality, studies with scrupulous nicety, as far more important than the choice of her dishes: "Give me a bill of your company," said Swift to the treasurer Harley, who had sent the Dean a card of invitation, and was talking of his bill of fare.

In the present instance, persons of different sects, ages, and rank, friends and foes, had been invited; neither expence nor labor was spared, to fill the rooms, and cover the tables with the most dainty viands, and the choicest wines.

At the hour appointed, the guests assembled; I will not describe their disputes for precedency, which occasioned some delay, and their *reclining*; I need not enlarge on the present mode of *sitting down* to table, and the comforts of a chair, so preferable in every respect to their awkward fashion of *lying sideways*.

Soon after they had taken their places, a noisy and impudent Cynic, throwing open the door, rudely marched in; the master of the house was considerably surprised and chagrined, but aware of the restive nature of the beast, endeavoured to sooth his surliness by gentle language, made him welcome, and observing that it was friendly thus to drop in without the ceremony of an invitation, asked him to *lie down* at table.

"Do

"Do you think I am ſo effeminate," replied the brute, "that I cannot ſatisfy my appetite as I ſtand? if I feel inclined to eat, I can take my dinner as I walk, or if I chuſe I can lie on the ground, which was thought ſoft enough by Hercules. He at laſt condeſcended to pick with his fingers out of the diſhes, any dainty morſel that he liked, as he ſtalked up and down the room, exclaiming, between each mouthful, againſt the extravagance and gluttony of feaſting.

Under a miſtaken idea of keeping him quiet, the ſervants were ordered to ſerve him plentifully with the ſtrongeſt wine, which rendered him outrageous and troubleſome; the majority of the company alſo began to be merry; ſongs, jokes, *recitations*, and droll ſtories, kept the table in a roar.

Buffoons were alſo introduced, who, by the prepoſterous ſingularity of their dreſs, words, and actions, occaſioned conſiderable laughter; the Cynic, provoked that any one but himſelf ſhould engage the attention of the company, ſtripped himſelf, and inſiſted on their fighting with him; tempted by the odds of two to one, obſerving the intoxicated condition of the ſans-culottes philoſopher, and encouraged by the company, they accepted his challenge, cloſed in with and gave him a ſevere *drubbing*; in the agonies of drunkenneſs, pain, and diſappointment, the intruder ſunk on the floor, and remained for a ſhort time quiet.

A young man, unannounced, now ruſhed into the room, and read or delivered, in a loud and angry tone, a moſt inſulting and offenſive meſſage, addreſſed to the company preſent, from a perſon who lived in an adjoining ſtreet, whom the bridegroom had not thought proper to invite; "He *pitied* the maſter of the houſe for his want of taſte and diſcernment, in preferring ſo many trifling and worthleſs characters, to him, who had paſſed his life in the boſom of temperance and philoſophy: it was not the diſappointment of a dainty palate that had induced him to ſend the preſent meſſenger, nor did he wiſh to interrupt the harmony of a wedding dinner, but he could not help thinking, that after he had paid ſo much attention to him, and for ſo many years, it was rather hard, that men in every reſpect his inferiors, ſhould be ſelected before him."

The ſtranger concluded with accuſing the majority of the perſons preſent of various crimes, and told the bridegroom that if by way of making his peace with the offended man, he ſhould feel inclined

inclined to ſend him a ham, a plate of veniſon, or a baſket of ſweet cakes, he had inſtructed the lad *not to accept of them.*

Such a proceeding would not have been quietly ſubmitted to, under any circumſtances; the effect of it, on men inflamed with wine, may be eaſily imagined; by accident, or by deſign, the meſſenger of the hungry philoſopher had placed himſelf near the door, or he probably would have been demoliſhed; a maſſy goblet, which narrowly miſſed his head, as he hurried out, was the ſignal for war.

Diſappointed by the object of their vengeance eſcaping, the company quarrelled with each other, proceeded from reproaches and abuſe to blows; the women ſcreamed, and the room became a ſcene of uproar, outrage, and confuſion; the combatants, with ſome difficulty, at length were ſeparated, but not till they had disfigured the faces and torn the clothes of each other.

No well-bred and polite circle, in the preſent times, is expoſed to ſuch indecorous intruſions; materials ſo diſſonant, and incompatible with convivial harmony, are never brought together by Mrs. ******, or Lady ****; ſuch a meſſenger would have the door ſhut in his face by a dextrous porter; and the Cynic, if ſuch a character could now exiſt, would be horſe-whipped, and kicked down ſtairs.

ANTISTHENES, a philoſopher of Rhodes, whoſe favorite axiom it was, THAT TO DIE HAPPILY WAS THE CHIEF BUSINESS OF LIFE; a ſentence nearly comprehending the purpoſe and foundation of Chriſtianity.

Yet it is difficult to reconcile this poſition with the principles and practice of Diogenes, one of his firſt ſcholars; unleſs the Cynic wilfully miſinterpreting his opinions, *as other diſciples of other maſters have done*, grafted on *his* doctrines a ſuperſtructure of his own, as pride or caprice might dictate.

Antiſthenes, on one occaſion, being initiated into certain religious myſteries, made a remarkable reply to the officiating prieſt, on his telling him, by way of recommending his mummeries, "that he would, after death, enjoy perpetual felicity, the certain lot of all who practiſed thoſe ſalutary ceremonies." "I doubt the truth of what you tell me," replied Antiſthenes, "and am ſtrongly inclined to think that you do not really believe it yourſelf; for is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that under ſuch convictions, conſidering the wretched contemptible

temptible life you lead, and what a miſerable poor creature you are; is it, I ſay, at all reconcileable to reaſon, that you would not procure a releaſe from ſuch evils, in order to place yourſelf in a ſtate of uninterrupted bliſs?"

Yet it is neither impoſſible nor improbable, that the contemner of the prieſt might have been very much miſtaken in the eſtimate he formed of *another man's* happineſs; that deſirable ſtate of mind not always depending on external circumſtances; and, ſo kindly doth Providence direct, it is more frequently determined by a ſcale in *our own* boſoms, than decided by the wiſhes and opinions of our neighbours.

According to the deciſion of that tribunal, the editor of theſe pages would be a moſt wretched animal; yet, with a thouſand privations, and a million of unaccommodating habits and purſuits, he fancies himſelf (ſuch are the deluſions of imagination) tolerably happy.

A modern writer, highly endowed, who is ſaid to have had a conſtitutional antipathy againſt hearing people boaſt of their felicity, addreſſed a female, who had (in his opinion) erred in this reſpect, in the following reprehenſible words, before a large company:

"Madam, if you really are ſo perfectly happy as you deſcribe, I can only ſay, that it may be ranked among the unaccountable phenomena of life; for, in fact, you have leſs reaſon to be ſo than any perſon I ever knew; you are without health, without beauty, without abilities, and without fortune."

Such a ſpeech deſerved a cane, had it been poſſible to have reſiſted the ponderous tones and predominating emphaſis which accompanied every thing he ſaid.

What a glorious reply the injured and inſulted woman might have made; "Sir, I ſtill adhere to what I have ſaid, and bow down my heart with thankfulneſs to the Almighty for bleſſing me with content; as to the defects of which you ſo civilly remind me, I have long, and for many reaſons, ceaſed to lament them.

"I ſee, before me, a ſtriking example of the inefficacy of the brighteſt gifts towards procuring tranquillity of mind; I ſee a man eminently poſſeſſing the qualities *I feel that I want*, yet all has not taught him the tenderneſs of a Chriſtian, the propriety and good manners of a gentleman.

"In ſpite of a ſtrong mind and a highly cultivated intellect, you are notoriouſly and confeſſedly a man of a diſturbed imagination; and, if it were not imi-

tating that rudeneſs, which I blame in you, I would call you a dog in the manger, ſnarling at and envying that happineſs in others, which you cannot enjoy yourſelf."

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION. He who has been half his life an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promiſe, a watering-place ſqueeze of the hand, or a race-ground oath; or he, who vegetating on a fellowſhip, with vows long plighted to ſome much loved fair, is waiting, watching, or wiſhing for the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; perſons of ſuch a deſcription, may perhaps be intereſted or amuſed by the following relation, which really took place, and probably, in the memory of ſome of my readers.

The incumbent of a valuable living in a weſtern county had, for ſome years, awakened the hopes and fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next preſentation was veſted; the old gentleman having already outlived two of his propoſed ſucceſſors.

The tranquil pleaſures of the common room had very lately been animated or interrupted by a well authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being ſeized with a violent and dangerous diſeaſe; the ſenior fellow, who, on the ſtrength of this contingency had, only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairneſs of his proſpects.

The pears, the port wine, and the cheſnuts, being quickly diſpatched, Avidio hurried to his apartments; he aſcended the ſtairs, paſſed the gallery, and ſtirred his almoſt-extinguiſhed fire with unuſual alacrity; then drawing from his port-folio, an unfiniſhed letter to his miſtreſs, which, for want of knowing exactly what to ſay, had lain there for ſeveral weeks, he filled the unoccupied ſpace with renewed proteſtations of undiminiſhed love; ſpoke with raptures of the near approach of that time, when a competent independence would put it in his power to taſte that firſt of earthly bleſſings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain ſupport.

The letter was ſent to the poſt, and after a third rubber at the warden's (who obſerved that he never ſaw Mr. ***** ſo facetious) a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed.

He waited ſeveral poſts, without receiving further intelligence, and paſſed an interval, which, the moment doubt interpoſed, became irritating and unpleaſant,

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in ſettling his accounts as burſar, getting in the few bills he owed, and reviſing his books; which, as the diſtance was conſiderable, and the carriage *heavy*, he reſolved to weed: conſidering himſelf as a married man, he thought it a neceſſary attention to his wife, to ſupply the place of the volumes he diſpoſed of, by ſome of the miſcellaneous productions of modern literature.

At the end of three weeks, a ſpace of time as long as a man of common feelings could be expected to abſtain from enquiry; after being repeatedly aſſured by his aſſociates, that the incumbent *muſt* be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miſcarried, and being *poſitively certain* of it himſelf, he took pen in hand; but not being acquainted with any neighbour of the *deceaſed*, he could not eaſily determine to whom he ſhould addreſs his letter.

Stimulated by love, by money, and the feveriſh reſtleſsneſs of delayed hope, he wrote, without knowing his name, to the clerk of the pariſh in queſtion, informed him "that the college had received no information of the rector's death, which they imputed to the miſcarriage of a letter; but they deſired to know, by *return of poſt*, the day and hour on which he departed.

"If, contrary to all reaſon and probability, the old gentleman was ſtill alive," Avidio, in that caſe, earneſtly deſired "that a particular and minute account might be ſent of the preſent ſtate of his health, the nature of his late diſorder, and its apparent effects on his conſtitution, with any other circumſtance, at all connected with the life of the incumbent."

The eccleſiaſtic ſubaltern immediately carried the letter to his principal, who, to the great ſatisfaction of his pariſhioners, had recovered from a moſt alarming attack, and, was at the moment, entertaining a circle of friends, at his hoſpitable board.

He ſmiled, read it to the company, and, with their permiſſion, immediately anſwered it in the following words:

Stalbridge, Nov. 1, 1736.

Sir,

My clerk being a very mean ſcribe, at his requeſt, I anſwer the ſeveral queries in your letter.

My diſorder was an acute fever, under which I labored for a month, attended with a delirium, during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reaſon for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

From this complaint I am

perfectly recovered, by the bleſſing of God, and the preſcriptions of my ſon, who is a phyſician in this neighbourhood: I have ſince my illneſs, officiated both in the church and at funerals; the report of my relapſe was probably occaſioned by my having a ſlight complaint in my bowels, about three weeks ago, but which did not confine me.

As to the preſent ſtate of my health; my appetite, digeſtion, and ſleep, are good, and in ſome reſpects, better than before, particularly the ſteadineſs of my hands: I never uſe ſpectacles, and I thank God, I can read the ſmalleſt print by candle-light; I never have had reaſon to think that the ſeeds of the gout, ſtone, rheumatiſm, or any other chronic diſeaſe, are in my conſtitution.

Although I entered on my eighty-firſt year, the ſecond of laſt March, the greateſt inconvenience I feel from old age, is, a little defect in my hearing and memory: theſe are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I deſire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may deſcend, with all other bleſſings, to my ſucceſſor, whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to call me.

I am, ſir,
Your unknown humble ſervant,
ROBERT WRIGHT.

P. S. My clerk's name is Robert Dowding; your letter coſt him four-pence, to the foot poſt from Sherborne.

Such an anſwer, from ſo good and venerable a character, and under ſuch circumſtances, could not fail producing unpleaſant ſenſations in the breaſt of the gentleman who received it; he was not himſelf without many good qualities, and, except in the preſent inſtance, did not appear deficient, in feeling and propriety of conduct.

The purpoſe for which this article is introduced, will be effectually anſwered, if fellows of colleges, and expecters of fat livings, valuable ſinecures, and rich reverſions, may happily be taught to check the indecorous ardor of eager hope; much of cenſure, and much of ridicule will be avoided, and they will not incur the riſque of public reprehenſion, ſuch as was beſtowed not many years ago, by a Nottinghamſhire vicar, whoſe frame was more robuſt, and manners leſs courteous, than the gentle rector of Dorſet.

This teſty old gentleman, during an indiſpoſition brought on by the good cheer and the potent ale of one of his right honorable neighbours,

neighbours, was exaſperated by certain inſidious, oft-repeated, and ſelfiſh enquiries concerning his health; after his recovery, he ſent the following *placard*, which he deſired a friend to fix on the principal gate of the college to which the vicarage belonged,

To the Fellows of ——

Gentlemen,

In anſwer to the very civil and very intelligible enquiries, which have of late been ſo aſſiduouſly made, concerning the ſtate of my health, I have the pleaſure to inform you that I never was better in my life; and as I have made up my mind on the folly of dying to pleaſe other people, I am reſolved to live as long as I poſſibly can.

To prevent your *again* putting yourſelves to unneceſſary trouble and expence, I have directed my apothecary to give you a line, in caſe there ſhould be any immediate probability of a vacancy, and am

Your humble ſervant,

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AQUINAS, THOMAS, a native of the ancient city of Aquino, in the kingdom of Naples, and a dominican of the thirteenth century.

He is one of the few inſtances, in the Roman calendar, of a ſaint who deſerved canonization, as much for perſonal worth as intellectual vigor; yet, his ſuperiority, like that of other eminent men, was not generally acknowledged, nor preciſely aſcertained, till he had deſcended into the grave; it was almoſt fifty years after the death of St. Thomas, that his remains were diſinterred, and conveyed from Italy to Thouloufe, in Languedoc, with conſiderable ſolemnity and ſplendor.

His works, in eighteen volumes, folio, are approaching the land of oblivion; yet they rendered their learned and indefatigable author ſo much the idol of his day, that he is more frequently referred to by his cotemporaries, under the title of divine ſcholiaſt, angelic doctor, and eagle of theology, than by his patronimic appellation.

Yet, before we forget or condemn Aquinas, let us recollect the times in which, and the perſons with whom he lived; taſte and common ſenſe had been for ages corrupted or perverted; ſubtlety was conſidered as the criterion and touchſtone of literary excellence; the moral or theological nut was conſidered of little value if it did require the ſcrew of a ſcholaſtic vice, or the ſledge hammer of a ſturdy polemic, to demoliſh the thick ſhell

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of ſophiſtry in which it was encruſted; he, who could burſt from obſcurity, ſo ſituated, and excel, as St. Thomas certainly excelled, in ſpite of ſo many obſtacles, muſt have been a man of genius as well as application.

If the venerable writers of that period, to whom as the conduits and ciſterns of learning in an age of ignorance and ſuperſtition, we are very much obliged, if they are permitted to ſee and to know what is now paſſing in the world; with what pity, or contempt, will they regard the preſent degenerate race of readers, who cannot approve, and often will not read a book without the previous helps of a literary way-warden, a critical ſurveyor of the highways of learning, who muſt remove all difficulties, level all inequalities, and produce a work *which he who runs may read.*

The ſubject of our preſent article had reſolved, at an early age, to devote his life to religion, ſtudy, and retirement; but was oppoſed in this reſolution by his parents, who, finding advice and argument of no avail, had recourſe to corporal puniſhment, this proving ineffectual, a brother of the devotee, probably judging of *his* feelings by his own propenſities, had recourſe to a more ſeducing ſpecies of perſuaſion, which has confounded the wiſdom of ſages, and palſied the vigor of heroes.

A woman of exquiſite beauty, but looſe manners, was inſtructed to apply to the recluſe for religious advice; under this pretence, her viſits to him were frequent, and it was not till the young man felt his paſſions inflamed by gazing on her charms, that, ſuſpecting her real character, his prudence took the alarm.

The frail fair one, obſerving the impreſſion ſhe had made, at once profeſſed her real intentions, dared him to heſitate between dry books and a pretty woman, and, confident of victory, ruſhed into his arms.

Moſt men, between eighteen and thirty, can judge of the trying ſituation in which Aquinas was placed; after a ſhort ſtruggle between paſſion and duty, and probably ſtrengthened by religious conviction as well as previous diſcipline, he diſengaged her arms from his neck, and firmly graſping them, in doing which, his frame remarkably muſcular gave him great advantage, he led out this attempter of a crime, never yet imagined or provided for in the ſtatute book; puſhing her forth with gentle violence, he immediately ſecured the door, and returning to ſilence and darkneſs, paſſed the next four and twenty hours in

in thankſgiving, faſting, and prayer.

Let us not withhold our approbation from any ſyſtem, which, ſhedding ſo ſalutary an influence, could thus enable him, in the dawn of riſing manhood, to reſiſt a temptation which would have faſcinated the ſenſes of the man who relates it, and have bewildered the reaſon of nine out of ten of his readers.

Although in this, and other inſtances, the conduct of St. Thomas was ſcrupulouſly correct, he hath been accuſed, I think without reaſon, of treating fornication with levity, in the following paſſage, which I will not tranſlate; his opinion ſeems to be merely this, that of two evils he would chuſe the leaſt.

"Minus malum eſt mulieribus commiſceri, quam in vilia declinare flagitia; hoc facit meretrix in mundo, quod cloaca in palatio, tolle cloacam et replebis fœtore palatium, tolle meretrices de mundo, et replebis ipſum ſodomia."

Surely, a man might ſay, I had rather meet a highwayman on the road, than a footpad, without being ſuſpected of defending either ſpecies of marauder.

Part of a converſation is extant, between the ſubject of this article and Sinbaldi de Fieſca, a noble Genoeſe, who, during more than eleven turbulent years, governed the catholic church, by the name of Pope Innocent the fourth.

Aquinas having occaſion to viſit the Pontiff, a very large ſum of money was brought into the room where they were ſitting: "The times are no more," ſaid Innocent, pointing at the caſh which was piled in rouleaus on the table; "the times are no more, when the church can ſay 'Gold and ſilver I have not.'

"True, holy father," replied Thomas, "Such times, indeed, are no more, neither can we now ſay to the ſick of the palſy, as was then ſaid with effect, 'Take up thy bed, and walk.'

Henry the eighth, King of England, that ſtrange inconſiſtent compound of tyranny and generoſity, luſt and vanity, profuſion and rapaciouſneſs, admired, and frequently quoted the writings of Thomas Aquinas; unfortunately, in the buſineſs of proſecuting the royal divorce, a paſſage from his favorite author was produced point blank againſt him, and the libidinous tyrant would never after open his volumes, or mention his name.

The words which cut down King Harry are a proof of the honeſty, vigor, and independence of our catholic ſaint, more eſpecially when we recollect the pe-

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riod at which they were written: "The laws laid down in the book of Leviticus, concerning the forbidden degrees of marriage, are moral and eternal, and cannot be dispensed with, but by an authority equal to that which enacted them."

That portion of the volumes of Thomas Aquinas, under the title of Opuscula, appears to be the best part of his works; in his Tractatus de Regimine Principum, are many solid arguments in favour of a limited aristocracy.

Turning over, in a cursory way, his books, which require some exertion of body as well as mind, to move from an upper shelf, and read, his comments on the following questions caught my eye:

"Whether a servant is bound to obey a wicked master.

Which a man should love best, his parents, his benefactor, or his wife?

Whether a priest ought to have his head shaved?

Which is the greatest sinner, he who persists in an uninterrupted course of iniquity, or he who has repented, and sins again?

Whether the prayers of the living can render any service to the dead?"

Whether the Scripture expression of "the worm which never dies," is to be allegorically or literally understood?

This writer always used the following prayer on commencing his studies.

Almighty God who art the creator of all things, and the fountain of knowledge as well as power, brighten the understanding of thy servant, and remove that darkness which, through ignorance and sin, envelopes his mind.

Thou who canst make the tongues of infants eloquent, guide my pen, inspire my tongue, and pour upon my lips thy heavenly grace: give me quickness to comprehend and memory to retain, and as a preacher of thy word vouchsafe unto me a happy talent of communicating what I know unto others.

Teach me to value all human knowledge only so far as it may prove instrumental in finding for myself, and teaching to my fellow creatures the best way of rendering us acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ARBUTHNOT, Dr. a court physician in the reign of Queen Anne, an intimate friend of Swift and of Pope; in wit and humour fully equal to the Dean, without his acrimonious virulence and gross indelicacy, and

and poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of the poet's genius, undebaſed by malignancy, and querulous diſcontent.

Their arrogant irritability kept them in hot water the greater part of their lives, whilſt the equal temper and undiminiſhed cheerfulneſs of the phyſician were conſpicuous and exemplary; frequently under circumſtances which would have excuſed, if not juſtified, deſpondency and complaint.

I have often ſaid, that if a character were to be ſelected from paſt times, whoſe footſteps I muſt follow, whoſe fortune and fate I muſt exactly undergo; upon the principle that there is as much merit in patient ſuffering as in acting, I would fix, without heſitation, on the ſubject of this article for my model.

His mild manners, and unaſſuming virtues in proſperity; his temperate complaints, calm reſignation, and unaffected piety, in adverſity, and during a tedious and trying ſickneſs, have always powerfully affected my mind; they inconteſtibly prove the impotence of misfortune to derange or exhauſt the internal reſources of a good man.

Notwithſtanding the attacks of that moſt harraſſing of all diſeaſes, an aſthma, which almoſt deprived him of food, breath, and repoſe; and under the natural and laudable feelings of a father for a numerous offspring, he preſerved his cuſtomary tranquillity of mind, and appeared more ſenſible of the anguiſh of thoſe around him, than his own ſufferings. So worthy a man, ſerene and erect amidſt the clouds and ſtorms of life, is an object which the philoſopher may contemplate with reverence, and the afflicted Chriſtian with cordial conſolation.

"I am as well," ſaid Arbuthnot, who died a few weeks after writing the letter I quote; "I am as well as a man can be, who is gaſping for breath, and has a houſe-full of men and women unprovided for:" but the Almighty ſaw and fulfilled the wiſhes of a good heart; every branch of his family paſſed through life, with competence, honour, and that uſeful accompaniment, hereditary worth.

The following crude reflection, on the death of this amiable man, occurs in a letter written by Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, to the Dean of St. Patrick's. "Arbuthnot is dead; he lived the laſt ſix months of his life in a very bad ſtate of health, hoping every night would be his laſt; he was weary of the world, not

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ſo much from diſeaſe, *as that he was tired of ſo much bad company.*"

This obſervation, ſuppoſing it to be fact, is remarkable in a man of Arbuthnot's humour, whoſe mind ſeemed always pregnant with comic ideas, who had a remarkable dexterity in finding out and diſplaying, the minuteſt ridiculous trait in the moſt vicious characters; *circum præcordia ludit* was ſingularly applicable to Dr. Arbuthnot's writings; that ſuch a man, to whom almoſt every character was a ſource of amuſement, that to ſuch a man death ſhould be welcome, becauſe life was inſipid, is a melancholy proof, that even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful; that thoſe beſt qualified to make others merry, are often leaſt ſo themſelves; that external mirth and hilarity, are often the effect of painful efforts, to ſhake off for a time eroding vexation, and ſhut the eyes for a few moments, from the cares of life.

Yet, in point of fact, I am of opinion, that the Earl of Bath was by no means correct; in a letter written by the phyſician in October, 1734, a few months before his death, he deſcribes himſelf as ſcarcely able to ſleep, breathe, eat, or move; and earneſtly intreats the Almighty, *in his good time,* to remove him out of the world; not (as he afterwards adds) that he has any particular diſguſt againſt mankind.

Few readers will think it neceſſary to enquire, why a perſon *in ſuch a ſituation* ſhould pray for death; I impute the obſervation of the noble lord, to his courting the Dean, whom he dreaded; it was humouring that miſanthropy, which appeared very early in Swift; was exaſperated by diſappointed ambition, and embittered the laſt twenty years of life.

If the good, the excellent Arbuthnot, born and bred in the lap of ſcience; viſited and careſſed by wit, beauty, learning, and accompliſhment; if one ſo favored, *ſighed for death becauſe he was tired of bad company,* God help the man who is obliged to draw all his amuſement and all his information from groſs ignorance, frivolous folly, and conceited abſurdity.

It is the obſervation of a modern writer, that the evils of this life, and the terrors of futurity, would prove an inſupportable burthen, if the Almighty, in pity to man, had not infuſed into his nature, a tendency to trifling pleaſures and inſignificant purſuits, *il le crea frivole et vain*; this ſalutary ſpirit of nonſenſe enables him now and then to dance

dance and ſing under his misfortunes.

I had nearly omitted ſaying, that Arbuthnot, when a young man, attempted to ſettle at Dorcheſter, a county town in the weſt of England, remarkable for its healthy ſituation, ſalubrious air, and intereſting environs, circumſtances deſirable to a traveller or an inhabitant, but not productive to a phyſician.

On quitting Dorſetſhire, a friend met him galloping to London; "Where are you going, Arbuthnot," was a natural queſtion, "To leave your confounded place, for I can neither live nor die there," replied the medical man.

ARC, JOAN OF, the famous and intrepid maid of Orleans, who, in the humble condition of a peaſant's daughter, in an obſcure village of France, felt the impulſe of enthuſiaſm or good ſenſe; and guided by the deep policy of others, attained the reputation of a victorious warrior, a ſaint, and a martyr.

By boldly propheſying ſucceſs, and by miraculous or myſterious conduct, admirably calculated to infuſe courage and patriotiſm into the minds of ſoldiers enfeebled and terrified by repeated defeats, this extraordinary woman rouſed her ſovereign, Charles the ſeventh, from his amorous dreams, and for a time, turned the tide of victory in favor of her bleeding country.

But, in the full career of glory, and probably tempted to raſhneſs by the ſplendor of ſucceſs, ſhe at length was taken priſoner, and tried before an eccleſiaſtic tribunal; found guilty of *ſchiſm, hereſy, and witchcraft*; and being firſt excommunicated, was condemned to be burned alive; a bloody and inhuman ſentence, which was put into execution, after being confirmed by the univerſity of Paris.

Shakeſpeare, who, in his hiſtorical plays, appears to have followed the popular prejudices of the times, rather than his own good ſenſe, has introduced the maid of Orleans on the ſtage, with ſupernatural powers, which however exquiſite and unrivalled *his* magic is, he does not permit her to exert; and aſſiſted by *periapts*, and choſen ſpirits, whom, in the cant of witchery, ſhe profeſſes to have nouriſhed with her own blood. Yet, notwithſtanding theſe inviſible aids, he makes her exert conſiderable courage and ſkill, and ſhe anſwers with addreſs, the abuſe of the Engliſh commander, who calls her "foul fiend of France, and hag of deſpight, encompaſſed with youthful paramours."

The

The ſcandal of indiſcriminate amours, I attribute to the malice of an irritated enemy, and partly to an ineffectual attempt the unhappy woman made to prolong her life, by pleading pregnancy: her incontinence, which has been often ſpoken of, but never proved, could not eſcape the prurient imagination of Voltaire, who has built on it a witty but indecent poem.

It is to be lamented, that poſthumous juſtice cannot extinguiſh the flames of perſecution, or mitigate the pains inflicted by cruel knaves, and fanatic fools, on exalted worth; yet, if it were permitted, in the world beyond the grave, to know what paſſes here, it muſt have afforded ſome conſolation to the injured ſpirit of the maid of Orleans, to hear that her innocence of the *imaginary crimes* alledged againſt her, was publicly declared by Pope Celeſtin the third (Hyacintho Bobeardio;) and that ample juſtice has been done to her memory by ſucceeding poets and hiſtorians; of theſe, the moſt conſpicuous is the verſatile philoſopher of Ferney, for good poetry, exquiſite humour, and well-directed ſatire; debaſed, as I have before obſerved, by profane alluſion, and diſguſting incident.

Various attempts have been made to purify this poem, and to give it a decent Engliſh dreſs, but moſt of them have failed, as well as the *ſix weeks* epic of the ingenious Mr. Southey.

One of theſe unſucceſsful tranſlators, from whoſe work I mean to produce a few extracts, regretted in his preface, that decorum was too often ſacrificed to merriment, and that the nobleſt powers were frequently proſtituted to impiety and lewdneſs; for this reaſon, it is difficult to convince one half of the world that it is poſſible to laugh without guilt; and the other half, that a writer can be ſerious and moral, without being dull.

The king of a party has been called the king of half his ſubjects; and the author of an obſcene or an impious compoſition, can be peruſed by readers of a certain deſcription only; but I return to the poem of Voltaire, over whoſe memory modeſty muſt bluſh, religion ſigh, and charity drop a tear.

As the tranſlator endeavoured to ſeparate wit from indecorum, the goodneſs of his deſign may, in ſome meaſure, excuſe a want of ſucceſs in its execution; but the action of the poem taking place during a brilliant period of our Engliſh hiſtory, when our arms were triumphant at the gates of Paris, probably inflamed the

the imagination of a Briton, diffuſed a patriotic brightneſs over the occupation, and attached him ſtill ſtronger to the ſubject, *fortia facta patrum.*

Voltaire's commencement, which is a rich and genuine ſpecimen of the mock heroic, highly pleaſed me.

" Fain wou'd I celebrate the ſaints of old,
My voice is weak, unequal to their fame,
Yet will I ſtrive to ſing of Joan ſo bold,
Who gain'd in war a more than mortal name.
The pow'rs of France by England trodden down,
Were to new conqueſts by this virgin led,
She ſav'd the honor of the Gallic crown,
And twin'd freſh laurels round her ſov'reign's head.
Her's was the taſk to rouſe the tardy king,
To wake the monarch from his amorous trance,
To burſt the ſilken chains which pleaſures bring,
And make him quit the goblet for the lance.
Though in a female ſhape, and coarſe attire,
She fought like heroes ſung in ancient ſong;
Many may ſoftneſs, gentleneſs admire,
But Joan was fierce, and as a lion ſtrong.
All muſt with wonder read what I aſſert,
Read, with ſurprize, the truth I ſing of here,
How ſhe, by magic, war and love unhurt,
Did keep unloos'd her virgin zone a year.

To withdraw the king from the charming Agnes Sorrell, who, if any witchcraft took place, was the principal culprit; and to direct Joan of Arc in her career, no leſs a perſon than St. Dennis, the patron of France, is invoked by the poet.

Haſte, Gallic ſaint, and reſcue yonder flock,
Whom Engliſh wolves as tender ſheep devour,
Be to thy people a protecting rock,
Or ſtorms of adverſe fate will ſoon o'erpow'r.
Thou patron ſaint of thy *moſt Chriſtian* ſon,
But for thy well-tim'd aid, the Gallic ſtar
Had been eclips'd by England's brilliant ſun,
Whoſe rival rays ſtill threaten from afar.
" Yes, by St. Paul," the holy Dennis cry'd,
" Theſe Engliſh dogs we quickly muſt deſtroy,

Theſe heretics, unleſs the fates
have ly'd,
Will rebel arms againſt the Pope
employ;
Will reaſon chuſe in ſpite of mo-
ther church,
Nor bulls nor anathemas will
diſturb;
With truth their guide, they
holy writ will ſearch,
Tyrants nor prieſts their ſpirits
e'er ſhall curb.
Their conqu'ring navies travers-
ing the poles,
Through a long courſe of years,
alas, I ſee,
Where Ganges glides, and where
th' Atlantic rolls,
Britannia reigns ſole empreſs of
the ſea.
Since Charles is held in harlot
dalliance bound,
All ills, 'tis ſaid, by oppoſites are
cur'd,
Some virgin chaſte yet brave,
muſt now be found,
To rouſe the king, in luſt and
eaſe immur'd."

With pious indignation and patriotic purpoſe, St. Dennis haſtens to Orleans, where a council of war is held by the French generals; the reply of the ſinner to the addreſs of the ſaint will probably produce a ſmile in my readers.

" Ye warlike chiefs who draw
in vain your ſwords,
Whilſt Charles your king, to
heaven, and glory loſt,
Gives to a ſyren's faſcinating
words,
What he denies to you and all
your hoſt;
Haſte, let us find ſome maiden
chaſte and pure,
Whom Heaven ordains to dry
your tear-ſwoll'n eyes,
And if you wiſh that church or
ſtate endure,
Aſſiſt me in my holy enterprize."
" Ah, holy ſaint," the roguiſh
Richmond ſwears,
" If ſuch your errand, here you
come in vain,
Our kings and captains make the
virgins ſcarce,
You have them plentier in your
bleſt domain.
Perhaps ſome nunnery's ſequeſ-
ter'd ſhade,
May this rare phœnix for a ſaint
produce,
Yet there, I fear, the monks
their tricks have play'd,
And turn'd this public good to
private uſe.
In ſpite of ſermons and divine
command,
Soldiers and ſailors by ſtrong paſ-
ſion fir'd,
For making baſtards through this
am'rous land,
Than making orphans have been
more admir'd.
The virgin flow'r is ſcarce in this
our clime,

Where

Where curious amateurs ſo thickly ſwarm;
Impatience plucks it long before its time,
Or the rank hot-houſe keeps the plant too warm."
Vex'd at theſe words, St. Dennis look'd aſkance,
And then withdrew on cherub-pinions born,
My courteous reader, may it be thy lot,
To crop this roſe, and never feel its thorn.

Offended at their profane mirth, the ſaint ſeeks further for, and at laſt finds Joan of Arc, who officiated as *a maid of all work*, at a little country inn, where ſhe had reſiſted many temptations, and met with many difficulties, particularly from the meditated violence of Griſbourdon, who united the profeſſion of a cordelier with that of a conjuror; the poet pours forth a ſtream of laviſh encomium on the village where our female warrior was born.

Let Doremy o'er every town preſide,
Tho' it no vineyards, no rich wines can boaſt;
But for it's Joan, the fleur de lis had dy'd,
But for its Joan, the gallic name were loſt.
What tho' thy fields afford nor ore nor mines,
What tho' nor gold nor pearls thy maids adorn,
Thou ſtill had'ſt that which brighteſt gems outſhines,
Pure as the dew drops of the early morn.
Thus did a ſaint who virgin pureneſs ſought,
Inſtead of palaces and noble domes,
Find female honor in an alehouſe cot,
Nor cloath'd in ſilk, nor poiſon'd by perfumes.

The ſaint addreſſes the future champion of her country in the following words:

"I am Saint Dennis, patron ſaint of France,
Sent by high Heaven's command, King Charles to ſave,
Giv'n up to Agnes, riot, play and dance;
And you I chuſe as humble, chaſte and brave.
Fear not my child, but quit thy lowly taſk,
For nobler work thy hands are now deſign'd,
Of heav'n, through me, both power and knowledge aſk,
And turn to warlike deeds thy docile mind."

The ſecond canto of the tranſlation commenced with the following ſtanzas:

'Tis not enough in battles loud alarms,

Cool

Cool and undaunted o'er the field to ſtride,
He who expects the victory in arms,
Shou'd have the Gods to battle on his ſide.
Alcmœna's ſon, and he whoſe pride-ſwoln heart,
Sigh'd for new worlds to ravage with the ſword,
Paſs'd for the ſons of Jove, that happy art,
And fierceſt nations at their ſhrines ador'd.
By means like theſe, Rome gain'd imperial ſway,
Whilſt diſtant nations trembled at her nod,
Augurs and oracles led on the way,
What foe on equal terms cou'd meet a God?"

After having inſtructed Joan in the nature of her miſſion, and the manner in which ſhe is to conduct herſelf; the ſaint proceeds towards Tours where the infatuated king kept his court, but previous to the interview of St. Dennis with the royal lover, the reader is introduced to the enchanting Agnes Sorrel, in whoſe praiſes the French and the Engliſh poet ſeem to be eloquent.

"Kings, heroes, ſages, glory'd in her chains;
To ſee and love her was their greateſt pride,
The ſpeechleſs ſigh, th' in vain concealed pains,
The look diſcovering what it ſtrives to hide.
The loyal Agnes to her monarch kind.
That tedious court hard-hearted dames approve,
Relax'd, nor Charles in long ſuſpence repin'd,
Princes and kings make rapid ſtrides in love,
Truſty Bonneau th' enraptur'd lovers bore,
Safe from enquiry and cenſorious eyes,
To a fair caſtle on the banks of Loire,
Whoſe rural ſcenes reſembled Paradiſe.
At court, Bonneau was held in high repute,
To the king's pleaſure an obedient imp,
Myſterious, truſty, ſilent as a mute,
Plain country folks wou'd call the rogue a pimp.
Imagine lovers, ye who know the bliſs
Of keen deſire, which many a counted hour,
——————— the pointed kiſs,
The eye that ſpeaks, the tongue that wants the pow'r.
Alternate ſtruggles heave her ſnowy breaſt,
Love and her virgin pride alternate beat;

'Till

Till pride by mutual paſſions cloſely preſt,
Gives to great love a victory complete.
On poignant viands feaſt the youthful pair,
Whilſt varied tones the voice and ſtring afford;
They ſung of heroes, who to beauties rare,
Reſign'd their crown, their glory, and their ſword.
Rich ſparkling wine was mingled with the ſong,
Wine fills the head and heart with vivid glee,
And thence exhaling through the nimble tongue,
Burſts forth in wit and brilliant repartee.
For ſeen by none but her for whom he liv'd,
Bleſt but in her the happy monarch ſat,
Whilſt tender looks exhauſted love reviv'd,
And to her wiſh he gave his future fate.
The joy ſhe felt enliven'd all her face,
For ſpite of all that vile coquettes declare,
Rapture's fine pencil gives a killing grace,
And keen enjoyment much improves the fair.
"Bleſt in thy arms," the happy Charles wou'd cry
"Let the fierce Harry o'er my realms preſide,
If I have thee, he's poorer ſtill than I,
My love, my life, my joy, my only pride."
With words like theſe he ſunk upon her breaſt,
Whilſt pillag'd France was giv'n to every foe,
The burning kiſs upon her lips impreſt,
Effac'd all mem'ry of his country's woe.
Such conduct does not ſo heroic tell,
Yet ſhould not Cynics our good Charles abuſe,
For who in beauty's pow'r can anſwer well,
What he ſhall ſay, or do, or hate, or chuſe.
All-conq'ring love reſtrains the warrior's hand,
Victorious beauty reigns throughout the world,
Armies and navies follow their command,
And at their nod the bolts of war are hurl'd.

Saint Dennis ſoon after arrives at Tours, and accompanied by Joan of Arc, ruſhes without ceremony into the royal preſence, where the following converſation takes place.

"Unhappy Charles, for nobler combats form'd,

I bluſh to ſee your mind ſo much debas'd;
Your town of Orleans will be quickly ſtorm'd,
Whilſt here with Agnes you your moments waſte."
" One word, good Saint, with rev'rence wou'd I ſpeak",
The king reply'd " Aerials can't employ
Their time too precious for an am'rous freak,
Their taſte's too pure for groſs and earthly joy.
And yet I ſwear, wer't thou ſo ſtrongly try'd,
Wer't thou like me in blood and ſpirits high,
With lovely Agnes panting by thy ſide,
Thou wou'd'ſt give way and be as fond as I.
Behold that face where ſits triumphant love,
Thoſe pouting lips not only made to ſpeak,
Behold thoſe ſnow-white mounts which quicker move,
As fears prophetic her dear ſlumbers break."
" Hold" cry'd the Saint, " I grant you ſpeak the truth,
For when on earth, and young, I felt love's pow'r;
Enough of Agnes, oh my royal youth!
To war and glory give the preſent hour.
Beſides, if woman thee ſo much attracts,
Behold a maiden pure as virgin ſnow,
Follow her paths, they lead to Godlike acts,
Thy dream voluptuous, and thy couch forego.
She is ordain'd thy doating ſoul to rouze,
Inſtead of myrtle and of roſe, to place
The crown and laurel on thy royal brows,
And from thy realms to drive yon hateful race."
" Muſt the ſtern voice of honour be obey'd,"
The monarch cry'd, " Muſt I my angel leave?
The cruel ſacrifice muſt then be made;
Ah faithleſs Charles! thy Agnes to deceive:
Alas! in yonder cottage had I ſlept,
A flock of ſheep had been my daily care,
Then undiſturb'd, my Agnes had I kept,
Nor cruel war had torn me from my fair.
At leaſt, good ſaint, permit one ſoft adieu."
At this, Saint Dennis forc'd the king away;
The pow'r of female eyes too well he knew,

To

To grant the love-ſick king a
longer ſtay.
The ſick bon-vivant waking from
a dream,
Which offer'd dainty viands to
his view,
Thus hears the doctor poignant
ſauces blame,
Forbid his port, his turtle, and
ragout.

ARCAGATHUS, a ſurgeon of Rome, in the ſixth century from the foundation of that city; a man of diligence and ſagacity, who appears to have ſtudied with zeal, and to have practiced with ſucceſs.

But deſpiſing public opinion, and inattentive to feeling as well as decorum, he diſſected animals alive, tried on them a variety of cruel experiments, and was ſo inordinately attached to the uſe of the knife, and actual cautery, that he became a marked man, and rendered himſelf odious to the people, who, imitating the crime for which they puniſhed *him*, ſtoned the anatomiſt to death.

Modern times have not been without examples of demonſtrators and their attendants ſuffering from popular reſentment, and the multitude thus ſacrificing a uſeful and meritorious individual, may be conſidered as one of the many victories of prejudice, paſſion and caprice, over juſtice, truth and common ſenſe; in the blindneſs of their fury, they forget that the odium incurred is in ſearch of a ſpecies of knowledge from which they, and their deſcendants, will probably reap the moſt important benefits.

We are not ſufficiently acquainted with Arcagathus, or the remote period in which he lived, to know all the circumſtances of this unpropitious tranſaction, but there are ſtrong reaſons for concluding, that the influence of the pontiff, and the college of augurs, was paramount; that they regarded, with ſuſpicion and indignation, a bold adventurer, who raſhly preſumed to interfere with matters which formed, excluſively, an important branch of *their* ſacerdotal and prophetic office, the inſpecting the vitals of animals, and deducting from the appearance of them, *under the direction of the civil magiſtrate*, good or bad omens, for or againſt undertaking any public enterprize.

Arcagathus, like other men of genius, ſcientific reſearch, and fertile project, was probably deficient in low cunning, and worldly prudence; looking down with contempt on the follies and abſurdities of the common people, and ſcorning, in one jot or

one tittle, to accommodate himſelf, he took no pains to conceal his ſentiments, but regarded all actions as alike indifferent, provided the end was good.

His enemies, taking advantage of this failing, which has proved the deſtruction of ſo many, turned the vengeance of the mob againſt their great benefactor; a ſpecies of democratic ſuicide not unfrequent. Thoſe who devote their time and talents to the ſervice of the public, ſhould endeavour to communicate the mint-mark of general approbation and expediency, to the ſterling bullion of real merit and good deſign.

Anatomiſts, comparative anatomiſts, ſurgeons, and a long train of triers of experiments on animals, with air pumps, electrifying and other machines, are too apt to forget, that animated nature was given by our all-wiſe and merciful Creator, for moderate uſe and rational enjoyment; that nothing but ſome palpable and important advantage can authoriſe us to inflict agonies on a worm, or protract the exiſtence of the meaneſt reptile in a ſtate of torture; in this particular, the late John Hunter, with all his profeſſional excellence, was abominably guilty.

ARISTIDES, a diſintereſted Athenian patriot, baniſhed by the caprice or the malignancy of his countrymen, whom he had ſerved with clean hands, and an uncorrupted heart; this praiſe has been refuſed to his rival Themiſtocles, with all his predominating powers.

That great commander being blocked up by Xerxes, in the ſtreights of Salamis, Ariſtides, inſtead of abandoning a political antagoniſt who had often attacked him with coarſe invective, gallantly forced his way through the Perſian fleet, and reaching the ſhore, thus addreſſed Themiſtocles: "At a moment like the preſent, let us forget thoſe contentions in which we have been too long engaged; let our ſtruggle be of a more honorable kind, let us try who is beſt able to extricate the Greeks from their preſent difficulties; I ſaw you encompaſſed by the enemy, and immediately reſolved, at all riſques, to come to your aſſiſtance; I have attacked and broke through the Perſian line, and ſunk ſeveral of their ſhips, and have not a doubt, but that, with your aſſiſtance, they may be entirely defeated, and the honor of our country preſerved."

The reſentments of Themiſtocles were inſtantly ſubdued by ſuch conduct, and he made the following reply: "Generous and excellent Ariſtides, I acknowledge

ledge myſelf your inferior, the emulation you ſo nobly point out, it ſhall be the glory of my life to practice." It is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that, by their united efforts, the fleet of Xerxes was ſoon deſtroyed.

My readers will probably aſk, by what means ſo intrepid a commander, and ſo good a citizen, incurred the diſpleaſure of his countrymen? I almoſt bluſh for poor human nature, when I relate the circumſtance: one of theſe *worthy characters*, probably of the deſcription of thoſe heroes whom we muſt ſhake by the hand, and make low bows to during a conteſted election; one of them being aſked, why he voted for the baniſhment of ſo good a man, candidly replied: "I know no harm of him whatever, but I could not bear to hear every body calling him, on all occaſions, ARISTIDES THE JUST."

This ſhort but impreſſive anecdote is ſubmitted to the cool conſideration of certain ſanguine friends of the editor, who are perpetually declaiming in favor of a form of government purely democratic; a form which, admirably calculated for rouſing exertion and controuling miſmanagement, gratifies, I fear too readily, the blackeſt paſſions of the human heart, and, by the rapid action and vaſt weight of the machine which conducts it, will, in all countries which adopt it, produce calamities more numerous and fatal than the evils it propoſes to remedy.

It is neither my buſineſs nor inclination to ſet bounds to the glorious poſſibilities of a republic uncontaminated by wealth and luxury, conducted and inhabited by men of clear heads and pure hearts; independent of the ſcarcity of *ſuch materials*, I apprehend that the commonwealths of Greece and Rome, even in their more early periods, afford ſtrong preſumptive evidence againſt the peace and happineſs unmixed popular forms.

ARISTOCRACY, a ſplendid argument in favor of, confidentially produced by a late eminent writer, and conſidered as unanſwerable by *ſome* of his friends.

I think it my duty firſt to obſerve, that perſons of this deſcription I by no means wiſh to deprive of the juſt and natural privileges attached to the ariſtocracy of intellect and perſonal worth; it is petty exemption, and irritating injurious prerogative only that I wiſh to oppoſe; can any good reaſon be given why every man ſhould not alike be obliged to pay for the conveyance

veyance of his letters, a buſineſs attended with enormous toil and expence on the part of government. Why ſhould not the ſame pains and the ſame penalties be attached to ſimilar offenders in every inſtance; in the political, as well as the moral world, crime ſhould be conſidered as the leveller of all diſtinctions, the extinguiſher of every honor.

The favorite paſſage, ſo often quoted, is as follows: "I ſee neither policy nor utility in laying down a principle, that the opinion of a majority of men, *counted by the head*, is to be conſidered as the law of the land; this ſurely is acting in defiance of political theory, and every day's experience.

"To enable men to act with weight and conſiſtency, and to anſwer the purpoſes of ſociety, the weak, the ignorant, and the unprovided, muſt be conducted by the wiſe, the expert, and the opulent.

"Numbers, it muſt be confeſſed, are always of conſideration, but they are not the whole conſideration. Ariſtocracy is not a ſeparate, or a ſeparable intereſt in the ſtate; it is formed by legitimate preſumptions, which, taken as generalities, may be admitted as actual proofs.

"To be bred in a place of eſtimation; to ſee nothing low or ſordid from one's infancy; to be taught to reſpect ourſelves; to be habituated to the cenſorial inſpection of the public eye; to ſtand on elevated ground, and to be enabled to take a large view of the wide-ſpread and infinitely diverſified combinations of men and things; to have leiſure to read, reflect, and converſe; to aſſociate with the wiſe and learned; to be habituated in fleets and armies to obey and to command; to be taught to deſpiſe danger in the purſuit of honor and duty; to be conſidered as an inſtructor of our fellow-citizens in their higheſt concerns; to act as a reconciler between God and man; to be employed as an adminiſtrator of law and juſtice; to be a profeſſor of liberal ſcience, or a practiſer of ingenuous art; are circumſtances which form a natural ariſtocracy; and to give no more importance in the ſocial order to ſuch deſcriptions of men than to ſo many units, I conſider as a palpable uſurpation."

ARISTOCRATIC EXCLAMATION, the ſenſible, of an eminent Roman, I believe one of the Scipios, or made for him by Livy: "*Cur ego plebeios magiſtratus, cur Sicinium potentem video? Tarquinium qui non tulerim, Sicinium feram?*"

This

This animated apoſtrophe is almoſt tranſlated by the author of "Killing, no Murder," a maſterly pamphlet, publiſhed during the uſurpation of Cromwell, which revived the ſpirits of the Royaliſts, and made the Protector tremble on his throne.

"SHALL WE, WHO WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO THE ROYAL LION, BE TRODDEN UNDER FOOT BY THE ASS?"

Yet ſuch, to continue the figure, has been and ever will be the diſpoſition of *animals of this ſpecies*, when placed out of their ſphere; nil aſperius humili cum ſurgit in altum. Set a beggar on horſeback, &c. &c.

ARMSTRONG, JOHN, a phyſician, a man of genius, and author of a poem in blank verſe, on the art of preſerving health.

His practice as a medical man was never conſiderable, and as a proſe writer, on ſubjects connected with his profeſſion, he groſsly failed; on one occaſion he aſſerted, that the circulation of the blood was a diſcovery attended with no real uſe; and after declaiming againſt theory, as an affair which no man of ſenſe would trouble himſelf with, he calls corns *ſprouts of the rheumatiſm*; and on the ſubject of ſecretion, obſerves, that the glands have an occult kind of magic power, inexplicable to the human faculties, of transforming blood.

But *ſuch errors* were not ſufficient to retard the progreſs of a phyſician, whoſe defects in ſcientific acquirement, and whoſe fine ſpun theories; are amply compenſated for, by that more valuable attainment, knowledge of the world, a commodity in which the ſubject of this article did not abound.

Where is the man, however worthy or eminent, who has not on ſome occaſion tripped? The good, the exemplary Fothergill, in his tranſaction with Samuel Leeds, departed from equity and liberality; Heberden, almoſt proverbial for correctneſs, once loſt himſelf on the ſubject of damp linen; and St. Andrè, a man of ſtrong ſenſe, but I fear not of a good heart, impoſing himſelf, or impoſed on by others, circulated as worthy of credit, the abſurd tale of a female, who profeſſed herſelf the parent of rabbits.

Armſtrong's fault was of a different kind; in one of his poetical productions, which in its day was a great favourite, with a *certain claſs* of readers, he wandered into obſcene and luſcious deſcription; however flagitious his patients, this conduct in a phyſician I am told is never

never to be pardoned; the whiſper ſpeedily circulated, as a practitioner he was gradually deſerted, and many years ago I heard a lady declare, that herſelf and many of her acquaintance valued and eſteemed Dr. Armſtrong, and had occaſionally conſulted him; but, that after this unlucky publication, it was generally underſtood by thoſe who valued the world's good opinion, that to be intimate with the author, or even to employ him, was a violation of decorum, and dangerous to any woman who wiſhed to be well received in good company.

Such was the ſentence, in a court which admits of no appeal, againſt a man of various acquirement, inoffenſive life (and notwithſtanding his yielding in this inſtance to a warm imagination) of unſullied manners; probably, at a moment, when ſome verſatile antagoniſt, defiled by ſecret ſin, but exhibiting exterior decency and correctneſs, was enjoying univerſal approbation.

Yet, the poem in queſtion, with all its acknowledged faults, was not without the merit of glowing imagery, appoſite claſſic alluſion, and impreſſive moral precept: Who can read the following lines, which I quote from memory, without lamenting that they were accompanied by others, which no regarder of his profeſſional intereſt ought to have written, and which no reader of good taſte can wiſh me to recite.

The perſons to whom the poet addreſſed himſelf, were

"Youths and virgins, when their generous blood
Hath drank the heat of fifteen ſummers, when
The loves invite."

At this dangerous and critical period, he adviſes them

——————— to ſhun
The ſnakes which under flow'ry pleaſure lurk;
——— Wilt thou fair Cytherea deign
To ſmile, gracious on my attempt; tho' thou
None of the muſes nine, yet oft' on thee
The graces wait, oft' gambol in thy train
Tho' virgins; come, and with thee Cupid bring,
Blind, but unerring archer.
——————— The boy may triumph, when
Night-working fancy ſteals him to the arms
Of nymph oft-wiſh'd awake, nor envy kings,
While dreams like theſe, await thy ſlumbers.

After ſeriouſly adviſing every young man to be cautious and ſelect in forming a female attachment, he proceeds to deſcribe the kind

kind of woman, worthy the attention of a man of ſenſe:

——— One, to all but thee reſerv'd,
To thee alone diſcreetly laviſh;
Grudge not, with ſuch a mate, to paſs
The ſummer's day, the winter's night,
Preſs her with dying fondneſs in thy arms."

In the intercourſe between the ſexes, he ſtrongly recommends conſtancy and ſincerity; and after much pathetic diſſuaſion againſt ſeducing, and deſerting, the fond believing mother, and her ill-fated offspring, that mother "who ventured all for thee, for her, thou nothing;" he deſcribes with energy and truth, the complicated evils and diſeaſes, the ruin of ſoul, body and eſtate, entailed on indiſcriminate debauchery.

On this occaſion, the danger attendant on houſes of ill fame, from aſſaſſins, plunderers and bullies, is forcibly diſplayed; he ſpeaks of the laſt with a conſiderable portion of mock-heroic humour:

——— "Him thirſting after gold, nor words,
Nor more perſuaſive wine can ſatisfy,
Thy purſe muſt pay, the violation of the public bed."

It has been ſaid of Dr. Armſtrong, and I believe by himſelf, that his ſucceſs as a phyſician, was impeded by exceſſive ſenſibility, and what he called a tickliſh ſtate of ſpirits, occaſioned or increaſed by the teaſing and uncomfortable circumſtances of his profeſſion; this irritability produced in ſome of his publications, peeviſh expreſſions, and in one inſtance, outrageous invective.

He who quarrels with, or affects to deſpiſe the world, has been compared to a wayward ſpoiled child, who, to revenge himſelf on his mother for ſome petty contradiction, reſolved 'to ſtay all night on the bridge.'

To continue the ſimile, the deſpiſer of mankind will in general find his anger or his contempt repaid with two-fold intereſt; he may ſtay for fifty nights on the comfortleſs bridge of receſſion, frozen with cold, or drenched with rain, and the world, far from feeling for his ſituation, or meeting him half-way with pity and condolence, will ridicule the impotent imbecility of paſſions which recoil only on the boſom which harbours them, and which add new venom to the arrows of misfortune.

The tickliſh ſtate of poor Armſtrong's ſpirits, appears to have been an effect rather than a cauſe of his want of ſucceſs; it was the mortification of a wounded ſpirit, conſcious of its powers, but

but well convinced of the miſtakes and obliquities which produced diſappointment; whilſt in his minds eye, the evil was aggravated by many a ſuperficial unqualified cotemporary, gliding down the placid ſtream of affluence and fame.

But although real merit does not in every inſtance meet with its reward, there are circumſtances independent of fame as well as fortune, which ought to induce every profeſſional ſtudent to unceaſing application; for the ſituation of a man, who, by fortunate incident, has attained eminence, without the neceſſary qualifications, is and muſt be at times extremely mortifying and unpleaſant; the lives and limbs of his beſt friends are entruſted to one who is unfit for the important office he has undertaken; he is expoſed to the open attacks or the inſidious artifices of competitors, eager as well as able to detect pompous impoſture, and expoſe ſuperficial imbecility.

But he, who by previous preparation, is enabled conſcientiouſly to diſcharge his profeſſional duties, if he does not ultimately attain wealth and reputation, is placed in a ſituation far more deſirable; well-meant, though unrequited effort, will afford him ſolid ſatisfaction; if he does not move in a brilliant and exalted circle, he is a worthy and uſeful member of ſociety; in ſpite of a frowning world, he has filled the ſtation aſſigned him by Providence; he has to the utmoſt improved his talent; theſe are ſoothing reflections, which will diffuſe a warm a ſerene ray of honeſt joy over the evening of life.

ARNOLD, JOHN, a native of Brandenburgh, in Saxony, who exerciſed the trade of a miller, on a rivulet communicating with the Oder, near Cuſtrin; he was a ſubject of that illuſtrious warrior, ſtateſman, philoſopher, and poet, Frederic, King of Pruſſia, who I believe needs no other addition to his name, to diſtinguiſh him from his predeceſſors, or the ſucceeding king.

The mill which Arnold occupied, was plentifully ſupplied with water, at the time he purchaſed his leaſe, and for ſix years he had regularly paid his rent, and ſupported his family in a comfortable manner.

At this period (1776) Count Schmettau, the miller's landlord, having occaſion to enlarge a fiſh-pond near his ſeat, and wiſhing to turn a larger quantity of water into it, ordered a cut to be made from the ſtream a little above the mill, notwithſtanding the earneſt remonſtrances of his tenant,

tenant, who foreſaw and pointed out the injury he ſhould receive, and intreated, if the canal muſt remain, that he might be permitted to reſign his leaſe.

This reaſonable requeſt being denied, the current of water was reduced ſo low, that the mill could only be worked during thoſe floods which follow heavy rains: Arnold applied to a court of law for redreſs, but loſt his cauſe; and after great anxiety, in conſequence of his debts increaſing, whilſt his ability to raiſe money every hour diminiſhed, the unfortunate man's goods and ſtock at length were ſeized.

By the advice of a friend, who had experienced the benevolent and equitable principles of their ſovereign, the miller preſented a ſhort memorial on the ſubject, to the king, whoſe ſcrutinizing eye, equally adapted for minute preciſion, and vaſt deſign, was immediately ſtruck with the ſimplicity of the poor man's narrative; and although during a large portion of his reign, he was forced into war, by Auſtria, France, and Ruſſia, his heart was on every occaſion alive to the intereſts and happineſs of his ſubjects.

Frederic immediately diſpatched a private agent to Cuſtrin, who ſurveyed the mill, the ſtream, and the new canal; this perſon was particularly directed to enquire into Arnold's former ſituation, and the probable cauſes of his failure.

By the cautious method in which he proceeded, the king ſeems to have guarded, as far as he was able, againſt thoſe extremes into which the moſt amiable virtues ſometimes hurry us; he was fully aware of the antipathy he had conceived, early in life, againſt lawyers, who although they ſometimes prove the ſcourges and firebrands of ſociety, are frequently men of cultivated talents, and liberal diſpoſitions.

Our royal legiſlator, one of the few hereditary monarchs, whoſe perſonal merit deſerved a throne, reviſed with his own eyes, the whole of the law proceedings; but fearing, even after he had determined how to act, that prejudice and reſentment, might inflame his paſſions, warp his judgment, and lead him to injuſtice and oppreſſion, the very crimes he meant to puniſh in others; he reſolved not to truſt entirely to his own feelings, but conſulted ſeveral eminent veterans, who had paſſed in laborious ſtudy, or daily practice, through the different provincial, municipal, and civil departments of the ſtate. Early in the month of

of December, 1779, he ſent for the Chancellor, Judges of Appeal, and Counſellors, who had approved and ſigned the ſentence; as they entered the royal cloſet, the king, pointing to a table covered with papers, announced the occaſion of his meſſage, by ſaying "Theſe are your proceedings in the caſe of the miller Arnold, which I have taken ſome pains to peruſe, and I never witneſſed any thing more cruel and inhuman; to deprive a man of water, the only means by which he could work his mill, and then pull him to pieces, in conſequence of that poverty your own injuſtice had brought upon him."

His majeſty, after the following animated queſtion, paused, in order that the parties might have time to reply: "Is it to legalize acts like theſe that laws have been enacted, and the offices you fill created?

The lawyers lamented that they had, in this cauſe, been ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe his majeſty, but they requeſted permiſſion to ſay, that, in every ſtep taken, they were tied down by, and had minutely followed the ſtrict letter of the law; in a word, that they could not have acted otherwiſe without forfeiting their oaths, and violating the laws of the land?

"I will not hear of laws which ſanction ſuch palpable injuſtice."

"Will your majeſty ſuffer us to ſay, that we were and ſtill are much concerned at the ruin of the miller; but it was his own act, he purchaſed the leaſe, perhaps without reading the covenants, one of which expreſſly authorizes the count to furniſh his fiſh ponds with water from any part of the ſtream, in any manner, and to any quantity he chuſes; this was a hard condition, but, as it is the duty of our office to deliver the law, and as we poſſeſs no authority for preſcribing to a landholder on what terms he ſhall let his property, it was not in our power to act otherwiſe."

The king ſtill inſiſted on the abſurdity and inhumanity of the ſentence, and immediately diſmiſſed the chancellor from his poſt; ordered the judges and members of the court of Cuſtrin to be taken into cuſtody, nor would he ſuffer them to be liberated till they had paid Arnold the whole amount of the law proceedings, and for his loſs of time; he alſo ſeverely reprimanded Count Schmettau, and obliged him to pay back to his late tenant all the rent he had received from the time of drawing off the water.

The conduct of the King of Pruſſia,

Pruſſia, in this tranſaction, has been warmly cenſured as arbitrary and tyrannical by an ingenious writer, and the determination in favour of Arnold was reverſed a few months after the deceaſe of the hero of Roſbach. The writer of this article hath alſo had his ſhare of reprehenſion, "for having entered too warmly into the merits of the cauſe, and being, in fact, an advocate for Arnold."

I hope in this, as in every other inſtance, to be an advocate as far as lies in my power, *and without a fee,* for truth and juſtice; nor ſhall I be deterred, by the *heavy* penalty of being obliged to peruſe a bulky packet of German law, tranſmitted from a diſtant country.

I conclude, with relating the conduct of Old Fritz, as his ſoldiers uſed to call him, when laying out his own garden at Sans Souci; on this occaſion, the ſurveyor reported to his majeſty that a neighbouring mill was an inſurmountable impediment to all his improvements; that the occupier had been applied to for purchaſing it, that double its value had been offered, or, if he preferred it, that another mill ſhould be erected in any part of the country he might chuſe; but that nothing could prevail on the old man to part with his property.

"Don't you know" ſaid the king, who called on him to repeat his offers; "don't you know that I may, if I pleaſe, ſeize your mill, and not pay you a farthing." "Aye," replied the miller, "that you might, if there was no ſuch thing as a ſupreme court of juſtice at Berlin." The king laughed heartily at the cock crowing on his own dunghill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

ARNOLD DU TILB, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the Upper Languedoc, who towards the middle of the ſixteenth century, was the object of a criminal proſecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's reſidence, lived a little farmer, whoſe name was Martin Guerre, married to a modeſt handſome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himſelf of the Spaniſh province of Biſcay; they had a ſon, and, for their ſituation in life, poſſeſſed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in conſequence of a diſpute with his

his father-in-law, Martin ſuddenly quitted his family, and charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in affection towards his wife, although ſhe had conducted herſelf with exemplary propriety, had not been ſeen or heard of, for eight years.

It was during this long abſence, to lovers as well as huſbands, a dangerous interval, it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the ſubject of our preſent article, who had formerly ſeen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a moſt perfidious and cruel ſtratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly reſembled the abſent man; like him too, Du Tilb, having for many years quitted his country, was generally conſidered as dead; and having made himſelf acquainted with all the circumſtances, connections, and general habits of Guerre; as well by collateral enquiries, as by actual aſſociation with him during two campaigns as a private ſoldier, he boldly preſented himſelf to the wife and family, as her long loſt huſband.

The riſque he incurred, and the difficulties he encountered, were conſiderable; a thouſand little circumſtances, which it is eaſy to imagine, but unneceſſary to deſcribe, muſt daily and hourly have led him to the brink of detection; indeed, it is not eaſy to conceive how he could ſucceed, unleſs the unhappy dupe of his deluſion had been herſelf a promoter of the cheat, which does not appear to have been the caſe.

The ſtranger, at once, and without heſitation was received with tranſports of joy, by the wife and all the family, which at that time conſiſted of four of her huſband's ſiſters, and an uncle; one of them remarking that his cloaths were ſomewhat out of repair, he replied "yes," and, in a careleſs and apparently unpremeditated way, deſired that a pair of taffety breeches might be brought to him. The wife not immediately recollecting where ſhe had put them, he added, "I am not ſurprized you have forgot, for I have not worn them ſince the chriſtening of my ſon; they are in a drawer at the bottom of the large cheſt in the next room; in this place they were found, and immediately brought to him.

The ſuppoſed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way, by ſong and dance; he enjoyed the privileges and pleaſures, he ſhared the emoluments and cares of a huſband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to tranſact

tranſact ſome neceſſary law buſineſs, which had been deferred in conſequence of his abſence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whoſe ſuſpicions of impoſture were firſt excited by a traveller paſſing through the village; this perſon, hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before, he had ſeen and converſed with an invalid of that name in a diſtant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and child in Languedoc, but that it was not his deſign to return during the life of his uncle.

The ſtranger being ſent for and privately queſtioned, repeated, in a clear and conſiſtent manner, what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehenſions of the uncle, that the *real* Martin Guerre was ſtill abſent, and added, that ſince quitting his wife, he had loſt one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family alarmed by this account, now ſaw or thought they ſaw many little circumſtances, which had before eſcaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs. Guerre cohabited, and by whom ſhe had had two children, was not in fact her lawful huſband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her miſtake; ſhe loudly, and with tears inſiſted, that her preſent domeſtic companion, was her firſt love, her real and original huſband; it was not till after ſeveral months, that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to proſecute the impoſtor.

He was taken into cuſtody, and impriſoned by order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people, whoſe curioſity was naturally excited; the depoſition of the traveller, concerning the abſent Martin Guerre was firſt read; the uncle, the ſiſters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias were next cloſely queſtioned on their oaths; ſome declared that the priſoner was not Martin Guerre, others as poſitively inſiſted that he was the identical perſon, corroborating their teſtimony by many collateral circumſtances; but the greater number avowed without ſcruple, that the reſemblance

reſemblance between the two, *if two there were*, was ſo great, that it was not in their power to diſtinguiſh; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favor of the priſoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to ſay in his defence, he anſwered without embarraſſment, that the whole was a conſpiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who taking advantage of the eaſy temper and weak underſtanding of his wife, had contrived the ſtory in order to be rid of him, and to get poſſeſſion of his property, which he valued at eight thouſand livres.

The uncle, he obſerved, had for ſome time taken a diſlike to him, had frequently aſſaulted him, and in one inſtance would have killed him by the ſtroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the priſoner on *the weakneſs of his wife's underſtanding*, ſerved to diminiſh the ſurprize of the court at her being ſo eaſily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring, in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinſman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reaſons which firſt induced him to quit his houſe and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had paſſed his time; "that he had ſerved in the French army ſeven years, and, on his regiment being diſbanded, had entered into the Spaniſh ſervice, from which being impatient to ſee his wife, and ſorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a conſiderable expence he procured his diſcharge, and made the beſt of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithſtanding his long abſence, and the loſs of his hair, he was directly and univerſally recognized by his old acquaintance, and received with tranſports of joy by his wife and ſiſters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to ſtir up the preſent proſecution againſt him.

The priſoner, in conſequence of certain leading queſtions from the judge, gave a minute deſcription of the ſituation and peculiar circumſtances of the place in Biſcay, where he ſaid he was born (ſtill inſiſting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, age, and occupation of the relations he had left there; the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, alſo the perſons who were preſent at the ceremony, as well as thoſe who dined with them; which, on referrin

ferring to collateral evidence were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witneſſes, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold Du Tilb, ſwore, that the priſoner was not and could not be Martin: one of theſe, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and, obſerving that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the diſgrace it would bring upon his family.

Theſe perſons alſo inſiſted, that Martin Guerre was tall, of a ſlender make, and, as perſons of that form frequently are, awkward and ſtooping in his gait; that he had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his noſe was flat, and that ſeveral ſcars were to be ſeen on his left eye-brow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they obſerved that Du Tilb was a middle ſized well-ſet man, upright, with thick legs, a well formed noſe, and without any thing remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his countenance exhibited the ſame ſcars as that of Martin.

The ſhoe maker, who had for many years furniſhed Guerre with ſhoes, being called, depoſed, that his foot reached the twelfth ſize, but that the priſoner's was rather ſhort of the ninth: it further appeared, that the former had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cudgelling and wreſtling, of which the impoſtor was wholly ignorant.

As a ſtrong circumſtance againſt the perſon accuſed, it was added, that his manner of ſpeaking, and the ſort of language he uſed, though, at times, artfully interlarded with Patois and unintelligible gibberiſh, was very different from that which uſed to be ſpoken by the real Martin Guerre, who, being a Biſcayan, ſpoke neither wholly Spaniſh, wholly French, nor wholly Gaſcon, but a curious mixture of each, a ſort of language called the Baſque.

Laſtly, and what ſeemed to make an impreſſion on the court, the proſecutors referred to the internal evidence of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme; they produced ſatisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedneſs and uncleanneſs, a common ſwearer and blaſphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accuſation lay heavy upon the priſoner; a pauſe enſued for deliberation,

deliberation, and the court, fatigued by the long and patient examination of a hoſt of witneſſes, took refreſhment; the town houſe being ſtill crowded with perſons impatient to give their teſtimony in behalf of the priſoner, whom they conſidered and pitied as an injured man.

The firſt parties next examined aſtoniſhed the judge, and ſtaggered the whole court, they were the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of ſound underſtanding, and of character unblemiſhed; they poſitively ſwore, that the man in cuſtody was *their dear brother Martin*. Two of their huſbands, and thirty-five perſons born or brought up in the neighbourhood corroborated their aſſertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoche, or as an Engliſhman would call it, the ſack-poſſet, after they were put to bed on their wedding night, declared, as ſhe hoped for everlaſting ſalvation, that the priſoner, and the man ſhe ſaw in bed with the bride, was the ſame perſon.

The majority of theſe laſt witneſſes alſo depoſed, that Martin Guerre had two ſcars in his face, and that the nail of his fore finger, on the left hand, in conſequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew acroſs the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to ſtretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this deſcription.

It further appeared, that on his firſt arrival at Artigues, the priſoner addreſſed moſt of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of thoſe who had forgotten him, ſeveral circumſtances with reſpect to the village, on the ſubject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he alſo ſpoke to his wife (as he ſtill inſiſted ſhe was) of certain circumſtances of a very peculiar nature, which took place on the wedding night; theſe I will not repeat.

He, who could give an aſſumed character ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to reality, and ſo dexterouſly clothe falſehood in the robes of truth, was no common impoſtor; like other great villains, he muſt have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this buſineſs, the wife being called, her pretended huſband ſolemnly addreſſed, and called on her, as ſhe valued peace of mind here, and everlaſting happineſs hereafter, to ſpeak truth without fear or affection, and declared that

that he would ſubmit to inſtant death, without repining, if ſhe would ſwear that he was not her real huſband; the woman replied, that ſhe would by no means take an oath on the occaſion, at the ſame time, ſhe would not give credit to any thing *he* could ſay.

The evidence, on both ſides, being cloſed, and the defence of the priſoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnold du Tilb guilty, and ſentenced him to ſuffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Thouloufe, who not long after ordered a copy of the proceedings, and the convict to be forthwith tranſmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of juſtice as well as regiſtry of royal edicts, wiſely determined to take no deciſive ſtep in the buſineſs till they had endeavoured to get ſight of and ſecure the man with a wooden leg, as deſcribed by the traveller; the uncle ſtrenuouſly inſiſting that he, and no other, was his long loſt nephew.

A commiſſion was appointed to examine the papers, and call for new evidence, if neceſſary; deſcriptions of the perſon, and circumſtances of Martin Guerre, the abſent huſband, were alſo circulated throughout the kingdom; at length, after ſeveral months had elapſed, and conſiderable pains had been taken, the abſentee was fortunately diſcovered in a diſtant province, conveyed to Thouloufe, and ordered into cloſe cuſtody, with particular directions that he ſhould have no intercourſe with any perſon whatever even at his meals, but in the preſence of one of the commiſſioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themſelves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a ſolemn and final re-hearing, and a liſt of ſuch witneſſes, as would be required to appear before the parliament, was, in the mean time, ſent to Rieux, for the purpoſe of preventing the trouble and expence of conveying to Thouloufe, ſo large a number of perſons who had crowded the court and ſtreets of Rieux.

The parliament aſſembled at an early hour, the former proceedings were read; the priſoner ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting his innocence, and complained of the hardſhips and injuries he had ſuffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being aſked if he knew him, undauntedly anſwered, "No." The injured huſband reproaching the impoſ-

tor for the perfidiouſneſs of his conduct in baſely taking advantage of the frankneſs of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property; Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuſer.

The preſent was thought a curious inſtance of audacity contraſted with ſimplicity of heart and unaſſuming manners; an impudent and flagitious adventurer, who had for ſeveral years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavouring to perſuade the injured man out of his name and perſonal identity; it was further obſerved, that the geſture, deportment, air, and mode of ſpeaking of the impoſtor was cool, conſiſtent, and ſteady; while thoſe who appeared in the cauſe of truth, were embarraſſed, heſitating, confuſed, and, on certain points, contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four ſiſters, and the uncle, had not yet ſeen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called into court: the firſt who entered was the eldeſt ſiſter, who, the moment ſhe caught ſight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming, with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now ſee and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The reſt of the family, as they approached, confeſſed, in a ſimilar way, how much they had been deceived; and the long loſt Martin, mingling his tears with their's, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderneſs and affection.

But, towards his wife, he deported himſelf very differently; ſhe had not yet ventured to come near him, but ſtood, at the entrance of the court, trembling and diſmayed; one of the ſiſters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with ſternneſs and averſion, and, in reply to the excuſes and advances ſhe made, and the interceſſion of his ſiſters in her behalf, "That ſhe was herſelf innocent, but ſeduced by the arts of a villain," He obſerved, "Her tears, and her ſorrow are uſeleſs, I never ſhall love her again; it is in vain that you attempt to juſtify her, from the circumſtance of ſo many others having been deceived; *a wife has ways of knowing a huſband unknown to all the world*; in ſuch a caſe as this, it is impoſſible that a woman could have been impoſed on, if ſhe had not entertained a ſecret wiſh to be unfaithful; I ſhall,

ſhall, for ever, regard her as the cauſe of all my misfortunes, and impute ſolely to her, the whole of my wretchedneſs and diſgrace."

The judge reminding the angry huſband, that if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could ever have taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveneſs.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, ſacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honorable*, in the market place of Artigues, in his ſhirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand; to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family he had ſo cruelly deceived; it was further ordered, that he ſhould be hanged before the dwelling houſe of Martin Guerre, and that his body ſhould be burnt to aſhes; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and, as the day of execution approached, was obſerved to loſe his firmneſs; after a long interview with the Curè, he, at laſt, confeſſed his crime, acknowledging that he was firſt tempted to commit it, by being repeatedly miſtaken for and addreſſed by the name of Martin Guerre; he denied having made uſe of charms, or of magic, *as many ſuſpected*, very properly obſerving, that the ſame ſupernatural art which could enable him to carry on his deception, would alſo have put it in his power to eſcape puniſhment.

He was executed according to his ſentence, firſt addreſſing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his ſins, through the merits and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt.

This ſingular narrative is authenticated by the reſpectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good Latin by the worthy Thuanus.

I annex the words of the latter; as the paſſage is not long, I produce it as a correct ſpecimen of the proper way of telling a ſtory, and as a fair contraſt to my own.

"Arnoldus Tillius arctam in adoleſcentia cum Martino Guerra, dum ambo in caſtris eſſent, amicitiam coluiſſet; oris ac corporis ſpecie tam Martino ſimilis, ut nihilo, excepta pedis longitudine ab eo diverſus eſſet.

Poſt octo annorum Martini abſentiam, auſus eſt pudicitiam uxoris ejus attentare, et poſtremo perſuaſit ſe Martinum eſſe; et cum multa, quæ viro cum conjuge, ſecreta ſunt, inſtructus didicerat,

didicerat, non ſolum uxori, ſed et ſororibus aliis que Martini agnatus impoſuit, et cum illa totum triennium conſuevit, quo tempore duos liberos ſuſcepit.

Sed cum homo alienæ pudicitiæ raptor, etiam bonis avidius inhiaret, a Petro Guerra, Martini patruo, quaſi impoſtor poſtulatus, uxore etiam fraudem ſuſpicante.

Judices interea ſententiæ incerti eſſent, cum Deo volente, Martinus ex Hiſpania intervenit, et pro vero viro ab uxore agnitus, omnem dubitationem exemit, et Arnoldus, poſt veniam a Deo, rege, juſtitia, et Martino et uxore ignominioſe petitam, tanquam impoſtor, adulter, raptor, ſacrilegus plagiarius et fur, ad ſuſpendium damnatus eſt.

ASCHAM, ANTHONY, an Engliſh envoy, employed in 1649, by the long parliament, at the court of Madrid, where he was aſſaſſinated by ſix Engliſh royaliſts, who entering his houſe as he ſat at table with a few friends, planted their daggers in his heart; for this outrage on the law of nations, as well as humanity, the murderers were taken into cuſtody, and ſome of them executed.

With the defeated adherents of King Charles the firſt, this appears to have been a favorite and effectual method of getting rid of their enemies: it was practiced nearly at the ſame period, on Doriſlaus, an Engliſh reſident at the Hague, and on John Liſle, a commiſſioner of the great ſeal, during the uſurpation of Cromwell.

This lawyer, who appears to have taken an active part, during thoſe turbulent times, and from whom the Editor of this collection, is maternally deſcended; this lawyer was a native of the Iſle of Wight, and ſat as member for Wincheſter, in the parliament which met in 1640; at the reſtoration, he fled to Lauſanne, in Switzerland, where he deſigned to paſs his days in privacy and peace, but was attacked by banditti, of the ſame livery with the murderers of Aſcham and Doriſlaus. Theſe brave and honourable men heroically ſhot him in the back, as he returned from church; his widow ſurvived him, and was beheaded in the reign of King James the ſecond, after a long trial, during which, Jefferies, the preſiding judge, bullied the jury, and inſulted an unfortunate woman, whoſe crime was the having ſheltered in her houſe at Moyles-court, a fugitive preacher of the name of Hicks.

ASPASIA, an inhabitant of Athens, a cotemporary of Socrates

Socrates and Xenophon; one of the numerous inſtances of the inefficacy of ſuperior talents, to regulate the conduct, and guard the heart, againſt the groſſer appetites.

This extraordinary woman, who devoted her earlier years to licentious pleaſure, was rouzed by ambition, or ſatiated by enjoyment, and ſuddenly emerging from infamy and indecorum, won the affections, and ſecured the laſting eſteem of Pericles, the hero of his age and country; was reſpected as the friend, and admired as the companion of all that was illuſtrious and exalted, during the moſt refined and brilliant period of Grecian hiſtory.

Such circumſtances excite our curioſity, and we naturally wiſh to enquire further concerning this fair Mileſian, who, with vices which would have baniſhed moſt women to the noiſome dens of proſtitution, boldly claimed, and eminently enjoyed, that conſideration, which the world generally and properly beſtows on virtuous and correct conduct alone.

Athenian matrons, mothers of families, and the wives and daughters of reſpectable ſenators, and wealthy citizens, repaired without ſcandal to the entertainments of Aſpaſia, where ſociety was enlivened by beauty, wit, and wine, while the graces, with looſened zones, preſided at her repaſts.

Exhibiting, early in life, a maſculine underſtanding, and uniting with it a betwitching form, no improvement had been ſpared which expence and cultivation could beſtow; but the ſame quickneſs and ſenſibility which made her progreſs in acquirement ſo rapid, rendered her an earlier and eaſy victim to the tender paſſions, ſo often fatal to youth and beauty; too ſoon they taught her, it was no crime to love.

Plunged in the abyſs of lawleſs indulgence, ſhe imparted almoſt a dignity to looſe deſire, and often ruſhed from the couch of ſenſuality to the academic grove, where ſhe outſtripped, in eloquence, the maſter of moral philoſophy, and ſurpriſed by the depth of her reflections, and the brilliancy of her metaphors, the author of the Cyropœdia.

Such have been the glowing expreſſions of exaggerating partiality, perhaps of doating admiration; and that man muſt be formed of very obdurate materials, who has not, at certain moments of his life, imagined ſomething uncommonly excellent, or very brilliant, in words iſſuing from a pretty pair of lips; words, which from a plain woman, on the *wrong* ſide of ſix and

and thirty, would have paſſed without praiſe, and without notice.

The arts of this accompliſhed ſyren muſt have been wonderfully faſcinating, or the domeſtic life of Pericles, who was already a married man, very uneaſy; for, not ſatisfied with thoſe clandeſtine ſnatches of enjoyment, ſo frequently preferred to the dull routine of lawful affection, he prevailed on his wife to conſent to a ſeparation; provided her with another huſband, and led the polluted Aſpaſia to the altar; a proceeding, which did not eſcape the comic laſh of Cratinus and Ariſtophanes.

"Tell me" ſaid Aſpaſia to the wife of Xenophon, at a moment when her predominating powers had levelled every external diſtinction between them; "Tell me, without reſerve, if an acquaintance had more valuable jewels, or a more ſplendid ſideboard of plate, than your own, ſhould you not prefer them?" "Undoubtedly," replied the lady. "Suppoſe ſhe had a handſomer and more ſenſible huſband," continued Aſpaſia.

Xenophon, to whom, after a ſhort pauſe, the queſtion was repeated, heſitated; his wife, who did not at firſt perceive to what the original queſtion would lead, hung her head and bluſhed.

"You will neither of you," exclaimed Aſpaſia, "ſatisfy me on a ſubject, which, in a different way, has been a thouſand times diſcuſſed; on certain points, you expect other people to be all perfection, but are confuſed to find, on the queſtion being properly put, that in ſome reſpects, you are no better than your neighbours."

This article would be extended to an undue length, were I to produce every inſtance on record, of the acuteneſs of this lovely Grecian, whoſe talents are repeatedly acknowledged by her cotemporaries and ſucceſſors; of her literary compoſitions, a ſlender portion only remains, as a quotation in an ancient writer.

Pericles, at firſt attracted only by beauty, had ſought relief in her ſociety, for the ſameneſs or the chagrin of matrimony, and expected, after the zeſt of novelty was diſſipated, the uſual frivolous ſuperficial nauſeating ſmall talk of vicious abſurdity.

He was, however, agreeably ſurpriſed, when he found her well acquainted with the preſent intereſts, and the paſt hiſtory of her country, and qualified to converſe on any ſubject he introduced, as a ſcholar, a general, a politician, and a man of taſte.

With a woman of this deſcription, the giddy raptures of deſire were

were naturally ſucceeded by warm eſteem, by rational attachment; and this great commander, who, by arms and influence, governed Greece, confeſſed without reluctance, that he valued Aſpaſia far beyond all his honours and all his triumphs, that he was indebted to her for much of the fame and ſucceſs of his riper years; for the higheſt intellectual pleaſures, as well as the moſt bliſsful moments of his life.

If ſuch is the magic charm of beauty without innocence, and accompliſhment without correctneſs of conduct, what might not theſe gifts of Heaven atchieve, under the ſalutary direction of prudence and virtue; how ſeverely ought thoſe women to be cenſured who miſapply inſtruments which might be ſo powerfully and effectually exerted in reforming the morals of the world.

This profane miſapplication can no longer be laid to the charge of a beautiful but eccentric woman, often mentioned in this collection, in whoſe exemplary conduct as a wife and a mother, we forget the venial levities of her haleyon days.

ASTLEY, JACK, the ſon of an apothecary, at Wem, in Shropſhire, a well-written ſketch of whoſe life has been given by a writer, often praiſed, and frequently cenſured, in this collection.

From a country grammar-ſchool, and the tuition of Hudſon, a painter, now only remembered, as the firſt inſtructor of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, he travelled to Rome, where he finiſhed his education as an artiſt, and was patronized by Lord Cheſterfield.

Returning from Italy, he viſited Ireland, and, to uſe a ſailor's phraſe, worked his paſſage home; occaſionally ſtriking out of the road, as accident, inclination, or intereſt led the way: a natural, and in this inſtance a fortunate attachment, to ſcenes endeared by early habit and youthful impreſſion, tempted him to loiter in his old neighbourhood.

He probably was ambitious of convincing his former aſſociates, that the time elapſed ſince he left them had not been indolently or ineffectually ſpent; his memory was ſtored with uſeful information, his form and manners were improved; he had received the poliſh of polite intercourſe, that unbought grace of life; he had viſited regions, and contemplated objects, of which, thoſe who liſtened to him, had only read or heard; and, what was of no ſmall importance, in his own opinion, as well as in the eyes of others, he travelled in his own poſt-chaiſe, accompanied by a French

French valet in jack-boots, at that period a fashionable novelty.

To display ourselves to such advantage, in situations, where we have passed unnoticed, and lived unknown, or where we have been depressed by churlishness, traduced by envy, or persecuted by malignity, is one of the venal triumphs of human vanity; one of the few satisfactory compensations which wealth and elevation have power to bestow; but it was not Astley's fate to devote his life to oil and canvas.

Entering the assembly-room, at Knutsford, Lady Duckenfield, the widow of Sir William, was instantly struck with his appearance; the affair has often been mentioned as an instance of sudden love; being properly introduced, his fascinating manners compleated a conquest, which his person had begun; the lady sat for her picture the next morning, and gave him possession of the original in ten days.

In a few years, he lost his wife, whom he always spoke of with tenderness and regret; her daughter by Sir William Duckenfield, died soon after; these contingencies put into his possession the fee of a well conditioned estate of five thousand pounds a year.

With such an income, the taste of a connoisseur, the passions of an amateur, quick sensibility, a full pulse, and strong nerves; idolized by the women, his company eagerly sought after by the men; we may rather lament than wonder, that he yielded to dissipation and voluptuousness.

Yet Astley did not exhibit the gross indiscriminate sensuality of a foul-feeding epicure; he did not debase himself by grovelling in the filthy abominations of carnal vulgarity; he could not quaff the polluted beverage of a parish pond; and although in six years from the death of Lady Duckenfield, he spent fifty thousand pounds, some allowance from this sacrifice to the loves and graces, must be deducted for building, planting, and agricultural improvement.

In the course of his professional studies, and during his residence at Rome, he had acquired a taste for architectural proportion, and picturesque disposition, uniting with them, what are not always united, domestic accommodation in its highest perfection, social comfort, and practical utility.

He found a good house at Duckenfield Lodge, and left it evidently better than he found it; his improvements there, and at Tabley, were remarked for chastenes of conception, and correctness of design.

His town-house, for a short time,

time, was in St. James's-ſtreet, where he was ſucceeded by Bardana Hill, and, if I miſtake not afterwards by Charles Fox; but purchaſing an old family reſidence of Lord Holderneſſe, in Pall-Mall, next to Chriſtie's auction-room, he built on the ſpot three good town-houſes; the centre, which he lived in himſelf, has been ſince occupied by Coſway, and Dr. Graham; the houſe adjoining has in later times been made claſſical ground, by the reſidence of Mr. Gainſborough, who enriched our ſaloons with the wild beauties of foreſt ſcenery, and decorated our apartments with well ſelected portraits of trees.

The whole was planned and executed by Aſtley, who, while he yielded a little to the prevalent taſte of thoſe days for ornamental foliage, long ſlender pilaſters, and deep cornices, never loſt ſight of that expreſſive Engliſh term, ſnug comfort.

The attic ſtory, and a ſaloon, afterwards occupied by the Goddess of Health, were at the time much admired; he who is deſirous of contraſting the faſhion in building of that period, with the preſent, will ſoon be convinced of our ſuperiority in ſimple grace and technical preciſion, by comparing Mr. Aſtley's front with the well finiſhed banking-houſe of Mr. Hammerſley, lately erected near it, and I believe adjoining to the gateway of the Duke of Marlborough.

Our lucky painter loved and avowed his love for the pleaſures of the table; he gave good dinners, and enjoyed them, but always rendered wine and eating ſubſervient to his paſſion for women; a point in which he was a culpable latitudinarian; temperate, on the principle of preſerving his reliſh for pleaſure, and active almoſt againſt inclination, that he might preſerve health to enjoy it.

It is curious to hear ſome men boaſt of philoſophy and forbearance, who owe all their moderation to an exhauſted purſe and a debilitated conſtitution; they forget that *he* only practices real ſelf-denial who quits the couch of ſenſuality or the jovial board, before his health and his fortune are irrecoverably impaired.

"I have no objection," ſaid an old aſſociate of Aſtley's; "I have no objection to a perſon placed exactly in Jack's ſituation as to income, age, taſte, and conſtitution; I have no objection to ſuch a perſon, pronouncing on *poor Jack's* demerits; but I have not patience to hear exhauſted rakes, and ſapleſs diſciplinarians; damſels with, and philoſophers without a beard; book-

bookworms without fortune, nabobs without feelings, and ſtoics without paſſion; I have not patience to hear *ſuch creatures*, abuſing a man who poſſeſſed them all ſo abundantly; a man whom I loved and now lament, and whoſe ſociety I enjoyed far, very far beyond that of any one alive."

As a companion, Aſtley was mild, cheerful, and pleaſant; he did not forget an eſſential point of good manners, in a particular which our beſt talkers are too apt to neglect; HE GAVE OTHER PEOPLE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK; without this little accommodating pliancy, unleſs we can occaſionally prevail on ourſelves to liſten to thoſe by whom we are neither intereſted nor pleaſed, the ſtrong intellect and impreſſive precept of Dr. Johnſon would be tyrannical; the copious anecdote of Monſey, fatiguing; the redundancy of Mr. Fox, exhauſting; and the digreſſions of Mr. Burke, with all his matchleſs graces, ill-timed rhapſody.

Aſtley was not without whim, he poſſeſſed a conſiderable proportion of facetious vivacity, which ſometimes, *and not dwelt on too long*, ſo happily relieves long converſations; in readineſs and apt expreſſion, he was happy; exhibiting a facility of extemporaneous reply, which men who have read more, and ſeen leſs, frequently want: a certain writer, who had deſervedly received from his hands the diſcipline of a cane, calls him more entertaining than inſtructive, more merry than wiſe.

"As a father," he is ſaid, by his biographer, "to have groſsly failed; exerciſing neither the over-cautious ſtrictneſs of a good man, nor the exceſſive indulgence of a bad one:" if *he* is generally accounted wiſe who avoids all extremes, theſe words may be conſidered as a compliment to Aſtley for hitting the happy medium.

"He encouraged," ſays the ſame writer, "he encouraged folly, yet puniſhed it with inexorable ſeverity:" the charge of unfeeling rigor, I have good reaſon for thinking, was unfounded; and I believe few fathers would ſubmit to be checked in correcting a child, becauſe they had once erred themſelves; if faultleſs parents only are to uſe the rod, how often muſt puerile wantonneſs, and juvenile audacity, be left without reſtraint; for where alas is the man who has never gone aſtray?

"His death was well-timed for his three youngeſt children, as it is more than probable, that he would have bred them in the worſt way poſſible, in the ignorance and looſeneſs of a French convent;

convent; he would have expoſed them to error, and probably never have pardoned their giving way to temptation; ſuch was Aſtley, he owed his fortune to his form, and his follies to his fortune."

He has been produced as an inſtance in proof of what has been ſometimes aſſerted of men liberally and profeſſionally educated, but who have attained affluence early, and not from official perquiſite, or a long courſe of profitable buſineſs.

Such perſons have ſometimes been obſerved to be more deſirable aſſociates and pleaſanter companions, than thoſe who have lineally ſucceeded to hereditary fortunes, or thoſe who have procured conſiderable wealth by ſucceſsful commerce; the riches of the firſt being frequently debaſed by indolent non-exertion, and the independence of the latter too often embittered by old age, and incapacity for enjoyment.

The parties in both caſes, from neglect, or habits formed to other purſuits, have not attained the art of embelliſhing the blank ſuperficies of private life; the happy art of improving and giving an importance to thoſe numerous trifles which form the ſum total of human felicity.

The ſubject of this article has often been heard to confeſs, that the firſt hundred pounds his pencil produced, gave him more ſubſtantial heart-felt pleaſure, as the fair produce of ſelf-exertion, than all the ſplendor and wealth of the after-part of his life.

Yet, great as was his ſucceſs, and eminent his accompliſhments, he had neglected the one thing needful, he had not prepared for that awful, that laſt journey, which all muſt take; his retroſpect in declining life was neither comfortable nor ſatisfactory, and he expreſſed repeated and earneſt wiſhes to a friend, who ſoothed the languor of his laſt moments, that he could be permitted to live over his life again: "How DIFFERENT A MAN WOULD I BE!" were his remarkable words.

Perſons placed in ſimilar circumſtances will do well to recollect and apply the vain, the unavailing wiſh of Aſtley, before the fair ſunſhine of time and opportunity is paſſed away, and the dark cloud of everlaſting night cloſes on them and their proſpects for ever.

ATTORNEY GENERAL, an officer of the crown, armed by the laws of England, or by immemorial uſage, with powers, apparently inconſiſtent with a free conſtitution, and which, it has been

been the earneſt wiſh of many great, and many good men, to ſee moderated and reſtrained.

In the buſineſs of filing informations, and carrying on what have been called *ex officio* proſecutions, he is not directed by the previous examination of a grand jury, nor controled by the eſtabliſhed forms of any court, which are cautiouſly obſerved in all other caſes; by his own mere motion, he can give a name to, and put any conſtruction he pleaſes on the conduct, the writing, or even the thoughts, of any perſon whatever.

His proceedings are commenced without any previous affidavit, and if, in the courſe of the trial, there appears a probability of failing in his charge, he incurs neither riſque nor expence, as is regularly the caſe with all other proſecutors, but, by a ſhort motion, puts an end to the ſuit, and ſaddles an unfortunate, perhaps, an innocent defendant, with heavy and ruinous coſts.

Another circumſtance which has attached ſuſpicion to this mode of proceeding, is, that the Attorney General is a law officer removable at pleaſure, and placed in the high road to promotion; a trying ſituation, dangerous to human virtue, which is not always ſufficiently powerful, to make a man decide in favor of conſcience, duty, and honor, againſt a good place, the ſolicitations of a miniſter, or the mandates of his maſter.

In defence of this ſpecies of proſecution, the crown lawyers have replied, that the licentiouſneſs of the preſs has been, and ſtill is carried beyond all bounds of decency and truth; that kings and miniſters are continually expoſed, by artful ſeditious writers, to hatred and contempt; that in the buſineſs of proceeding againſt libels on government, juries are notoriouſly partial to the ſide of the people; that, in the moſt flagrant caſes, a verdict cannot be obtained for the king; and that a judicial and more ſummary method, free from the inconveniences of popular reſtraint, is, for urgent reaſons abſolutely neceſſary.

I cannot, I will not deny, that the temper of the times, has, in general, an influence on jurymen, who are men of like paſſions with ourſelves, and are, in fact, aliquot parts of that public, on whoſe intereſts and demerits they are frequently called on to pronounce; yet many trials, in the memory of my readers, prove, that an Engliſh jury is by no means inſenſible of the reſpect due to the executive power, nor

tardy,

tardy, in beſtowing exemplary puniſhment on the defamers of public worth, or private virtue.

The general cry which has echoed through the land, againſt *ex officio* informations, has been conſidered by many as a ſufficient reaſon for modifying and reſtraining them; nothing, in general, being ſo likely to counteract the impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, as a defendant coming into court, with every appearance of having been rigorouſly or unfairly proceeded againſt.

It is alſo the opinion of ſeveral ſound lawyers, whom I could eaſily name, and whoſe inclinations in favor of the liberty of the ſubject, will never be numbered with their faults; it is *their* decided opinion, that whenever the Attorney General commences a proſecution, the defendant, as in other caſes, ought to be permitted to ſhew cauſe, why the information ſhould not be granted.

This rational and ſalutary conceſſion would ſtill leave ample diſcretionary power in the breaſt of a court; would deprive many a plauſible ſuperficial declaimer againſt our conſtitution of a powerful common-place argument, and refuſing it, cannot be defended, on any plea of juſtice, common ſenſe, or good deſign.

ATHANASIAN CREED, a form of words occaſionally read as part of the liturgy of the church of England.

This collection of complicated definitions, which, at laſt, leaves the point in queſtion unexplained, has proved a ſtumbling block to many conſcientious men; it excited the inquiſitive ſcruples of Chillingworth, and the candid doubts of Waterland and Clarke; Archbiſhop Tillotſon, in a letter to Dr. Burnett, (Oct. 23d, 1694) wiſhes the church well rid of it, and Biſhop Taylor confeſſes, that it cannot be deduced from the language, or be ſupported by the authority of holy writ.

Yet a creed which has maintained its ground for almoſt nine hundred years, and which, excepting the damnatory clauſes, is ſaid, by its ſupporters, to derive its origin from an evangeliſt, the precurſor and herald of Jeſus Chriſt; a creed which has received the open aſſent, or ſilent ſubſcription of ten thouſand ſincere Chriſtians and excellent divines, ought not to be haſtily rejected.

"I acknowledge that it is a complication of ſubtleties," ſays one of its learned and able defenders, "but to guard Chriſtianity againſt the attacks of its adverſaries, the verboſe rhetoricians of the day, it was neceſſary

to

to fight them with their own weapons, and by oppoſing ſubtleties to ſubtleties, exhibit an acknowledged and generally received truth, in the technical phraſes, and verbal niceties of its enemies."

On a ſubject, which has, for ages, alarmed the fears, or rouſed the zeal of many great, and many good men, little of novelty can be produced; the queſtion, indeed, can never be ſatisfactorily or finally ſettled, until we have determined, whether reaſon is, or is *not* neceſſary in matters of revelation.

I appeal to every conſiderate orthodox member of our eſtabliſhment, I appeal to every rational Chriſtian, to lay their hands on their hearts, and to ſay, whether it is poſſible to peruſe this creed without ſuſpenſe, or to aſſent to it without heſitation: how painful then muſt be the taſk, how keen the regrets of many a worthy clergyman of the church of England, who at ſtated intervals, is compelled to declare, with its unknown compiler, that an abſolute and unqualified agreement with its elaborate doctrines, is BEFORE ALL THINGS, neceſſary to ſalvation; that he, who in the ſtruggle of reaſon tramples on its tenets, or in the timidity of mental reſervation, evades its abſtruſe myſteries, ſhall, without doubt, PERISH EVERLASTINGLY.

I am convinced that the intricacies of this eccleſiaſtic ſcale, in which unity and polytheiſm tremble on the balance, or alternately kick the beam, joined with the inhumanity of the obnoxious clauſes, and the unaccommodating zeal, with which, in ſome inſtances, they have been inſiſted on; I am convinced that theſe untoward circumſtances have driven many individuals from the pale of our national church, and ultimately into the diſconſolate wilds of Deiſm; for, doubt or diſguſt, once excited, ſeldom remains at reſt, in a ſtudious contemplative mind.

"The thirty-ſecond verſe of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark," ſays a divine of the eſtabliſhment, "clears all my doubts, and at once quiets my mind on the ſubject; 'of that day and hour knoweth no man, neither the angels which are in Heaven, nor the ſon, but the father:' "Is not this," continues the ſame writer, "Is not this a regular climax, beginning with the loweſt order of intelligent beings, and aſcending gradually to the higheſt? Is not the knowledge of the day of judgment denied, firſt, to men, then to angels, then to the ſon of God?"

In

In anſwer to this quotation, it hath been ſaid, that by the law of ſcripture analogy, paſſages, which apparently contradict the Athanaſian Hypotheſis, ſhould be accommodated to thoſe which confirm it; a canon of theological criticiſm, to which every man will agree, the moment he is convinced that the author of the creed in queſtion, was divinely inſpired and infallible; and it cannot be denied, that texts occur in the holy ſcriptures, equally favourable to a different explanation.

But waving the divine authority, and ſcriptural correctneſs of this part of our liturgy, is it conſiſtent with the opinion we are taught to entertain of Almighty God, whoſe wiſdom, as well as mercy, appears in all his works; is it poſſible to ſuppoſe that he would have inſiſted on the belief of a ſpeculative opinion, as eſſentially neceſſary to ſalvation, without a plain, clear and open avowal of it?

Would it not repeatedly and explicitly have been laid down, *and alike by all the inſpired writers of the New Teſtament*, as a fundamental principle of the Chriſtian revelation; a ſine qua non, previous to the admiſſion of any perſon to ſhare its benefits?

Would the Creator of the world, in whom omnipotence and intelligence are evidently united, would he have left the preſent peace and the future deſtiny of a conſiderable portion of mankind to depend on the heated imaginations, and the intereſted deciſions of polemic rhetoricians, on a letter, a ſyllable, or a word; on ουσια and υποστασις on ομοιουσιον or ομοουσιαν; on the difference between a perſon and a being; a difference which it is not eaſy to imagine, and I think impoſſible to deſcribe?

If, as is the opinion of many, the ſoundneſs of whoſe faith, and the goodneſs of whoſe intention, I have neither right nor inclination to call in queſtion; if the entire removal of the Athanaſian Creed from our national liturgy, is thought at the preſent criſis, unſafe and inexpedient, long may it remain; for I confeſs with ſhame and regret, that it is a ſubject, on which, after many a bitter ſtruggle, I have not yet formed a decided opinion: indeed of what avail is doctrinal inveſtigation and ſpeculative, opinion, without that more eſſential orthodoxy, a pure heart, and an amended life!!

But juſtice, humanity, and good policy require, that the reading it, or not reading it, ſhould be left to the diſcretion of the miniſter, who is too often obliged to ſubmit to that moſt odious

odious compromiſe, religious hypocriſy, or to relinquiſh the ſupport of his family.

This ſalutary and reaſonable regulation was approved of and propoſed by Archbiſhop Tillotſon, by the Biſhops Taylor, Pearſon, Beverley, and Clayton; by the learned and pious Doctors Cave, Hole, Bennett, and laſtly, by that eminent divine, as well as great lawyer, Lord Chancellor King.

On the other hand, it hath been obſerved by ſome of its defenders, that an implicit, orthodox, pure, uncontaminated faith, is more manageable in a ſtate, and more conducive to the peace of the church, than rational conviction, or the hallowed warmth of ſincere devotion: I once pronounced, and I again repeat my emphatic proteſt againſt ſuch an odious, abominable, time-ſerving ſyſtem, which ſtrips from religion, conſolation and purity of heart, and in their place, wraps around it a party-coloured robe of wordly policy, and diſgraces a countenance divine, with a maſk of atheiſtic perfidy.

If once an opinion ſhould be impreſſed on the great body of the people, that, in matters of religion, profeſſion and belief do not go hand in hand, the church of any country, under ſuch circumſtances, totters to its foundation, ſooner or later it muſt fall, and Chriſtianity, however its flouriſhing may be inſiſted on by ſome, as wholly independent of worldly ſupport, Chriſtianity may be buried in its ruins: This awful, this momentous truth, confirmed by paſt ages, and evinced by preſent example, I would wiſh to impreſs ſtrongly on prelates and ſtateſmen.

"Whoever," ſays a late writer, "believes that Jeſus Chriſt is, in a ſenſe in which no other being ever was, the ſon of God; that he came into the world to lay down his life for ſinful men; and that acceptance is only to be obtained, through his merits and interceſſion; whoever, in conſequence of ſuch belief, conforms his life to the law of Chriſt, ſeems to do *all of importance* towards his ſalvation, fulfills the goſpel conditions, and thereby anſwers the end of the goſpel covenant."

The following is part of the ſpeech of Dr. Clayton, a biſhop in Ireland, on his making a motion in the houſe of peers for expunging the Nicene and Athanaſian Creeds; a motion, which the primate declared, 'MADE HIS EARS TINGLE.'

"The Athanaſian Creed," ſaid Dr. Clayton, "has not even the authority of a council to ſupport it, but is now a known forgery, detected

detected by the criticiſms of the learned Voſſius; it cannot be traced within two hundred years of Athanaſius.

"Perhaps it may be aſked, how comes it then to bear his name? The anſwer is, that it agrees with the Athanaſian doctrine, and had his name affixed to it, by the church of Rome, becauſe he was a perſon much eſteemed by that church, which has long laboured to propagate his political and religious principles; but as the true character of Athanaſius is not generally known, I beg leave to inform your lordſhips who and what he was.

"Athanaſius was a young, forward, petulant deacon, in the church of Alexandria, of an ambitious ſpirit, and with talents admirably ſuited for diſputation.

"Having no probability of ſucceeding to the Biſhopric of Alexandria, unleſs he could drive out Arius, who was the ſenior preſbyter in that church; he fomented a diſpute on the ſubject of the Trinity between the archbiſhop and Arius, who being obſtinate, uncomplying, or ſincere, was excommunicated and expelled from the city.

"The old prelate died not long after, when Athanaſius, only twenty-eight years of age, by a union of force and corruption aſcended the archiepiſcopal throne, was illegally conſecrated, and confirmed in his ſee by the Emperor Conſtantine.

"But the turbulent arrogance of his ſpirit was not to be controled by gratitude, nor by policy, he groſſly inſulted his benefactor, the emperor, and treated Conſtantius, his ſucceſſor, with inſolence and contempt; for this and many irregularities, he was depoſed by a numerous council of biſhops, regularly aſſembled; but, in defiance of eccleſiaſtic diſcipline, and the laws of decency and juſtice, he forced his way into the ſee, over the murdered bodies of his antagoniſts, and made a forcible and bloody entrance into the cathedral.

"All the enormities I have mentioned, were committed with the concurrence of the Vatican; for it ought to be obſerved, that while Athanaſius treated his royal maſter, and the reſt of mankind, with inſult and defiance, he paid ſervile court and implicit obedience to the papal chair.

"This ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion, paid by Athanaſius to Julius, is the firſt precedent that can be produced, in the books of the canon law, in ſupport of the ſupremacy of the pope, who, till that time, was conſidered as little more than biſhop of Rome.

"Your lordſhips will be ſo good as to obſerve, that I do not take upon me to ſay, that the doctrine contained in the Athanaſian Creed is falſe; I only ſay, that it is not plainly and clearly revealed; nor do I preſume to condemn thoſe who think they have evidence ſufficient to juſtify their being peremptory and poſitive in ſupport of it.

"I judge no man, I only ſay it contains a doctrine of too nice, difficult, and metaphyſical a nature, to be made the ſubject of a creed, directed to be read by the miniſter, and repeated by the congregation.

"But, my lords, let us ſuppoſe for argument's ſake, that the doctrine contained in this Creed, *ſhould be wrong*, and unleſs the author was, what no human being ever was, infallible, there is a poſſibility that it may be ſo; in that caſe, let us only imagine what would be the conſequence—it would be no leſs than blaſphemy; it is indeed the dread and terror of an erroneous determination, on ſo delicate a point, that makes me ſolicitous to remove it from the liturgy."

In anſwer to the biſhop, it was obſerved, that his *diſapproving* the Athanaſian Creed was by no means a ſufficient reaſon for rejecting it; that he ſhould have been direct, explicit, and particular in pointing out how far it agreed or diſagreed with the holy ſcriptures, which after all, are the only true ſtandard by which ſuch queſtions can be properly decided.

It has often been lamented, that the doors of admiſſion into the church of England, were not more liberally widened; on this ſubject, it was ſaid, by a writer who has been juſtly accuſed of treating ſerious ſubjects with too much levity; on this occaſion he obſerved "that there were many good things in the church, for which the candidates were numerous, in general more than the good mother can effectually provide for; that by adding breadth to the door, the number of thoſe who enter would of courſe be proportionately increaſed, and the ſhare of eccleſiaſtic loaves and fiſhes to be divided among the orthodox, proportionately diminiſhed.

The following were the original words of Athanaſius, in his diſpute with Arius, at the council of Nice, in the year three hundred and twenty-five.

Πιστευω εις ενα θεον πατερα παντοκρατορα, αειοντα θεον παϊερα, και εις τον θεον λογον, τον μονογενη υιον τϐ θεϐ, ο τι συνυπαρχει τω ιδια πατρι, και ο τι εκ της ϐσιας ϐλος θεϐ και πατρος εστιν ο υιος, και ο τι ισος ο υιος τϐ παϊρος τυγκανει, ος οϊι ισϊλιμος εστιν ο υιος ϐλος, θεϐ και οτι συν τω παϊρι αυϊϐ παρεσι πανϊαχϐ τη

θεοῦηλι, και οἱι παντα περιεχει τη θσια αυἱθ, και οἱι θ περιεχεἱαι απο θδενος ο υιος θἱος θεθ καθαπερ ϙ θεος ο παἱηρ αυἱθ. Και εις το πνευμα τον αγιον οἱ τθς παἱρος εσιν θσιας και συναιδιον ἱω παἱρι και ἱω υιω ἱυγχανει το ἁγιον πνευμα.

Αρειος ειπεν

Πιϛευω καγω εις ἑνα θεον αιδιον, και εις ἱον υιον αυἱθ, ον προ ἱων αιωνων εκἱσεν, ως θεος και υιον ἑποιησε. και παντα οσα εχει ο υιος, με εχων, ελαβε παρα τθ θεθ και οἱι εκ ισος εσιν ο υιος θδιϛολιμος τω πατρἱ· αλλ απολειπεται της τθ θεθ δοξης ωποιημα λειπεἱαι ἱης ἱθ θεθ δυναμεως και εις το πνευματο αγιον το απο θἱθ υιθ γεγονος.

Arius afterwards quoted Saint Paul, "ημιν εις θεος εξ θ ἱα παντα." To this Athanasius replied και εις κυριος Ιησθς Χριϛος δι θ ἱα παντα.

Arius then observed "Α γαρ αν ο παἱηρ ποιει ἱαυτα και ο υιος ποιει."

A long passage was next quoted by Athanasius, from the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, to the end of the sixteenth verse: after a pause, he pronounced with a loud voice, the following words, which have been so often produced by those who support the same hypothesis: "Εγω και ω παἱηρ εν εσμεν".

To this Arius replied: "Συ σαβελλιος ει."

The Editor has been requested to give a latin translation of the first Greek passage.

Athanasius loquiter.

"Credo in unum Deum, patrem omnipotentem, Deum semper patrem, et in Deum verbum unigenitum filium Dei; eumque una cum patre suo, coexistere, et exsubstantia patris esse, et æqualem suo patri esse, et ejusdem dignitatis, et eum patre suo per deitatem ubique adesse, et omnia continere sua essentia, et a nemine contineri quemadmodum ut deus pater ipsius.

"Credoque in spiritum sanctum, eum esse patris subsantiæ, et coæternum eum patre et filio; verbum quoque dico, in carne fuisse."

Arius loquiter.

"Credo et ego in unum Deum æternum, et filium ejus, quem ante secula creavit, ut Deus filiumque sibi fecit; et quæcunque habet filius, ea quum non haberet, accepisse a Deo, atque ideo illum patri non æqualem esse, neque ejusdem dignitatis, sed ut creaturam relinqui, et deficere a gloria Dei, eundemque minorem esse, quantum attinet ad potentiam Dei; credoque in spiritum sanctum e filio genitum."

AUBRIOT, HUGO, a native of Dijon, and Provost or Mayor of Paris, in the reign of Charles the fifth, King of France; a stern corrector of abuse, of course

courſe either hated or feared by the majority of mankind.

The members of the univerſity of Paris, at that time, are deſcribed as injuring the riſing generation, by a total relaxation of diſcipline, and corrupting them by a depraved example; by puniſhing the moſt notorious offenders, and admoniſhing others, this excellent magiſtrate converted a public nuiſance into a uſeful and reſpectable ſeminary.

The expelled members, and their friends, uniting with the numerous enemies his vigorous conduct had created, formed a ſtrong party againſt him; and it was ſoon diſcovered by the keen eye of maliguity, or fabricated by fraud, that he profeſſed doctrines, not exactly conformable to the opinions of that period.

He was tried before a tribunal appointed for the purpoſe, found guilty of *Judaiſm* and hereſy, and if his oppreſſors had not been fearful of exaſperating the people, who were warmly attached to their provoſt, he would have been burnt alive.

He was diſgraced and committed to priſon; yet as a reformer and an injured man, his deſigns appear to have been good, his zeal moderate, and his reſentment againſt thoſe who had perſecuted him, not implacable.

During an inſurrection at Paris, he was releaſed from priſon, and the enraged multitude, would have ſacrificed the moſt exalted perſonages in church or ſtate, had not Aubriot influenced their conduct or directed their vengeance; prudently receding from civil tumults, he repaired to a diſtant province, and paſſed the remainder of his life in literary retirement: he is a rare inſtance of a reformer who did not periſh by the hands of thoſe whoſe grievances he had redreſſed, or whoſe malverſation he had controlled.

While Mayor of Paris, he laid the firſt ſtone of that famous ſtate priſon, the Baſtile, which execrated and overthrown to its loweſt foundations, by the gallic republicans, as a monument of deſpotiſm, was afterwards mentioned with tenderneſs and regret by Mr. Burke, as one of the king's caſtles.

After the provoſt's death, his enemies demonſtrated their hatred, but in fact pronounced a panegyric on his memory, by calling every man a Hugonot who differed from common opinions, or pretended to be wiſer than his neighbours; and it is remarkable, that three centuries afterwards, this obnoxious term was applied to a much injured and exaſperated ſect, who profeſſed doctrines, and agitated ſubjects

jects never thought of at the remote period when Hugo lived.

AUDIBLE APPLAUSE, ſee PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, or, as Sir William Jones always termed him, Octavian; the learned judge could never patiently hear him called Auguſtus, conſidering it as a proſtitution of that imperial epithet, to apply it to a man, who, he inſiſted, was the wickedeſt and meaneſt of characters.

The editor of this collection has been accuſed of ſpeaking too favorable of this emperor, who proved himſelf, on many occaſions, a perfidious and bloody tyrant; I appeal to my readers whether the ſhort mention I made of him in the article Mœcenas, was not ſufficiently ſevere; "Auguſtus, with all his apparent moderation, was of a diſpoſition cruel and unrelenting," are the words I made uſe of.

I agree that Octavian was in many reſpects a raſcal, but he poſſeſſed in an extraordinary degree, coolneſs, judgment, and penetration, which he made *a cover for his raſcality*; the times in which he lived, and the majority of his ſubjects, deſerved to be governed by a raſcal; the experiment of ruling them mildly, was tried by a pleaſant, ſenſible, generous, open-hearted man, and him they aſſaſſinated; thoſe who abuſe lenity and moderation, have no right to complain, if they are afterwards coerced by a rod of iron; a character of a different caſt would not have wielded the ſceptre an hour.

I admire the abilities, I lament the fate of Cicero; to have loved him who had taken up arms againſt the dictator, and who ſpoke in terms of warm approbation of his murderers, would have been an extraordinary exertion of virtue in Auguſtus, beyond the reach of a Pagan; but the diadem finds and leaves us men, with all the infirmities of our nature; it cannot, LIKE THE CROWN OF THORNS, eradicate pride, revenge, envy, and ſelfiſhneſs from the human heart.

I hope, that in the circumſtances in which Auguſtus was placed, I ſhould not have imbrued my hands in the blood of the Roman orator, yet I never could have placed confidence, or have had any intercourſe with a man who betrayed ſuch verſatility of principle; I would have ſentenced him to a mild ſpecies of baniſhment to Baiæ, or to Tuſculum, with his books, his family, and his fortune untouched; or have

have dispatched him a second time to the distant province of Cilicia, an honourable exile.

AURICULAR CONFESSION, a preposterous corruption of the Catholic Church; a venal superstructure, impiously erected by avarice, and ambition; obstinately defended by a friend, whom, *on other subjects*, I admire for his candor and good sense; he insists that auricular confession is authorized by, and strictly consonant to, the practice of the primitive church.

Will he allow any weight to the opinions of Saint Chrysostom, Saint Basil, Saint Hilary, and Saint Ambrose? I think he once whispered a reluctant yes: these venerable and worthy characters, with all their faults, for when is, and when will, *man* be without faults; they would have blushed at the various absurdities attributed to them.

I can support the following emphatic and explicit words, by parallel passages from each of them.

"Accuse not thyself unto others, but reveal thy way unto the Lord, not with thy tongue but a contrite heart; so shalt thou obtain mercy.

"No man shall hear or see thee confess; but inwardly and with thy heart shalt thou pour forth sighs and tears to the Lord.

"Let the judgment thou passest, and thy self-condemnation, be without any witness; LET GOD ONLY SEE THEE CONFESS: discover not thy sins unto man, but to the Lord of heaven and earth, who will not reproach but heal; who is thy God, thy physician and thy friend."

AUSTRIA, DON JOHN OF; a reply he made to a base and illiberal reproach.

This hero, who commanded at the naval victory of Lepanto, in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-one, was a natural child of Charles the fifth, Emperor of Germany, who observed such secrecy with respect to his birth, that two respectable writers have not scrupled asserting, that Don John was the son of Charles by his own sister.

This accusation, from the profound mysteriousness of the transaction, it is not easy either to prove or contradict; an effect which those who are fond of mystery, would do well to recollect, as it often diffuses an air of guilt or indiscretion, over the most innocent actions.

I must not lose sight of the reply which forms the subject of our present article.

Don John being educated with

two

two legitimate branches of the imperial family, was on ſome trifling occaſion of juvenile diſagreement, coarſely abuſed by one of his aſſociates, who called him "a baſtard, and a ſon of a whore."

After a momentary pauſe of reſentment and recollection, the ſtripling thus replied; "It is very true, I *am* a baſtard, but recollect, I had rather be the baſtard of ſo conſiderable a man as my father is, than the lawful ſon of any inferior perſonage."

My readers will be pleaſed to hear, that after this emphatic reproof, Don John beſtowed a hearty threſhing on the mean-ſpirited little raſcal who had upbraided him.

AUTHORS, their more than parental attachment to the productions of their pens.

Heliodorus, a Chriſtian biſhop in the fourth century, choſe rather to be deprived of his eccleſiaſtical preferment, than burn, or even diſavow, a romance he had written called Æthiopica; had he indeed conſented to make the ſacrifice, it would have been ſhutting the door after the ſteed was ſtolen, as the book was written in his youth, but he was not made a biſhop 'till conſiderably advanced in life.

Yet, however incongruous it may ſeem for a Prelate to write novels, his production appears to have been compoſed of materials far leſs inflammatory than the modern furniture of a circulating library; for in that part of his romance which tells of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, the heorine is warmly rebuked by her lover, for beſtowing on him, in a frolickſome moment, an innocent kiſs.

With reſpect to literary ſacrifices, the preſent hour exhibits an inſtance highly injurious to the cauſe of ſcience; the chemical purſuits of an excellent, an exemplary and highly endowed biſhop have been thought, *by his brethren*, incompatible with epiſcopal dignity; reluctantly yielding to their ſuggeſtions, he burnt his papers and quitted the elaboratory with a ſigh; while the coy nymph, who frowns on ſo many, but whoſe ſmiles and favors *he* had ſo peculiarly enjoyed, laments that the early object of his tender vows, is forſaken; that the calls of religion and the allurements of clerical honor and emolument, have gained an inglorious victory over an attachment once ſo ardent.

Thoſe who may praiſe the Grecian, at the expence of the Engliſh biſhop, muſt make ſome allowance for ſuperiority of temptation: a ſpiritual peerage, with

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two or three valuable commendams, and a *fore-ſhortened* proſpect of Wincheſter, Durham, York, or Canterbury, muſt have operated far more powerfully on the feelings and imagination of an aſpiring churchman, than the obſcure and unproductive dioceſe of Tricala in Theſſaly.

BADCOCK, SAMUEL, a learned divine and ingenious critic, who, after conſiderable toil in the literary vineyard, for the profit of others rather than himſelf, died little more than thirty years old, evidently exhauſted and worn down by intenſe application.

Having been educated a diſſenter, he had officiated as miniſter of a reſpectable congregation at Barnſtaple, and afterwards at South Molton, in Devonſhire, where his wit and vivacity are ſaid to have diſpleaſed ſome of his more ſober hearers: but theſe animating qualities, would not have impeded his career as a preacher, to eminence and ſucceſs, had not the paſſion of love, whoſe effects we lament, but whoſe influence ſo few can reſiſt, impelled him to unhallowed paſtimes.

This circumſtance, and his not exactly coinciding on certain doctrinal points with his nonconforming friends, impelled him to take refuge in the boſom of the church of England; but it was in the cloſet rather than in the pulpit that he laid the foundation of his fame.

Having engaged in ſeveral periodic publications, and in a paper war with John Weſtley, in which 'the ſtripling conquered Goliah,' he was at laſt retained as a writer in the divinity department by Mr. Ralph Griffith, the proprietor and firſt founder of the Monthly Review; a man, friendly in many inſtances, to the editor of theſe pages, dead ſince my former edition, and a perſon to whom literature, and liberty, civil as well as religious, are under conſiderable obligations.

His attack in that work on Mr. Madan's, Thelypthora, was maſterly, and his triumph compleat; his animadverſions on Dr. Prieſtley, in the ſame publication, evince a critical ſeverity evidently perſonal, which thoſe who recollected that Mr. Badcock had once been the intimate friend of the Unitarian, ſaw with regret.

This was one of thoſe occaſions, often mentioned in this collection, in which human vanity could not reſiſt the temptation of victory and triumph *at any expence*; it has been ſuggeſted, that when Badcock conformed to the church

church of England, Dr. Prieſtley expreſſed himſelf with unguarded warmth on the levity of the convert's former conduct, and the verſatility of his religious principles; little imagining that the object of cenſure would hereafter be his reviewer.

Something like the eagerneſs of irritation, evidently pervades the critical page; it animates and excites but never miſleads; the profuſe, the unexhauſted fertility of Dr. Prieſtley's pen, expoſed him on a thouſand occaſions; and perhaps few men could or would have reſiſted the opportunity, ſeized by Badcock, of gratifying his reſentment, and diſplaying his learning.

A warm contention took place, in conſequence of a promiſſory note of conſiderable value from Dr. White to Mr. Badcock, which, after his deceaſe, was diſcovered among the papers of the latter; it proved that the Arabic Profeſſor was indebted to Badcock for a good portion of the reputation procured by his far-famed Bampton Lectures; if the learned Doctor, to the genius and erudition he ſo largely poſſeſſes, could prevail on himſelf to add application, this and other embarraſſments might have been avoided.

I think it but fair, in every future edition of Dr. White's Bampton Lectures, that the name of Badcock ſhould be added to his own in the title; on this ſubject I cannot agree with a late writer, "that the meaſure of aſſiſtance, which men of letters may occaſionally receive from their friends in learned undertakings, is a matter of indifference to the public."

If an individual, bleſt with acuteneſs of intellect, and inceſſant application, unites with a man of great ability, but without firmneſs or reſolution to rouze himſelf to ſtrenuous exertion, it ſurely is neither conſiſtent with moral nor intellectual equity, that laborious application ſhould be the portion of one, while fame and preferment are to be excluſively enjoyed by the other.

He, who like Dr. Gabriel, in his late pamphlet, endeavours to aſſign *to each bird his proper feathers*, renders an eſſential ſervice to mankind, and may teach men of literary eminence, a uſeful leſſon; that as it required great powers to attain their exalted rank, ſo it demands perſevering induſtry to ſupport it.

Mr. Badcock, added to the moſt brilliant natural and acquired endowments, intellectual energy, and unremitting induſtry, and although he joined the eſtabliſhment, remained (bluſh ye lights of the church) without proviſion,

proviſion, in a country, where ignorance gently ſlumbers in prebendal ſtalls, or fattens on pluralities, and where thoſe rewards, which were deſigned to requite excellence, and raiſe depreſſed merit, are laviſhed on hereditary dullneſs, or the ſervile tools of corruption.

BAGGS, MAJOR, an individual well known in his day, on the turf and at the gaming table, who united the well-formed habits of a gentleman, with an irreſiſtible paſſion for deep play, which he indulged to the utmoſt pitch of its bent.

The juſtice of this article in my former edition, hath been called in queſtion, for ſpeaking too mildly of a man, who, my unknown cenſurer, inſiſts, 'was a deſperate adventurer, a blood-thirſty duelliſt, and an unprincipled gambler.'

I am willing to make allowance, for *a diſappointed connoiſſeur*, who had failed in the ſame path which the Major trod with ſucceſs; yet as a duelliſt it would be difficult to point out any affair which he could have avoided without a riſque of aſſaſſination; and as to the unerring aim and execution of his piſtols, was there a ſingle inſtance of death or mutilation which any *honeſt* man could lament?

If I may rely on the aſſertions of two friends *who have paid for their knowledge*, Major Baggs, notwithſtanding the general prejudice againſt him, did not have recourſe to thoſe iniquitous manœuvres of fraudulent fineſſe, which thorough-paced gamblers think themſelves authorized to employ; yet he was ſucceſsful, almoſt without exception, and I have ſeen a liſt of names, ſome of them allied to our firſt families, compleatly ſtripped, and driven into exile by the ſuperior luck or ruinous dexterity of Baggs.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN CAN PLAY FAIR WHO ALWAYS WINS, was the paſſionate exclamation of one he had plucked to his laſt feather; this declaration, the vanquiſhed player, was obliged to defend at the riſque of his life; for whatever the Major ſaid or did, he was eager, rather than willing, to defend by perſonal rencounter; on theſe occaſions his deportment and aſpect carried with them ſomething ſo peculiarly terrific, that it required ſtrong nerves only to meet his eye; and poor ***** once obſerved, that he had rather fight ſome men, than look Major Baggs in the face. The pidgeon, in the inſtance I record, was *only* wing-broken and ruined.

On books, men, manners, and foreign countries, having viſited various

various parts of Europe and Aſia, he was well qualified to ſpeak; and when play or Fitzgerald were out of the queſtion, appeared a pleaſant converſer.

At table his good fortune ſometimes impereeptibly became the topic of the moment; he would not invite, but never avoided the diſcuſſion; it was on one of theſe occaſions, that he expreſſed himſelf in the following words:

"To refer good luck at the gaming table, indiſcriminately, and in every inſtance, to foul play, is inſolent and abſurd; the weak reſource of impotent anger, the unavailing and diſhonorable excuſe of vanquiſhed ignorance, reviling ſuperior capacity.

"The man who makes play the great, the only buſineſs of his life; who never eats, drinks, ſleeps, or even thinks without an eye to the *occupation of the night*; who makes every purſuit, women, wine, pleaſure, and buſineſs, ſubſervient to the *maſter-paſſion*; ſuch a rigid diſciplinarian in diet and the common habits of life, who, from cool caution and corrected appetites, teaches even his pulſe to beat, and his eyes to move in mechanical obedience and uniſon, may be ſaid to ſubject fortune to his controul, to reduce even chance to certainty.

"With an antagoniſt, *ſo prepared*, a raw headſtrong over-fed young man, with furious unreſtrained paſſions, and of unguarded temper, ruſhes to almoſt certain defeat; to attribute victory over an opponent like this, to any other cauſe than the natural triumph of deliberate preparation and ſubdued ſenſibility, over untutored ignorance, and raſh indiſcretion, is unworthy a man of ſenſe and a gentleman; ſo degrading a deduction, whenever intentionally and perſonally pointed, (for I have no objection to the *general* diſcuſſion of *any* ſubject,) it is my duty and determination to puniſh by every means in my power.

"I never have played, I never will play with a man actually intoxicated; but in every other inſtance, I conſider myſelf as fully juſtified, in ſeizing all advantages which ſkill and good luck may place within my reach.

"At a gaming-houſe we meet profeſſedly to combine amuſement with profit; and I am ſurely authorized, on every principle of equity and common ſenſe, to win the money of men, who aſſemble for the expreſs purpoſe, of making themſelves maſters of mine.

"A gentleman preſent, who never forgets that he *is* a gentleman has mentioned, as one of the proofs of unfairneſs, the difference

ence of men's abilities; but I cannot agree with him in opinion; at play, as in war, he who draws the ſword commits himſelf at once to all the chances of the field.

"If I were to decline accepting a challenge, on the ground of being more expert at hitting a mark, or becauſe I was a more complete maſter of the ſmall-ſword than my antagoniſt; ſuch conduct might be applauded in a ſchool of puritanic caſuiſts, but in the great ſchool of the world, I ſhould be deſervedly laughed at for my moderation, and kicked out of company for a poltroon, who diſguiſed rank cowardice under a maſk of punctilio and affectation."

This frank confeſſion, which may be conſidered by ſome as unanſwerable argument, and by others as a barefaced downright avowal of unqueſtionable and illicit advantage, has been peruſed, I hope and believe not without utility, by certain young friends of the editor, who think their night badly ſpent, and their day ill-finiſhed, which does not conclude with Faro, or Rouge et Noir.

On the ſubject of gaming, at which ſo many, and ſuch great fortunes have been diſſipated; a thort, a natural queſtion has often been aſked: To what oblivious unfathomable abyſs does ſuch a vaſt maſs of ready money deſcend? for, compared to the numbers who are ruined, how very few have the luck or the prudence to ſecure independence?

The magnificent ſtructures which are riſing on every ſide around us, while their fortunate proprietors collect pictures and purchaſe boroughs, is a full and ſufficient anſwer to the queſtion.

Another circumſtance ſhould alſo be conſidered, the life of a gameſter, who moves in circles where ſums worth winning alone can circulate, *muſt* be expenſive, his equipage brilliant, and his appendages ample; he muſt occaſionally viſit Bath, the ſea-ſide, and other places of faſhionable reſort; objects not within the reach of moderate finances, and which without a conſtant and adequate return, or a proportionate income, will not fail to impoveriſh the wealthieſt of individuals.

But whatever the viciſſitudes of a life devoted to gaming, however miraculous its elevation, or ſudden its depreſſion, the proprietors play a ſafe and certain game; whilſt ſuicide, public juſtice, famine, and diſeaſe, are cruſhing and treading down into oblivion and perdition the miſerable victims by whom they have been enriched, theſe triumphant adventurers,

turers, *who were never born to be drowned*, march the turnpike road to affluence and wealth.

If we review the annals of play, how rare are the inſtances of even a ſucceſsful gameſter terminating his career with happineſs or decent reſpect: ******** with the magnificence, income, and miſtreſs of a prince, owes the little ſufferable ſociety he can muſter, to the dexterity of his cook and the excellence of his wine; and with all the expenſive ſplendor of his entertainments, equipage, and eſtabliſhment, is alternately tolerated, ſhook off, inſulted or deſpiſed; and Major Baggs, reſpected by the brother of his ſovereign and protected by an Italian king, periſhed from the effects of diſgraceful confinement, in the nauſeous and comfortleſs receſſes of a watch-houſe, the nocturnal receptacle for felons, proſtitutes, and thieves.

The editor was in the act of reviſing theſe pages for this new impreſſion, and groaning under the painful and minute labour of eraſure and correcting; a taſk, which however neceſſary, has none of the pleaſures of original compoſition to alleviate the toil; at this moment he is informed of an old friend, being loſt to himſelf, his family and the world: the circumſtances of the caſe being obviouſly connected with this article, he preſumes on the patience of his readers which he has ſo often treſpaſſed on, to ſpeak further on the ſubject.

In a remote county lived Albino, (I affix for convenience a fictitious name to my portrait, although I actually paint from real life) he was in circumſtances of eaſy affluence, with an amiable family, who enjoyed and deſerved the friendſhip of a neighbourhood where he had paſſed the greater part of a *long* life, and with an object fully capable of honourably and profitably occupying a few leiſure hours every day.

Thus ſituated, he might have lived uſeful and beloved, and have died with ſubſtantial hope; but from diſeaſe of body or of mind, it was obſerved that he became diſſatisfied with every thing around him, and loſt his reliſh for thoſe purſuits, amuſements, and friendſhips, in which he and his family had paſſed their lives: he ſuddenly declared his reſolution to remove into a diſtant part of the kingdom, converted the whole of his property, which was conſiderable, into ready money, and eagerly ruſhed to the fountain head of ruin and rapacity; devoting his days to ſlumber, and his nights to the gaming-table.

A few words will conclude my

ſtory,

ſtory, he was quickly and irretrievably ruined; and whilſt I relate the circumſtance, with tears, *but not for him*, a good, an exemplary —— and an amiable ——, are buried in hopeleſs and penurious obſcurity, without a ſingle ſource of retroſpective comfort, or future ſatisfaction.

In endeavouring to trace the remote cauſes of this wretched degradation, I have ſometimes attributed it to Albino's not acquiring a taſte for ſimple and innocent pleaſures. Inſtead of ſitting down with cheerfulneſs and gratitude to the various feaſt prepared by Providence, he was ſeeking for faults in the viands, and I fear, at times, giving way to unbecoming ſentiments, and language concerning the Almighty Provider.

BAILLIE, CAPTAIN, an officer in the Britiſh navy, and lieutenant-governor of Greenwich hoſpital, during part of the time that the Earl of Sandwich preſided at the Admiralty board.

From this office, which was the recompence of profeſſional merit, the worthy captain was diſmiſſed, for pointing out, and endeavouring to remedy certain notorious abuſes in that valuable inſtitution, at a period when all conſideration of public duty and private juſtice was overpowered by the fury of party virulence.

I will not dwell on, or deſcribe, the ſhabby and cruel fraud of impoſing on our marine veterans, bull-beef, of which, although he was paid a fair price for wholeſome and nutritious meat, a contracting butcher was convicted; I will not follow the minute but laudable inveſtigations of the Duke of Richmond into curtailed ſheets, ſhort ſhirts, ill-made ſhoes, or ſcanty ſtockings; it is ſufficient, for my purpoſe, to obſerve, that the ſteps which led to, and the rancorous ſpirit produced by theſe tranſactions, terminated in the removal of an able ſervant of the public, a ſpirited, judicious, and diſintereſted reformer.

It muſt, however, afford Captain Baillie conſiderable ſatisfaction, under all the evils he ſuffered, that he will be conſidered by poſterity as an active reſiſter of official peculation, as one, who deaf to the voice of ſelfiſh prudence and worldly policy, and unawed by miniſterial frowns, endeavoured, by every means in his power, to appropriate the noble foundation at Greenwich to the relief of wounded and aged ſeamen, according to the ſpirit and deſign of the hoſpital charter, which, in many inſtances, had been notoriouſly violated.

Such will be the tardy juſtice done to *his* memory; but impreſſions

preſſions equally important, but not equally cheering, will remain on the mind of every impartial man, who ſhall peruſe the memorials of the ſubject of this article, ſupported by the moſt reſpectable perſonal evidence, and the ſentence of a court of juſtice.

The fatal effect his treatment may hereafter produce on the diligence and integrity of perſons in public employments, is eaſily imagined, and, in ſome inſtances, has already been felt; ability to detect, and courage to arraign the artifices of fraud and corruption, muſt, on future occaſions, be concealed under the convenient maſk of cunning reſerve, or prudent unconcern.

Should carrion be provided as food for thoſe ſeamen, whoſe gallantry has ſecured to us every bleſſing we enjoy; or ſhould they be ſupplanted at Greenwich hoſpital, by landſmen from Corniſh boroughs, and ſhires beyond the Tweed; a lieutenant-governor, after ſuppreſſing the ſtruggles of honeſty, and the ſigh of bridled indignation, would naturally ſay: "I ſee what is doing, and know my duty, but I have not the reſolution to expoſe myſelf and family to the difficulties and embarraſſments of diſmiſſion; I remember the fate of Captain Baillie, and muſt learn to hold my tongue."

It happened in the preſent inſtance, that the captain's warmeſt friend and ſupporter, although not the immediate cauſe of his diſmiſſion, was, in fact, the only impediment why the miniſter of that day made him no compenſation for the loſs of his poſt; the bold, the unceaſing attacks of the Duke of Richmond on the meaſures of government, had exaſperated into malignity the reſentments of Lord Sandwich, and his political aſſociates.

"I acknowledge there is much of right, and much of reaſon in the aſſertions of Captain Baillie;" exclaimed the Earl of Sandwich, in a confidential moment, to a certain literary barriſter (Mr. Murphy) but he forgot, or forbore to add, "he is encouraged by my bitter antagoniſt the inflexible Lenox; and if any relief is afforded to the diſcharged officer, it will be conſidered as a tacit confeſſion of the truth of his grace's accuſations, and will be putting additional weapons into the hands of our mercileſs foe, that unrelenting Drawcanſir, the Anglo-Gallic duke."

It was obſerved by the enemies of the lieutenant-governor, "that his manners were untractable, and his temper vexatious." "I confeſs," replied the duke, "that a man of ſtern independence, and uncorrupted integrity,

is not a very desirable companion to menials, jobbers, and dependents, or calculated to conciliate *their* affections; one of such a cast, is not a likely person to connive at fraudulent jobs, and scandalous impositions; he will of course be considered as a morose, uncomplying, ill-natured fellow, and they will endeavour, by every method in their power, to rid themselves of so troublesome a companion."

His grace, on this occasion, might have aptly introduced, by way of apology for the Greenwich delinquents, a declaration made by the wretched man, who, during the reign of Queen Anne, bore, and disgraced the title of Duke of Wharton; although it must be confessed, that his character has been drawn by Swift, with the "recentibus odiis" evidently predominating; his picture of the Whig Devil is painted much too black.

This nobleman, who, I believe, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had constantly professed great esteem for the Dean of St. Patrick's, but his professions were false, and his activity and interest generally exerted to the injury, rather than the benefit of the man he flattered, but could not deceive; for our benevolent misanthrope saw, and understood his excellency's character.

On a certain occasion, his deviation from a solemn promise he had made in favor of the dean, being detected in a manner too palpable and gross to escape observation, or admit either apology or evasion, he exclaimed with an oath, to one of his loose associates, in the hearing of the exasperated priest, who forgot the implied compliment, but never forgave the injury: "We have not enough character or importance ourselves, my lord, to countenance these fellows who have."

This *comfortable* theory of the Irish Viceroy, accounts for the success of many an unprincipled superficial coxcomb; and a consideration of it may help to soothe the disappointments of men of acknowledged worth and abilities.

Before I conclude, it ought to be observed, in justice to his grace of Richmond, that on being constituted Master General of the Ordnance, he embraced an early opportunity of appointing Captain Baillie to a lucrative place in that department, which I wish him many years of health and happiness to enjoy.

In the train of melancholy ideas produced by the present article, the name of Valentine Morris naturally arises in our minds, and presents a striking example of zealous fidelity, and anxious disinterestedness, precipitated

pitated from the heights of fortune, reſpect, elegance, and domeſtic happineſs, to obloquy, neglect, proſecution, adverſity, and a jail.

Raiſed by perſonal merit, and the more immediate approbation of his ſovereign, to the government of St. Vincent, he found, in the midſt of a war, unexampled for combination and malignity againſt Great Britain, he found that iſland defenceleſs and unprovided; he felt it his duty to repair the fortifications, and provide military ſtores; theſe purpoſes he found it impoſſible to carry into effect, without making himſelf reſponſible for payment; remittances from the treaſury were refuſed; his, or rather the public creditors were clamorous, and inſtant ruin enſued.

How keen muſt have been the anguiſh, how ſevere the mortification of a man like Valentine, erect in the honeſt and juſtifiable pride of integrity and ſcrupulous performance, thus to experience the degrading treatment of delinquency and guilt? What muſt have been the tortures of taſte and ſenſibility, refined and warm like his, when PERSFIELD, his paternal eſtate, was torn from his poſſeſſion?—PERSFIELD, viſited and celebrated by travellers and poets, the ſeat of well-diſpoſed decoration, elegant hoſpitality, and unrivalled pictureſque gratification, for which fifty thouſand pounds had been repeatedly offered, and at laſt ſold in the urgency of the moment, for leſs than half its value.

"May the injuſtice ſhewn me, and the unfeeling treatment I have experienced," ſays Governor Morris, in a memorial he publiſhed of his caſe; "may what I have experienced impreſs on my ſucceſſors, the ſhocking inſenſibility of *all* miniſters in their public capacities, however amiable their characters in private life.

"I have enjoyed the pleaſures and comforts of proſperity, and truſt, that when affliction applied for ſolace, I did not withhold the bounties of Providence: I ſuffer the neglect of adverſity, and hope that it will teach me the uſeful leſſon of reſignation.

"If friendſhip ſhall ſympathiſe with my misfortunes; if my name ſhall be hereafter reſcued from undeſerved reproach; if others ſhall be warned againſt ſuffering the warmth of zeal to overheat their judgment, and render them forgetful of private prudence, it will be *ſome* compenſation for hope, health, and happineſs, ſacrificed in the ſervice of my country."

BALTHAZAR, a Spaniſh Jew, born in the early part

of the ſeventeenth century, who read lectures in philoſophy for ſeveral years in the univerſity of Salamanca, and afterwards practiſed as a phyſician at Seville, which was the place of his birth. Having, by honeſty or indiſcretion, incurred the reſentments of the holy office, he was confined and ſeverely tortured in the cells of the inquiſition, where, to uſe his own words, rather than ſubmit to die, by openly confeſſing his faith, he repeatedly endured torments worſe than ten thouſand deaths.

After ſuffering various corporal puniſhments, at intervals, for more than three years, and remaining in ſolitary darkneſs during the whole time, which he deſcribes as ſtill more dreadful, and at times depriving him of his reaſon, he eſcaped into France, where he aſſumed the name of Iſaac Orobio, and ſoon after travelled into Holland.

At Amſterdam, he was received with ſympathy and reſpect, admitted into the ſynagogue, paſſed the remainder of his life in that city, and died in ſixteen hundred and eighty-ſeven. Orobio here became acquainted with Philip Limborch, a profeſſor of theology, a man of ſtrong ſenſe, and conſiderable erudition; the cruel treatment which the Spaniſh refugee had experienced, excited the pity and awakened the zeal of the humane Dutchman; he endeavoured, by every means in his power, to ſoothe his anguiſh, and, conſidering it his duty as a Chriſtian, and a divine, to enlighten the mind of the unfortunate Jew, on the inconteſtible evidence and ſuperior comforts of Chriſtianity, he attempted to convert him. This highly intereſting ſubject became the topic of many long converſations between two individuals highly endowed, and both remarkable for candor as well as learning.

An account of what paſſed on theſe occaſions was publiſhed, by Limborch, in good Latin; he gave it the title of "A friendly conference concerning the truth of the Chriſtian religion, with a learned Jew."

This controverſy, though admirably ſupported, like other controverſies, left both parties in poſſeſſion of their original opinions.

It is, however, worthy of remark, that adverſity and perſecution had ſtrongly impreſſed, and, in bloody characters, the value of religious toleration on the mind of Iſaac Orobio; and the reader who may expect, on the part of the Spaniſh Jew, to meet with that ſavage ſtubbornneſs often laid to the charge of the children of Iſrael, and ſo frequently

quently and ſtrongly marked in the Moſaic narrative, will be ſurprized to find in this victim of intolerant ſuperſtition, the liberality, perhaps the culpable indifference of a philoſopher and a latitudinarian.

He avowed, without ſcruple, that if he had been born of parents who worſhipped the ſun, he ſhould have thought it his duty to have continued to profeſs the ſame religion.

The agonies he had endured from the members of a church which has ſo groſſly deviated from the goſpel of Chriſt, probably occaſioned his diſliking every opinion *ſuch* men profeſſed, and was, *to a degree*, an argument againſt its efficacy; to argue from the abuſe of a ſyſtem againſt the truth of it, is no uncommon miſtake.

BALZAC, a French writer in the early part of the ſeventeenth century, the friend of Voiture, the favorite and correſpondent of Cardinal Richlieu, the Duke d'Eſpernon, and Cardinal de la Villette: as a public agent of the laſt, he reſided at Rome in 1621, and part of the following year.

As a letter-writer, he was much admired; and, what I can ſcarcely believe, even in a Frenchman, is ſaid to have taken off his hat, whenever his letters were mentioned.

After making large allowances, for conſtitutional vanity, extravaganza, and the faux-brilliant, it cannot be denied that they contain many fine turns, and witty paſſages; but notwithſtanding the aſſertion of his preface-writer, Motte-Aigron, (Troyes, 1634, 12mo. excellent type) the idea of publication was evidently uppermoſt in the mind of Balzac, at the moment he wrote; he is perpetually on the *look-out* for good things, and exhibits in every page ſtrong proofs of literary labor, and the toil of invention.

It is to be lamented that ſo agreeable a writer, and ſo pleaſant a man, ſhould have imbibed the religious prejudiees of the times, and the intolerant ſpirit of his patrons; he joins heartily in the cry of perſeeution, and echoes the court-cant againſt the Hugonots; in his fifteenth letter to the Duke d'Eſpernon, there occurs on this ſubject, a piece of Jeſuitiſm unworthy of a literary character, and an honeſt man.

"The fall of hereſy is decreed by heaven, as certain as the day of judgment, and to oppoſe its ſuppreſſion, is to reſiſt the will of God: it cannot be very difficult for a great prince *to find or to make them guilty*; indeed, every ſpecies

ſpecies of deception is juſtifiable, if it ultimately tends to the everlaſting happineſs of thoſe we deceive.

"Do we aſk a madman whether he chuſes a ſtraight waiſtcoat? Would a father, who ſaw his ſon ſinking in a rapid ſtream, ſuffer him to be drowned, rather than drag him out by the hair of his head?"

A ſentiment of Balzac's, which follows this curious doctrine in the ſame letter, will be its beſt refutation; "No conſideration can alter the nature of things; no circumſtance or ſituation can make that right which is of itſelf baſe and unjuſt."

In his twentieth letter, written from Rome to the Cardinal de la Villette, he acknowledges the receipt of a remittance, and proceeds to inform his eminence of the manner in which he means to ſpend it; on this ſubject, he writes as if he underſtood and valued the luxuries he deſcribes; but the lively Frenchman cannot ſuppreſs extravagant hyperbole.

"In this broiling month (July) I uſe every method in my power to guard againſt the heat; four ſervants conſtantly fan my apartments, *they raiſe wind enough to make a tempeſtuous ſea.*

"My wine is plunged in ſnow and ice till the moment I drink it; I paſs half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreſhing fountain, and my ſofa; I do not venture to croſs the ſtreet, but in a coach.

"Other people are content with ſmelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I proteſt that my chamber ſmells ſtronger of perfume than Arabia Felix; and I am ſo laviſh of roſe water and eſſence of jeſſamine, *that I actually ſwim in it*; while my neighbours, at this ſultry ſeaſon, are overloading their ſtomachs with ſolid food, I ſubſiſt almoſt entirely on birds fed with ſugar; theſe, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet."

He concludes with an acknowledgment, which is in fact, though undeſignedly, a ſevere ſatire on himſelf, or his patron, for paying a man ſo extravagantly for being idle; "theſe are the whole of the ſervices I perform, ſuch are the duties of my office."

His twenty-firſt letter, written in the following December, may be conſidered as a practical ſermon on the paſſage I have recited; it was written during the intervals of a ſevere fit of the gout, probably produced by his luxurious indolence.

After comparing this cruel diſeaſe to the wild beaſts of Africa, and the monſters of the deep, he proceeds

proceeds to deſcribe, with his uſual vivacity, the weak ſtate to which it had reduced him: "I am now become ſo valiant and couragcous, that if a troop of horſe purſued me, I would not run away; and ſo proud, that if his holineſs the Pope, made me a viſit, I ſhould not wait on him to the door."

Perſons better acquainted with the hiſtory of that period, than the Editor of this collection, will probably diſcover who it is that Balzac deſcribes in the following words: "The loveliеſt princeſs in Italy is married, is doomed to paſs her days, and alas her nights, with a brute: judge only of his perſon; he has a bull's neck, a face ſo overcharged with blood, that you expect him to ſink down every moment in an apoplexy; teeth ſo black, that it would be as eaſy to whiten an Æthiopian; a noſe and a paunch of ſo enormous a projection, that in addition to the moral impediments, they are a phyſical bar to the tender paſſion; there is not a part or a ſpot in his whole frame but what is altogether offenſive, obſcene, and intolerable; his ſuppoſing it poſſible for a pretty woman to love him, is a ſin againſt nature and common ſenſe."

The following is a ſhort but well drawn ſketch of ſome eminent Italian perſonage, I ſuſpect of the Pope himſelf; to how many friends of my own as well as my readers, is it applicable.

"There has not been ſince the death of Nero, a prince, who has made a better buffoon; he compoſes verſes, and ſets them to muſic, with the dexterity and ſkill of a maſter; he recites Arioſto with impreſſive correctneſs, and poſſeſſes a juſt taſte in painting, ſculpture, and virtú; in a word, he excells in every art, ſcience and trade, *except his own*: a thouſand crowns a year has lately been given to an author, who preſented a learned and elaborate diſſertation, in which he endeavours to prove that his generous patron is lineally deſcended from Julius Cæſar."

Balzac then proceeds, with the entertaining prolixity of a Frenchman, to deſcribe the houſe in which he reſides: "It is neither ſo elegant nor ſo coſtly as Fontainbleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the ſolar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerably handſome.

"The trees, covered with foliage, to their very roots, *are crowded with turtle-doves and pheaſants*; wherever I walk, I tread on *tulips* and anemonies, which I have ordered my gardener

dener to plant among the other flowers, *to prove that the French ſtrangers do not ſuffer in a compariſon with their Italian friends.*"

A truce, at that time ſigned with the Hugonots, occaſions the loyalty and religious zeal of Balzac again to burſt forth; "I will not take the liberty," he obſerves, "to anticipate his majeſty's gracious intentions, but he may reſt aſſured that nothing can ever ſoften the heart, or change the diſpoſition of a heretic; however he may be flattered or ſoothed, and whatever he may ſay or ſwear, a Hugonot will always be rebellious againſt a Catholic ſovereign.

"From the firſt riſe of theſe dangerous opinions, to the preſent hour, they have always more or leſs defied the conſtituted authorities of every country in which they have reſided; the cautionary towns are the focus of ſedition and rebellion. Let us only ſuppoſe for the ſake of argument, that the king's ſubjects of the *true religion*, were, in a ſimilar way, to demand fortreſſes and towns, and, in proportion to their numbers; little more would remain for our maſter to reign over, than his palaces, and royal demeſnes."

In his forty-ſecond letter, written at Rome, during the diſturbances and intrigues, which agitated the college of Cardinals, previous to the election of Alexander Ludoviſio, who afterwards aſſumed the Papal title of Gregory the fifteenth, our author is ſatirical, lively and pleaſant;—theſe are his words.

"Liſten, and I will relate ſtrange things; one of the candidates for the triple crown, keeps in conſtant pay, ſix aſtrologers, to conſult the ſtars, on the probability of his ſucceſs; another takes money of two parties, and coolly votes for a third; others are ſuddenly afflicted with the moſt dangerous complaints, and can ſcarcely riſe from their chairs, in the hope of being choſen, on the probability of another election ſpeedily taking place; it is often found, that a cardinal of a puny conſtitution, ſinking under age and infirmity, makes a robuſt and long-lived Pope; in ſhort, I ſee on every ſide, ſineſſe, fraud, ſimulation, and diſſimulation; good faith, moral purity, diſintereſtedneſs, and ſimplicity of heart, are altogether baniſhed from the conclave."

The forty-ninth letter is written to his miſtreſs, during a ſevere indiſpoſition, and under the irritating impreſſions of jealouſy; on this occaſion, he gives utterance to the violence of his rage, till he fancies his rant is ſublime:

"If

"If my hand weilded but for one hour, the thunderbolt of Jove," says this outrageous lover, "not a palace or tower should stand entire on the surface of the globe."

His fiftieth letter is addressed to a lady, who appears to have acted with becoming reserve and precaution against his clandestine attacks; he has the impudence to tell her "That such conduct is only losing time, that every hour she lives diminishes her beauty, and steals a grace from her features:" I hope the insulted female answered "That there was the greater reason for her avoiding every thing which would grieve her, and produce painful reflections, when personal charms were vanished:" Balzac concludes with saying, "Take warning therefore, Clorinda, and if you wish to enjoy a nosegay, let it be gathered before the roses are faded."

Clorinda should instantly have replied; "I am ready, sir, to accompany you into the flower garden whenever you please, if you will first attend me to the altar, which alone can protect me from guilt, infamy, and want."

Women in such situations are too scrupulously nice: were I a female of any tolerable attraction, or the father of a family with decent marriageable girls about my house, I would have no equivocal lounging danglers, with their horses and servants, eating my dinners, swallowing my wine at 100*l.* a pipe, wasting my hay and corn, talking loose nonsense to my daughters, inflaming their imaginations, and irritating their nervous systems, and after all protesting that they were no more than common acquaintance; that they should feel themselves the happiest of men, if it was in their power to marry, &c. &c.

I would not suffer so despicable and dangerous a farce to be acted one week under my roof; speak out or depart, should be my language; I would not submit for a moment to that base and abject state of vassalage in which I have seen some parents fettered; what man of a feeling or an independent mind, could bear that a modern roaring three-bottle man should have the run of his house, disturb his family, insult his children, and risque their peace of mind—and all for what; in the delusive hope, that at some distant period, a worthless fellow, ruined in constitution and fortune, will *condescend* to make the darling of a father's heart miserable for life.

BAKER, POLLY, the daughter of a reputable mechanic at Connecticut, in New England,

land, ſoberly, and, as is the cuſtom of that town, religiouſly brought up; educated, according to her rank, in reading, writing, and plain work, and what in *all* ranks is of more conſequence, taken home early from the day-ſchool, to be inſtructed in the uſeful and domeſtic duties of life.

She had given proofs of a ſtrong underſtanding, but united with it, what is not often united, a beautiful perſon, a captivating grace, and ſoftneſs of manners, which, although the principal charm of a woman, too often incapacitate the ſex for defence, and expoſe them to the attacks of ſeduction.

With ſuch attractions, it was her fate and her misfortune to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the ſon of one of the magiſtrates of the town, an intimacy quickly followed, and few of my readers between eighteen and ſix and thirty need be told, how ſoon ſuch an intercourſe grows to a tender attachment, and takes a ſofter name.

They experienced the uſual difficulties of love, which are always increaſed by inequality of condition, and the chance for happineſs proportionately diminiſhed; I will not deſcribe the irritated pride and ſelfiſh reſentment of *his* parents, nor the tender anxieties of her's; anxieties augmented by their diſcovering too late, that her affections were fixed on one whoſe family would never conſent to their union, and whoſe profligate character and violent paſſions convinced them he would ſeize every opportunity of gratifying them without ſcruple, and at all riſques.

Injunction and remonſtrance only ſerved to make the young people more diligent in procuring interviews, and to enhance the value of thoſe precious moments when procured.

It is not my buſineſs to dwell on ſcenes paſſed over in rapture, but recollected with regret; ſhe was thrown off her guard by his promiſing to marry her, and, with all her good ſenſe and religious impreſſions, undone.

The guilty ſecret was ſoon known, her relations, with a culpable ſeverity often ſhewn on ſuch occaſions, ſhut their doors againſt her, and the perfidious betrayer, in a few months, forſook the woman he had ſeduced; pregnant, wretched, without fame, and without a friend, the agonies of tedious and difficult child-birth were added to the loſs of reputation.

Women have been often accuſed of affectation and falſe delicacy for ſtarting at the ſhadow of

of indecorum; they do right, for the barriers of female modesty cannot be too strictly guarded; the crowded capital, and the sequestered village perpetually exemplify the rapid progress from virgin innocence to undaunted profligacy.

The subject of our present article is a case in point; this unhappy woman, the darling of her family, once doated on by her lover, who, had *she* been cruel, still would have been kind; looked up to and respected for virtue and good sense, was now a wretched outcast from all decent society, the ridicule and contempt of many with less virtue but more prudence than herself; and reduced, by a strange kind of base necessity, to support herself and infant by treading the paths of infamy.

The glow of revolting virtue forsook her cheek, and a woman who a few months before would have been embarrassed by an indelicate allusion, now entered the noisome caves of prostitution without a blush.

Such conduct was not passed over without legal punishment in New England, at that time the land of saints, the hot-house of Calvinistic Puritanism; for this and other deviations from chastity, and for being the mother of several natural children, she paid fines, and was imprisoned.

On one of these occasions, being carried before a court of justice, in order that sentence might be pronounced against her, she addressed the justices on the bench in the following words, which were taken down, in short hand, by a person on the spot.

"I am a poor unhappy woman who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, and find it very difficult to get a livelihood; I will not trouble you with a long speech, for I do not expect that you will deviate from the law in my favor, all I hope, is, that you will move the governor in my behalf to remit the fine.

"I acknowledge it is not the first time that I have been dragged before this court on the same account; I have paid heavy fines, I have been brought to public punishment.

"I do not pretend to deny that this is agreeable to law, but since it is found necessary to repeal many unreasonable laws, I take the liberty to say, that the act, by which I am punished, is unjust, and, in my case, particularly severe.

"I have always led an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where

where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say that I ever wronged man, woman or child.

"With submission to this honorable court, I cannot conceive my offence to be of so unpardonable a nature as the law considers it: I have brought several fine children into the world at the risk of my life; I have maintained them by my own industry, without burthening the township, and should have done it better, but for the heavy charges and fines I have paid.

"Can it be a crime in the nature of things, to add to the number of his majesty's subjects, in a new country, thin of inhabitants? I own I should think it a praiseworthy rather than a punishable action.

"I have deprived no woman of her husband; I have not debauched nor enticed any apprentice; no parents can accuse me of seducing their son.

"I believe no one has any cause of complaint against me but the minister and the justice, who lose their fees in consequence of my having children out of wedlock, I appeal to all who are present if this be a fault of mine.

"You have often told me I do not want sense; but I must be wretchedly stupid not to prefer the honourable state of marriage, to that condition in which I have lived: I always *was* and still *am* willing to marry; and believe that all who know me, are convinced that I am not deficient in the necessary duties of a wife; sobriety, industry, cleanliness, maternal affection, and frugality.

"I never refused an offer of that sort; on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me: I was then a virgin, and confiding too readily in the sincerity of the person who made it, unhappily lost *my* honor, by credulously relying on *his*; on my proving pregnant, he ungenerously forsook me; this is no made-up story; the person who thus deceived me is well known to you all, and is now a magistrate.

"Indeed I was not without hopes, that he would have appeared this day on the bench, to moderate the sentence of the court in my favour; I should then have scorned to mention the circumstance; as it is, I cannot but complain of harsh and unjust usage; that my betrayer, the first cause of all my faults and misfortunes, should be advanced to honour and preferment, whilst *I* am punished with infamy and stripes.

"Perhaps you will tell me, what I have often been told, that

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if there were no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgression; if mine then be a religious offence, leave it to a religious punishment. You have already excluded me from the church-communion; why will you increase my misery by fines and whippings?

"Would it not be acting more rationally, to take into consideration, the great and increasing number of batchelors, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expences of a family, never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; is not theirs a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them by law, either to marry or to pay double the fine of fornication every year.

"What must young women do? Custom forbids *their* making overtures to men; *they* cannot, however heartily they may wish it, get married when they please: the laws take no care to provide them husbands, but severely punish them if they go astray."

Her judges, as well as all present, were powerfully affected by the circumstances of the case; the offender was discharged without punishment, and a handsome collection made for her in court; the public became interested in her behalf, and her original seducer, either from salutary compunction, or from the latent seeds of affection, which had been suppressed, but never wholly extinguished, married her shortly after.

Can we, or ought we suddenly to quit a subject, which, sooner or later, may come home to the bosoms of us all? Which of us has not, or wishes not to have (for I address only those who have the natural passions of a man) which of us has not, or wishes not to have, a daughter whom he tenderly loves, a wife whom he doats on and adores?

What then must be the feelings of a father, after rearing the darling of his heart through the dangers and diseases of infancy; after teaching her young ideas how to shoot, and viewing with delight the opening buds of corporal and intellectual beauty; what must be his tortures, to have her insidiously tempted, if not forced, from his house; profaned by the lavish heir or the hoary villain; an object for the lust or the barbarity of midnight ruffians; a prey to contempt, penury, disease, hunger, and cold; shivering in the nauseous abodes of vulgar obscenity; blaspheming in a watch-house, immured in a prison, and lastly, perishing on a dunghill?

The good father perhaps will say,

ſay, againſt theſe evils I have guarded; I have inſtilled early into the mind of my child, the principles of revealed religion, the certainty of a particular ſuperintending providence, of an almighty power, whoſe eye penetrates the inmoſt receſſes of the heart.

I have convinced her that moments of pleaſure, and ages of pain are the ſure conſequence of vice; that to virtue and virtuous motives only belong, peace of mind, and the calm confidence of hope.

In educating the ſubject of this narrative, theſe precautions were by no means neglected, but alas, they were vain: her parents dazzled by the proſpect of an advantageous connection, neglected *at an early period* to arreſt an intercourſe, which, they muſt *very early* have known, could not end happily.

The female herſelf, probably ſuperior in underſtanding to the man who ſeduced her, and under the impulſe of paſſion, fell a dupe to the unſuſpecting goodneſs of her own heart, and a reliance on the integrity of his.

What then remains to be done, ſince the careleſs, the giddy, and the ill-educated fall, and even the good, the prudent, the highly endowed, and the ſoberly bred, are vanquiſhed at laſt.

Where then ſhall hope and fear
their objects find?
Muſt dull ſuſpence corrupt the
ſtagnant mind?
Muſt paſſion ceaſe, muſt no ſoft
wiſhes riſe?

To inſtruct mankind in the art of eradicating that natural impulſe planted in our breaſt for the wiſeſt and moſt benevolent purpoſes, would be like teaching them to interrupt the circulation of the blood, or to ſtop the pulſations of the heart;—a wild, and if it could be accompliſhed, a thankleſs and inexpedient taſk: the irrational ſtoic, *pretending* to be exempted from the impreſſions of pain and of pleaſure; and the wretch transformed by grief and deſpair to a human ſtatue, are ſpecimens of what we ſhould produce.

Let us act wiſer; for paſſions which we *may* obſtruct, but never can ſtop; for a torrent to which we owe the moſt bliſsful moments of our life, let us provide proper channels and legal gratification.

The grand impediments to happineſs in the diſpoſal of our children, are avarice and pride; we forget that a love of pleaſure and a love of action are the two great principles congenial with our nature; and that proper food for the paſſions, and apt opportunities for the rational exertion of

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our ſocial powers, are, or ought to be, more attended to, than external ſplendor and ſuperfluous wealth.

It is natural for parents to encourage the addreſſes of young men ſuperior in rank and fortune to their daughters; if marriage takes place, all may be well, but a prudent father ſhould forſee, every probable impediment, and if it cannot be removed, he ſhould *early and firmly* put a ſtop to all intercourſe between the young people.

Love is a diſeaſe, which though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution; if he heſitates, if a mutual attachment is formed, and the fond pair are not united in wedlock, the peace of his family is deſtroyed, and his daughter probably undone.

The ſubject of our little narrative, after taſting the ſweets of rapture, and the pains of repentance, after ſubjecting herſelf to diſgrace, difficulty, and puniſhment, was at laſt married to her firſt lover: but I truſt that no woman of common ſenſe will be induced by this rare inſtance of tardy juſtice to imitate her miſconduct.

"For although a man's vanity is flattered by triumphing over the virtue of his miſtreſs, and ſhe may think him bound to conſider it, as a proof of her attachment, yet will he gradually ceaſe to value this deſtinction, when he recollects the uncertainty of what determined her conduct, and he will at laſt believe that any other man, with the ſame opportunities, would have been equally happy.

"The ſex may ſay what they pleaſe, but if they fall, although I would not defend the ſeducers, I cannot think they have any right to complain; their educations ought to guard them againſt our arts; they know the conſequence of yielding without certain terms.

"They are told from their infancy, that virtue is the neceſſary characteriſtic of the ſex, that if they loſe that, they forfeit all that renders them valuable; if in ſpite of precept and example, they *will* ſtray from the narrow thorny path, can they wonder if we deſpiſe them?

"A truly virtuous woman is ſuperior to all temptation, ſhe who falls, in reality never had any virtue to loſe, conſequently is not robbed of any, but is only unmaſked, and ſhewn to the world in her proper colours.

"Nothing can excuſe a woman, neither force, ſtratagem, nor ſurprize, and ſhe ought *never* to be off her guard; to preſerve her honor is the principal buſineſs of her life, her intereſt and happineſs

pineſs depend upon it; ſhe knows that by a ſpirited, noble reſiſtance, ſhe ſhall convert her aſſailant into an honourable lover, or git rid of an unprincipled wretch unworthy of her regard."

Although the writer I have quoted, is in general too ſevere in his ſtrictures on women, and gives an unjuſtifiable latitude to the efforts of a ſeducer, yet he places the conduct of the frail fair one in ſo ſtriking and mortifying a point of view, that it cannot be held up to the ſex, or repeated too often.

There is another claſs of women whom literary inſtruction cannot reach, whom a ſenſe of honour will not influence: ſurrounded by luxuries and pleaſures, which they cannot taſte, but at the expence of guilt, and without ſufficient motives, religious or moral, to ſtrengthen their minds, they ruſh at the impulſe of indolence, vanity, or want, into the ſplendid receſſes of infamy.

From ſtage coaches, or from waggons, from duſt-carts, wheelbarrows, and from ſtalls; from ſhops, from kitchens, and from ſculleries, they at intervals deluge the town, infeſt our ſtreets, and interrupt our public amuſements; procuring, at what *they* think a cheap rate, more in the brothel than they could honeſtly get in the world, finery and a luxurious life without manual labour; they proſtrate themſelves as voluntary victims, in the dens of profligacy and looſe deſire.

With no one attraction to render them deſirable but to groſs appetites, they diſplay brawny arms, coarſe features, and vulgar manners, ſtupidly gay, vicious and inſignificant; lounging at night in the box lobbies, and as lately happened to a noble dutcheſs, joſtling and inſulting thoſe, whom but a few months before, they ſerved as menial ſervants.

After a ſhort time, if they can eſcape the hoſpital, the priſon, or the kennel, they ſicken the town, *loſe their buſineſs*, and ſink into their original obſcurity; ſatisfied that they have had their day, and that the ſervile condition to which they return, will afford them food and a hiding place.

But to women who have moved in other ſpheres, with delicate forms, cultivated minds, and refined habits of life, and who have not been able to guard againſt their deſtroyers, deſertion and degradation are equally certain, but far more dreadful; they cannot dig, and are aſhamed to beg; for ſorrows like theirs I ſee no remedy but death, no refuge but the grave, far preferable to the ſhocking ſolicitations, vile companions, and humiliating treatment of a proſtitute.

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In his treatment of these companions of his looser hours, the conduct of Mr. Beckford, a late city magistrate, who spoke truth at court, and was not awed by the frowns of a king, ought not to lose *its degree* of praise: he indulged his amorous propensities with an unbounded and very culpable latitude; but as a diminution of the general mass of public happiness is *one* of the *many* evils of unlawful love, he did not add the misery and desertion of his female associates to the crime into which he had seduced them; in every instance he made ample provision for his natural children, as well as their deluded mother.

It would be some alleviation of female calamity, if all who inherit the inordinate passions, and love of variety of Beckford, possessed equal inclination and ability to imitate *his* generosity: I could in that case find *some* excuse for **** ******, who used to confess, that the daughters of parsons, young and tender, were the objects of his earnest, and too often, his successful criminal pursuits.

The impotent imbecility of his age and infirmities, without the addition of discretion, would not so much excite our contempt, if he would make some little provision for these miserable *children*, whom he has rendered unable to get an honest subsistence; instead of casting them out on the town, corrupted in mind and body, dishonored, and destitute.

Had I a talent for moral disquisition, or were I disposed to exemplify the retributive justice of Providence, even in *this* world, I would instantly point out this unhappy old man, the prop of whose family is debilitated in the full career of vigorous manhood; and whose daughter, vicious, abandoned, profligate and polluted, returns with double force through her father's aching heart, the keen arrows of affliction, he has planted in the bosom of many a parent.

The subject of this article was betrayed by the common but unjustifiable snare, of a promise of marriage, never meant to be performed; this circumstance brings to my recollection the words of an individual, *famous in his way*, whom, in the article allotted to Mr. Pope, I have called Lorenzo; a man, who from the singular mixture of benignity, accomplishment, and depravity in his character, came under the description of an epithet prophetically bestowed by Dr. Johnson on a certain modern politician, *a very pretty rascal.*

"In all my warfare with women," said this lady's man, and I never knew one so universally and

and favourably received, "in all my female campaigns, I never conſidered myſelf as juſtified, either to uſe violent force, intoxicating drugs, or to delude them by a promiſe of marriage, or a mock repreſentation of the ceremony; theſe are ſerious affairs and not to be trifled with, nor is it a fair way of proceeding.

"If I could work on their vanity, their paſſions, their hopes, and their fears, it was fair fighting on equal ground; but having recourſe to the modes above mentioned, is like fighting with infected weapons, or poiſoning the wells and ſprings of a garriſon or country, and contrary to the laws of war."

In ſpite of the repeated and laudable efforts of philanthropy and reformation, it has been found that the train of evils entailed on female depravity, cannot be alleviated without injury to the firſt great intereſts of ſociety; he who may lament the harſhneſs of this ſevere but wholſome truth, may conſole himſelf by recollecting that much remains for induſtrious activity, and benevolent interference, to guard againſt and prevent a criminal weakneſs, whoſe puniſhment it would be dangerous and unwiſe to diminiſh.

As one method of leſſening the number of proſtitutes in the loweſt claſſes, I beg leave to recommend the excellent ſociety inſtituted in St. George's fields; another powerful barrier againſt the meretricious torrent, which defiles our ſtreets, and debauches the riſing generation, would be to prevent the too faſhionable cuſtom of employing men in thoſe occupations, naturally, and properly calculated for women.

In ſuperior ranks, the beſt preventative againſt augmented infamy, would be a cautious inſpection, and unremitted attention to the morals and conduct of humble companions, upper ſervants, and male teachers, concerned in female tuition, with an act of parliament againſt ladies boarding ſchools.

Mothers, if not qualified on the ſcore of polite accompliſhment, are, or ought to be, in the buſineſs of religious, moral, and domeſtic duty, proper governeſſes for their own daughters; I need not dwell on the folly as well as guilt of leaving the wives and mothers of our deſcendants, to the outcaſts of convents, and the obſcene rejected corruption of foreign theatres.

BARNARD, SIR JOHN, a citizen of London, and an honeſt man; one of the repreſentatives for that city during ſix parliaments, and the only mem

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ber whom Sir Robert Walpole found it difficult to anſwer or refute.

"There is," ſaid that able miniſter, "ſo much evident integrity in all he ſays, that the preponderancy of good deſign makes up for any defect in argument, and wins the hearts of all parties."

During the time that the ſubject of our preſent article was firſt magiſtrate of the metropolis, a little employment in his diſpoſal became vacant, and many candidates applied, for whom ſtrong intereſt was made; at a court of aldermen held ſoon after, a poor friendleſs freeman preſented a petition for the place in queſtion, to which the lord mayor appointed him, without aſking one queſtion, or receiving a ſingle recommendation in his favor; the old man, unable to utter a word, retired with tears in his eyes, and a heart throbbing with gratitude.

Sir John being aſked by one of his aſſociates, what ſuperior merits the ſucceſsful applier poſſeſſed, replied in the following words:

"I gueſſed that my manner of proceeding would excite your attention and ſurprize; yet, after an explanation, I am inclined to think, that you will not only approve of what I have done, but, placed in my circumſtances, that you would have acted preciſely in the ſame manner.

"I never ſpoke to the perſon whom I have appointed, and am as entirely a ſtranger to his ſituation, and the circumſtances of his life, as any gentleman preſent; *(The curioſity of the aldermen naturally increaſed)* but in my way to Clapham Common, which, as many of you know, I have viſited for a little freſh air and undiſturbed repoſe, for theſe laſt eight and twenty years, my notice has been attracted, by the ſedentary diligence, and unremitting attendance of the man to whom I have given the place, which I wiſh was better worth his acceptance.

"It was at a little watch-maker's ſhop," continued Sir John, "on London-bridge *(in thoſe days a ſtreet crowded with houſes)* that he firſt caught my eye; and during the whole period I have ſpecified, at my going out of town in the afternoon, and at my return in the morning, he never was abſent from his poſt and employment, a ſingle day.

"I know nothing, as I have before obſerved, of the ſtate of his finances, but the appearance of his coat, and his grey locks, indicate, that he is not very young nor very wealthy; and he, who for ſo many years, has been ineffectually

fectually diligent, he who has toiled so long, without securing a comfortable competency for declining life, has, in my opinion, gentlemen, a preferable claim, a demand which ought not to be resisted, on the generosity as well as justice of a commercial city like ours."

The worthy citizens not only agreed in opinion with their chief magistrate, but uniting their contributions, made a handsome purse, which they begged Sir John to present in their names to the man he had so laudably patronized: subsequent enquiry fully justified the step which had been taken in favor of the veteran mechanic; it was a case of genuine distress beyond all possibility of imposture.

BARNARD, WILLIAM, the son of a surveyor in Westminster, of good character, and apparently easy in his circumstances; in whose life nothing occurred either interesting or peculiar, till he was accused of a crime, singular, from the mode in which he committed it, and remarkable, because there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to risque his life in so rash and unjustifiable an attempt.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door of the office of ordnance, directed in a hand imitating print, 'To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough,' who at that time was master general.

The letter being delivered as directed, the duke, on opening it, was surprized at the following words.

"My Lord,

Nov. 18.

"As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you.

"You are to know then, my present situation in life is such, that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance of it; desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make *me*, or unmake yourself.

"As I never had the honor to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly; but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am going to write.

"It has employed my invention for some time, to find out a method of destroying another without exposing my own life; this I have accomplished and defy the law; now for the application of it.

"I am desperate and must be pro-

provided for; you have it in your power, it is my buſineſs to make it your inclination to ſerve me; you muſt procure me a genteel ſupport for my life, or your own will be at a period before this ſeſſion of parliament is over: I have more motives than one for ſingling you out upon this occaſion; and I give you this fair warning, becauſe the means I ſhall make uſe of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of phyſic.

"If you think this of any conſequence, you will not fail to meet the author on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather ſhould be rainy on Sunday) near the firſt tree beyond the ſtile in Hyde-Park, in the foot walk to Kenſington: ſecreey and compliance may preſerve you from a double danger of this ſort, as there is a certain part of the world where your death has more than been wiſhed for, on other motives.

"I know the world too well to truſt this ſecret in any breaſt but my own. A few days determine me your friend or enemy.

FELTON.

"You will apprehend that I mean you ſhould be alone; and depend upon it that a diſcovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you. My ſafety is enſured by my ſilence, for confeſſion only can condemn me."

The duke went to the ſpot at the time appointed, having previouſly deſired a friend to obſerve at a diſtance what paſſed.

He waited near half an hour, and ſeeing no one he could ſuſpect to be the perſon, turned his horſe, and rode towards Piccadilly, but after proceeding a few paces, he looked back, and ſaw a man leaning over a bridge, which is within twenty yards of the tree mentioned in the letter. He then rode gently towards the perſon, and paſſed him once or twice, expecting that he would ſpeak, but as he ſtill remained ſilent, his grace bowed and aſked if he had not ſomething to ſay to him, but he anſwered "No, I don't know you." The duke after telling him who he was, ſaid "Now you know who I am, I imagine you have ſomething to ſay to me." On the ſtrangers' replying "I have not," his grace directly rode out of the park.

A few days after, a ſecond letter to the following purport was ſent to the duke, in the ſame hand-writing, and conveyed under the office-door.

"MY LORD,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality, as to the time, and place of meet-

meeting on Sunday laſt, though it was owing to *you* that it anſwered no purpoſe. The pageantry of being armed, and the enſign of your order, were uſeleſs and too conſpicuous: you needed no attendant; the place was not calculated for miſchief, nor was any intended.

"If you walk in the weſt aiſle of Weſtminſter-abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your ſagacity will point out the perſon, whom you will addreſs by aſking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on enquiry, to be acquainted with his name and place of abode, according to which directions, you will pleaſe to ſend two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny poſt.

"Exert not your curioſity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.

"I am, &c.

"F."

The duke had repaired to Hyde-Park no otherwiſe dreſſed than perſons of quality generally are; the only part of the inſignia of the order of the garter, being the ſtar by his ſide; and the piſtol holſters before him, are the common horſe furniture of a military officer, high in command.

He was naturally alarmed on receiving the ſecond letter, and conſulted his friends; when, after ſending for the late Sir John Fielding, it was determined, that his grace ſhould go to Weſtminſter-abbey; two or three conſtables being ordered to attend in ſight, as if walking to ſee the monuments, and directed to take up any ſuſpected perſon on the duke's making a ſignal.

He had not been in the abbey more than five minutes, when the perſon he had before ſpoken to in Hyde-Park came in, accompanied by a good-looking decent man, and they both walked towards the choir, and then parted.

The perſon whom the duke had before ſeen, (and who afterwards proved to be Mr. William Barnard) loitered about looking at the inſcriptions, and occaſionally fixing his eyes on his grace, who ſtood for a few minutes pretty near him to ſee if he would ſpeak firſt; but this not being the caſe, he at laſt ſaid to Mr. Barnard, "Have you any thing to ſay to me Sir?" to which he replied, "No, my lord, I have not." "Sure you have," replied the duke, but he ſtill ſaid, "No, my lord."

Mr. Barnard then walked up and

and down one ſide of the aiſle, and his grace on the other for ſix or ſeven minutes, without any converſation paſſing between them; when the Duke of Marlborough quitted the abbey, at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at this time, only it was obſerved, by one of the perſons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himſelf behind one of the pillars, as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The duke with a laudable caution, which did him credit, was ſtill unwilling to have him ſecured, leaſt he might injure an innocent man. A third letter was however received a few days after; which, on comparing the direction, was evidently the production of the ſame perſon who had written the firſt. It was as follows:

"My Lord,

"I am fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it, as owing to the weakneſs of human nature; but ſuch proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects; whilſt it is impoſſible to anſwer the end propoſed.

"You will ſee me again ſoon, as it were by accident, and may eaſily find where I go to. In conſequence of which, by being ſent to, I ſhall wait on your grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converſe in whiſpers. You will likewiſe give your honor, upon meeting, that no part of the converſation ſhall tranſpire.

"Theſe and the former terms complied with, inſure your ſafety: my revenge, in caſe of non compliance, or any ſcheme to expoſe me, will be ſlower, but not leſs ſure; and ſtrong ſuſpicion, the utmoſt that can poſſibly enſue upon it; while the chances would be ten-fold againſt yourſelf.

"You will poſſibly be in doubt, after the meeting; but it is quite neceſſary, the outſide ſhould be a maſk to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my ſcheme."

It was more than two months before the duke heard any thing further of this extraordinary correſpondent; when he was ſurprized, by receiving the underwritten letter by the penny poſt, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print, like the former ones.

To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

"May it pleaſe your grace,

"I have reaſon to believe, that the ſon of one Barnard, a ſurveyor, in Abingdon-buildings, Weſtminſter, is acquainted with ſome ſecrets that nearly concern your ſafety; his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity

opportunity of queſtioning him more privately.

"It would be uſeleſs to your grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

"Your ſincere friend,

"Anonymous.

"He frequently goes to Storey's Gate coffee-houſe."

In the courſe of a week, a meſſenger was ſent to the coffee-houſe, who met Mr. Barnard there. He appeared much ſurprized, when told that the Duke of Marlborough wiſhed to ſpeak with him, and ſaid, "It is very odd! for the duke addreſſed himſelf to me ſome time ago, in Hyde-Park, though I never ſaw him before in my life!" a day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough-houſe.

As ſoon as he made his appearance, the duke immediately recognized the face of the ſame perſon whom he had ſeen in Hyde-Park, and at Weſtminſter-abbey. On aſking him as before, "If he had any thing to ſay," he replied "Nothing."

The ſeveral letters and circumſtances were then recapitulated by his grace, particularly the laſt, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing ſomething that nearly concerned his ſafety. To theſe points he only anſwered, "I know nothing of the matter."

The duke then obſerved, that the writer of the letters in queſtion, appeared to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he ſhould be guilty of ſo mean an action. "*It is poſſible to be very poor and very learned*," was his anſwer.

On the duke's ſaying, there muſt be ſomething very odd in the man, Barnard anſwered, "I imagine he muſt be mad." "He ſeems ſurprized that I ſhould have piſtols," continued his grace, to which he made anſwer, "*I was* ſurprized to ſee your grace with piſtols, and your ſtar on." "Why were you ſurprized at that?" ſaid the duke. "It was ſo cold a day, I wondered you had not a great coat on," was his reply after a little heſitation.

On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his fathers being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd, my father *was* then out of town."—This laſt circumſtance ſtruck the duke more particularly, as the letter had no date. Before they parted, his grace concluded with ſaying, "If you are innocent, it becomes *you*, much more than *me*, to find out the author of theſe letters, as it is an attempt to blaſt your character." Barnard then ſmiled and took his leave.

On

On the ſtrength of theſe circumſtances, it was ſoon after thought proper to take him into cuſtody. He was indicted, tried on the black act, at the Seſſions-houſe, in the Old Bailey, in May, 1758, and after a long and patient inveſtigation of the circumſtances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the Duke of Marlborough, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, was at laſt acquitted.

It appeared in favor of the priſoner, corroborated by reſpectable evidence, that on the day he met the duke in Hyde-Park, he had been ſent by his father on buſineſs to Kenſington. As to his being in the abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a perſon of credit, who, as is before obſerved, was ſeen with him there, proved, that contrary to Mr. Barnard's wiſh, he had with ſome difficulty perſuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon-buildings to the park that morning; that they were going thither without paſſing through the abbey; but Greenwood recollecting a new monument he had not ſeen, inſiſted on going that way.

Many perſons of fortune and reputation appeared; ſome of whom had dined with him at Kenſington, on the day abovementioned. Theſe, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard ſpeak with wonder, of having twice met the Duke of Marlborough, and the circumſtance of his grace ſpeaking to him, being very ſingular.

They all united in the moſt ample teſtimonies of his regularity, ſobriety, and pecuniary credit, and his being in the habit of daily receiving conſiderable ſums of money.

The ſingularity of this affair will, I truſt, excuſe me to my readers for relating it; a very important deduction may alſo be drawn from it. Whilſt we are in the enjoyment of that ineſtimable privilege, a trial by jury, we ought to recollect, that as jurymen, we are to eſtimate a man's innocence, or guilt, by poſitive evidence only, as the oath of a jury-man expreſſes. Circumſtantial teſtimony *alone*, though of the ſtrongeſt kind, ought not to weigh with us in caſes of life and death; of this, a ſtriking caſe in point, may be ſeen in the article allotted to Mirelees, in this collection.

In the preſent inſtance, whether Barnard was guilty or not, and ſince his death it muſt be confeſſed, circumſtances have occurred, particularly a tranſaction with a late Eaſt India director, which render it highly probable; the jury, with ſuch evidence as was produced, acted, and gave their

their verdict in the true ſpirit of the Engliſh law, and ſtrictly conſiſtent with their oaths.

Serjeant Davy, whom, perhaps, many of my readers may remember, as a limb of the law, famous for brow beating witneſſes, was one of the counſel for the proſecution; but it was obſerved, that he did not, on this occaſion, exerciſe this talent with his uſual alacrity; the Duke of Marlborough, from the moſt amiable and honorable motives, having given him ſtrict and repeated injunctions to abſtain from theſe ingenious efforts to produce perjury, as it was only truth and juſtiee he wiſhed for.

The ſerjeant evineed, on this trial, conſiderable ability and acuteneſs, but, on moſt occaſions, could not help trying to puzzle and miſlead witneſſes.

He had been originally a druggiſt at Exeter, where he failed, and the perplexed ſtate of his affairs requiring ſome legal knowledge, by his own perſonal inveſtigation and ſtudy, he attained ſuch dexterity, and diſcovered ſo much reliſh for the law and its myſteries, that he was ſoon after called to the bar.

At an aſſize in the weſt of England, many years after, he had occaſion to examine an old woman, in a cauſe where her memory, and faculties of recollection, were highly ſervieeable to her friend, but very much againſt the ſerjeant's client. The cauſe was going againſt him, and he was nettled. "I can remember ——" ſaid the old woman; "Remember!" interrupted Davy, "why, I ſuppoſe, you remember every thing for, and nothing againſt a friend, who pays you ſo generouſly."

"I have no reaſon to complain of my memory, for I can remember, though it is, God help me, two and twenty years ago, that you yourſelf were a broken druggiſt at Exeter," was the matron's ſarcaſtic anſwer. The ſerjeant ſat down, ſilent and chop fallen.

The utility and ſometimes the neceſſity of ſifting doubtful or contradictory evidence, and of croſs-examining artful or prejudiced witneſſes, cannot be denied; but the proper and effectual mode of performing this buſineſs, and adapting it to the kind of perſon he has to deal with, is within the compaſs of any man of moderate abilities, who is ſlightly acquainted with the human character. In moſt inſtances, it may be conducted without violating the feelings of a gentleman, terrifying the timid, confuſing the modeſt, or confounding the ignorant.

Should it ever be my fate to fall

fall into the hands of certain notorious adepts in the art of misleading, whom I, or my readers eaſily could name, a regard for law and juſtice, or my ſubmiſſion to the cuſtom of a court, might induce me to ſubmit to the indignity for a moment, but the firſt time I met the lawyer beyond his own dunghill, I would beſtow on him the diſcipline of a cane. On men who think themſelves allowed to take every unfair advantage of circumſtance and ſituation, to cajole us into ridicule or perjury, by duplicity and falſe reaſoning, I would employ, as forcibly as the ſtrength of my arm admitted, the argumentum baculinum, or rhetoric of a cudgel.

BARROW, ISAAC, the ſon of a citizen of London, and the nephew of a Biſhop of St. Aſaph, of the ſame name, in the ſeventeenth century.

Having been admitted into the Chartreuſe, or, as it is more commonly pronounced, the Charter houſe, he rendered himſelf notorious for fighting and idleneſs, and is ſaid to have been ſeldom without marks of the fiſts of his aſſociates, or the rod of his maſter; at the end of two years, after ſeverity had been tried in vain, he was ſent home, and his father declared, in the anguiſh of parental diſappointment, that if it pleaſed God to take away any of his children, he humbly hoped it might be Iſaac.

By the advice of a friend, this unpromiſing boy was afterwards ſent to a private ſchool, where, by gentleneſs, admonition, and proper management, the right ſtring at length was touched, induſtry and emulation were rouzed, and the ſame youth, who had been all but expelled for profligate ſtupidity, and whoſe death had been almoſt wiſhed for by his family, became one of the brighteſt ornaments of our national church, and the beſt mathematician in Europe.

During the uſurpation of Cromwell, Dr. Barrow ſcorned to imitate the time-ſerving example of his Cambridge aſſociates at Trinity college, and while many were diſmiſſed for oppoſing *the good old cauſe*, ſuch was the preponderancy of perſonal merit, and ſuch the eſteem in which he was held, that whenever Dr. Hill, at that time head of the houſe, met him, he would ſay, laying his hand on Barrow's head; "Thou art a good lad, it is a pity thou art a Cavalier."

On the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot, his loyalty burſting forth, gave great offence, and a motion was made for his expulſion, this was over-ruled by the

the influence of Dr. Hill, who obſerved, "You know, gentlemen, Barrow is a better man than any of us."

Being too proud to flatter, and too ſincere to lie, he found his difficulties, in thoſe turbulent times, every day increaſing; to diſſipate chagrin and avoid perſecution, he reſolved to travel; croſſing the channel, he paſſed through France and Italy, viſited Rome, and returning by a different road, he met a Turkey merchant, the particular friend of his father; by this gentleman he was perſuaded to accompany him to Conſtantinople.

They embarked at Leghorn, and only a few hours after leaving the port, the perſonal courage and intrepidity of Barrow, for which he had been diſtinguiſhed at ſchool, preſerved his liberty, the ſhip, and all on board; they were attacked by an Algerine corſair, who expected to find them an eaſy prize.

The ſailors, who, on the firſt appearance of danger, ran below, were ſurprized to ſee the little pale Engliſhman; for Barrow was of a form and conſtitution remarkably delicate and ſlender; they were ſurprized to ſee him with loaded piſtols ſtuck in a belt round his body, and a drawn ſword in his hand, iſſuing from the cabin, and exciting them by precept, as well as example, to reſiſt the ſavage marauders.

He inſtructed them in their own language in the means of defence, and, to prove that he could act as well as talk, obſerving a villain endeavouring to climb up the ſide of the veſſel, he diſcharged a piſtol at him with ſo ſteady an aim, that the bleeding barbarian tumbled headlong into the ſea.

Animated by ſuch a leader, the ſhip's company, aſſiſted by other paſſengers, vigorouſly and ſucceſsfully reſiſted the pirates, who, after an engagement of ſeveral hours, and repeated efforts to board, retired; on their arrival at the port, the captain thanked Mr. Barrow before the Conſul and a large company, for preſerving the ſhip and a valuable cargo.

At the reſtoration of King Charles the ſecond, he returned to Cambridge, and ſucceeded Dr. Hill as maſter of Trinity college; in this poſt, his conduct was diſintereſted, conſcientious, and exemplary; he eraſed the permiſſion to marry from the patent with his own hand, becauſe he thought it contrary to the ſtatutes; he declined keeping a carriage, which had always been done for his predeceſſors at the expence of the ſociety; he did

did not long enjoy this ſituation, dying at the early age of forty-ſeven.

The abilities and worth of Dr. Barrow, and his ſermons, which required one and ſometimes two hours to deliver them, are known to moſt general readers; and he is mentioned in this place, merely to enforce a ſentiment on the minds of parents, and all perſons concerned in the education of youth.

The rod, although a uſeful auxiliary, and an indiſpenſable article in a ſchool, *will not always ſucceed*; in lads of a particular temperament and conſtitution, flogging, long perſevered in, only ſerves to exaſperate malignant paſſions, and confirm obdurate dullneſs; with boys, as well as *their mothers*, the ſtill ſmall voice of rational admonition will generally prove more effectual than the rattan, *though no larger than a man's thumb*; there are in all ſituations the mollia tempora fandi; pride and emulation properly worked upon, will often ſucceed, when birch, coercion, and hard words, have been made uſe of in vain.

BASEDOW, a native of the city of Hamburgh, in the middle of the eighteenth century, ſtruggling, from the moment of his birth, with abject penury, and a cruel illiterate father, who anſwered the cries of his child for food, by blows and abuſive language.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe and other impediments, he furniſhed himſelf, while a ſtripling, with the means of inſtruction, by manual labour; and, at the age of ſixteen, was ſupported, independent of parental aſſiſtance, by affording aid to the ignorant and indolent, in the performance of their academic exerciſes.

The young man had, at the ſame time, an opportunity for performing an important branch of filial duty; from the ſcanty ſuperfluity of juvenile finances, he found means to furniſh his mother, a poor woman ſhaken by child-birth, and a melancholy nervous affection, with certain little indulgences in diet, which contribute ſo eſſentially to the comfort of a trembling valetudinarian.

Baſedow ſtudied theology under Cruſius at Leipſic, and eſtabliſhed an early reputation by publiſhing a treatiſe on practical philoſophy, and afterwards a German grammar; having peruſed the works of Wolf, they augmented *certain doubts* which bold bad men deſpiſe, and which had ſeveral years before diſturbed the tranquillity of his mind.

It had been the firſt wiſh of his

his life to form a juſt and conſiſtent opinion of the Chriſtian revelation; to avoid, on one hand, the abſurd mockeries and ſelfiſh ſyſtems of human eſtabliſhments; and, on the other, not to ſhipwreck his peace and bewilder his mind in the unavailing and unſatisfactory mazes of infidelity.

His unaffected modeſty, learning, and mild manners, ſecured him the patronage of the Prince of Deſſaw, and he was nominated to a profeſſor's chair at Altona; but his doctrines were ſo unpopular, or ſo inveterate the prejudices of the people, that they attacked his houſe, and it was with great difficulty that he eſcaped from perſonal outrage.

Baſedow took refuge in the dominions of his generous patron, who received him with open arms, and eſtabliſhed an academy in his capital, for the avowed purpoſe of putting in practice the didactic improvements he had ſuggeſted, and diffuſing his religious principles.

The inſtitution at Deſſaw excited conſiderable attention, and the efficacy of Baſedow's methods being denied by his enemies, many learned men of rank and reputation aſſembled from different parts of Germany, in the year 1776, to examine the progreſs of his ſcholars; on this occaſion, boys of ſeven and eight years of age were found to write and converſe in French and Latin correctly, and with eaſe.

The examiners opened claſſic authors wherever they pleaſed, and the boys directly read their tranſlation out of the Latin books, as if it had been already written for them; they were alſo examined in Latin on various paſſages in ancient and modern hiſtory, and gave ſatisfactory anſwers as well as to various queſtions in arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry.

The point aimed at in the ſeminary at Altona, was to render the acquirement of learning eaſy, agreeable, and without conſtraint, and at a period of life much earlier than hath been generally thought practicable by the inſtructors of the riſing generation.

Non-compulſion was the prevalent feature and great outline of Baſedow's ſyſtem; he worked as long as there was any probability of ſucceſs, on the hopes, the fears, the pride, and the paſſions of his pupils, alternately employing gentleneſs and ſternneſs, ſtratagem and ſurprize, to entice or to terrify them into the paths of knowledge, but he never inflicted corporal puniſhment.

If all his efforts were vain, the young

young man was ſent to his friends *integer*, in the ſtrict and literal meaning attached by Juvenal to the word, *et corpore toto*; in ſhort, unflogged.

A plan like this, calculated for the cloſet of a theoriſt, or where only a circumſcribed number of pupils are admitted, could not be adopted in a great public ſchool; were it once underſtood at Wincheſter, Eton, or Weſtminſter, that the rod was in no caſe whatever to be reſorted to, the maſters of thoſe excellent ſeminaries would ſtand a fair chance of being whipped or *barred out* by their own ſcholars.

It cannot be doubted that perſonal correction is often practiſed without attending to difference of temper, ability and conſtitution; that in ſome caſes, ill-timed chaſtiſement breaks the ſpirit of a lad endowed with keen ſenſibility; that in others it confirms obſtinate habits, or renders a dull boy callous and irrecoverably ſtupid. But on this ſubject, as well as on that of public executions, on which ſo much has been ſaid, however the philanthropiſt may lament, there is no poſſibility of doing entirely without them; and a *perfection-hunter*, with all his good intentions, ſubmitting to the paramount law of expediency, muſt, of two evils chuſe the leaſt.

I have a faint recollection, for I was very young when the circumſtance took place, I have a faint recollection of a clergyman, in every reſpect well qualified, being appointed maſter of a richly endowed ſchool, in a remote weſtern county; but from a miſtaken theory, or the culpable hope of ſupplanting *his rivals in the trade*, he ſet out with an avowed declaration, which was induſtriouſly and widely diffuſed, that *his* boys were never to be flogged; that after great pains and long ſtudy, he had fortunately hit on a method of education, in which corporal puniſhment was wholly laid aſide.

This circumſtance, if I miſtake not, was pompouſly announced in the news-papers, as an extraordinary recommendation.

Fond mothers, from the moſt diſtant corners of the county, hurried with their dear boys to the happy ſpot, which, for a few years, became a faſhionable ſchool, and but for *a very few years*; as it was found that with all Mr. *********'s claſſic acquirements, and didactic ſkill, more irrecoverable dunces, and unlucky miſchievous rogues, were diſmiſſed from ********* than all the country beſide.

Parents, though they would not openly confeſs, ſaw and felt their

their error, in two or three inſtances, very ſeverely; the ſchool was gradually deſerted, and having a handſome ſtipend attached to the foundation, has degenerated into a comfortable ſinecure.

BATE, GEORGE, a native of Maids Morton, in Buckinghamſhire, phyſician to Oliver Cromwell, and accuſed of haſtening, *by a well-timed doſe*, the death of the protector; if it were poſſible to add to the infamy of ſo abominable a crime, it was further ſaid, that his profeſſional dexterity on this occaſion, recommended him to King Charles the ſecond, whom he alſo ſerved in his medical capacity.

But Charles, with all his vices, and a total abſence of moral and political rectitude, was by no means deficient in ſagacity and common ſenſe; and however he might have profited from the enormous villainy of a phyſician poiſoning his patient, he would never have truſted his life in the hands of ſo foul a murderer: the whole of the ſtory, though mentioned by Anthony Wood, who is highly culpable for expreſſing with levity, what would have been an odious and moſt abominable crime, the whole is evidently a calumny on the medical man as well as the king.

Dr. Bate's Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia, is a fair, and, conſidering it as the production of a man who was buſy in the ſcenes he deſcribes, a tolerably impartial narrative; the following portrait of Cromwell caught my eye, in a late haſty peruſal of the book.

"Egregius ſimulandi diſſimulandique artifex, qui ſublatis in cœlum oculis, dextraque pectori applicata, Dei nomen invocabit, lachrymabitur, precabitur, et aget pœnitentiam, donec ſub quinta coſta trajecerit alloquentem."

"A perfect maſter of all the arts of diſſimulation, who, turning up the whites of his eyes, and ſeeking the Lord with pious geſtures, will weep, pray, and cant moſt devoutly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe *a knock down blow under the ſhort ribs*."

Dr. Bate, ſpeaking of Charles the firſt, to whom alſo he was phyſician, obſerves, that the enemies of the king wiſhed to eſtabliſh and circulate an opinion, that this unhappy prince, at the time of his death, was infected with a diſeaſe, the offspring of illicit love.

This ſcandalous fabrication he poſitively denies, and effectually cruſhed the meditated falſehood, by perſonal attendance, and ocular demonſtration, when the royal corpſe was embalmed.

Having

Having mentioned the beheading the king, he thus proceeds, "poſtea exenterandum tradunt medicaſtro cuidam nebuloni, cui in mandatis erat ſedulo inquirere, *annon morbo aphrodiſiaco laboraret*, unde captaturi infamiæ occaſionem.

"Verum id ſceleris, in ovo oppreſſit HONESTI PECTORIS MEDICUS (Dr. Bate himſelf) qui corporis diſſectioni ingerens, reverentia et auctoritate diſtinuit."

It is not eaſy to prove or to invalidate the phyſician's aſſertions; yet *diſtinuit* is not exactly the word an impartial and unprejudiced inquirer would have adopted.

The "medicaſtro cuidam nebuloni," ſo ungraciouſly mentioned, was Thomas Trapham, ſurgeon-general to the parliamentary army, who was ordered to embalm the king's body, and, as is the cuſtom on ſuch occaſions, to replace and ſew the head to the trunk, which operation he is ſaid to have performed, not without uttering ſeveral coarſe jokes, and unfeeling expreſſions.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, a letter addreſſed to, copied from a reſpectable periodic publication.

DEAR MADAM,

As you occupy a very handſome houſe, and are able to furniſh it in a proper manner, will you excuſe a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the ſubject.

Your building being formed of the fineſt materials, it will ſhew in a moment any flaw or ſpot that may accidentally tarniſh the ſurface; it is of a proper height, a well-proportioned ſize, and built on a regular plan.

On the top ſtands a turret, of a globular form, with two chryſtal windows in front; theſe are ſo conſtructed, as to command an extenſive proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove of conſiderable utility, as well as a great ornament to the houſe: I adviſe you not to look through them at every object that paſſes, and above all things, I would have you ſhut them early at night, as many diſagreeable circumſtances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you pleaſe in a morning.

On each ſide, I obſerve a ſmall portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always ſtand open; as you will be crowded with viſitors, and perhaps with ſome you may not like; let them never be ſhut againſt your worthy

parents, a ſincere friend, or a fellow creature in diſtreſs.

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend it to you to keep it cloſely barred, leſt, ſhould any bad characters be ſeen forthcoming, you draw a ſcandal on your reſidence; if at any time, on neceſſary occaſions, it ſhould be opened, I would lay a ſtrict injunction of watchfulneſs on the two porters, who ſtand as ſentinels, in liveries of ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory paliſade.

Some ill-adviſed people paint the two pannels, juſt below the windows, an example which I hope you will ſhun rather than follow.

This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two ſemi-globes of alabaſter, before which, moſt prudent people draw a curtain of needlework; a practice of late years ſtrangely neglected by ſome, who, by ſuch conduct, prove themſelves groſsly deficient in policy, propriety, and good taſte.

Beneath, is the great hall, in which I underſtand you have a ſmall cloſet of exquiſite workmanſhip; this I ſuppoſe is the place of your ſecret retirement, open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful friend; take care always to keep it clean, and furniſhed with a ſmall but well-choſen library of the beſt practical authors; enter it frequently, eſpecially when you return from public worſhip, or from viſiting your friends.

Avoid two oppoſite errors, which the owners of many houſes fall into; let not the outſide hall appear like the ſhop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery; let it be plain, neat, and always clean, to convince the world that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You muſt not be ſurprized to find the tenement you inhabit, ſubject to decay and accident; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty, and diminiſh ſtrength; during the ſhort ſpace you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; theſe, you muſt conſider as plain intimations, that the houſe itſelf, in a certain number of years, will fall, 'and like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion, leave not a wreck behind.'

If I recollect right, you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you: be always ready therefore to go,

at

at a moments notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little cloſet, arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confuſion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as ſome have fancied they can, in the buſtle and hurry of a ſudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution has proved an irreparable injury to thouſands.

Excuſe this haſty epiſtle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal and ſincere attachment of

Your humble ſervant.

BEAUZET, a member of the French academy, in the early part of the eighteenth century, at a period, when the meetings of that ſociety were crowded with unbelievers; yet Beauzet was firmly convinced of the truth of the Chriſtian religion, and able to defend what he believed.

It occaſioned at the time ſome ſurprize, that thoſe who influenced that body, did not chuſe a genius of their own caſt.

"I conſider myſelf as highly honored," ſaid Beauzet, at his firſt introduction, "by being admitted into this illuſtrious aſſembly; but, gentlemen, may I be permitted to aſk, how it has happened that your choice fell on me, who, on certain ſubjects, differ ſo widely in opinion with you; if I miſtake not," continued Beauzet, caſting his eyes around him, "at the moment I ſpeak, I am the only perſon in company who acknowledge the exiſtence of a God."

"We are not ſurprized at your queſtion," replied D'Alembert, "but you poſſeſs qualifications of which we ſtood in need, we wanted a ſkilful grammarian and etymologiſt, and knowing you to be a good ſort of man, *notwithſtanding your weakneſs on certain points*, we elected you, becauſe, in fact, there was no philoſopher able to ſupply your place."

Such was the triumph of talent over profane prejudice, and fanatic ſcepticiſm.

BEDFORD, DUKE OF, a nobleman, ſeverely attacked by Junius, who was anſwered by Sir William Draper, in a manner highly creditable to the abilities of the conqueror of Manilla.

My reaſon for inſerting the preſent article, is, that it may afford me an opportunity of noticing in the reply of Junius, an aſſertion concerning the duke,

neither founded in fact or inference, nor correct in the information it conveys.

It was the design of this writer to impress on his readers, an unfavorable opinion of the peer's pecuniary character, and he defies Sir William Draper to produce a single instance in which his grace had relieved indigence, encouraged merit, or patronised genius.

On this occasion, I think it my duty to mention a circumstance, with which the gallant knight was probably unacquainted; as I consider it the duty of every impartial man, to be as ready to do justice to well-bestowed bounty, as to censure obliquity of conduct.

The Duke of Bedford, notwithstanding the flowery periods, and overwhelming invective of his assailant, was a generous, as well as a delicate benefactor to the ingenious but imprudent Henry Fielding, who frequently, and in the hearing of persons now living, did justice to his well-directed liberality, which, in various ways, amounted to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

This meritorious conduct of the duke has a more particular claim to applause, as he was at the time, sore in the article of money, smarting under a judicial verdict, and involved in enormous expence by certain political attachments, which it must be confessed, were not in every instance, creditable either to his understanding or his feelings; and, in the stimulating ardor of a contested election, had recently placed him in circumstances, at once distressing and ridiculous.

The following lines deserve recording, written by a gentleman, with whose productions I have at times decorated my collection; they were occasioned by Mr. Burke's letter to the late Duke of Bedford, who was grand son to the subject of this article.

SAMPSON AND THE PHILISTINES; or, giant Burke attempting to crush his enemies in the ruins of Bedford-house.

In Russell's porch low-crouching Edmund stands,
And grasps Corinthian pillars in his hands;
His huge vast bulk the giant sudden rears,
In hopes to pull the house about their ears:
The monster's aim, the laughing Lares ey'd,
Resist his efforts, and confound his pride.
Freedom, brave mountain nymph defends the youth,
And guards her Russell with the shield of truth.
Depriv'd of mental sight, fierce Polypheme,

Plays

Plays on our fancy like an attic dream;
Bor'd by the brand of truth, he gropes along,
Enrag'd, yet harmleſs, and deſpis'd, tho' ſtrong.

Such was the language of poetry and fiction, occaſioned by the letter of the late Mr. Burke to the Duke of Bedford, in conſequence of his grace's ſtrictures, during a parliamentary debate, on the penſion granted to the orator; a penſion, on which, as to the good points in the character of the highly endowed Edmund, there is but one opinion; but as to the quantum, every conſiderate man confeſſes with a ſigh, that it was ENORMOUS, BEYOND ALL BOUNDS OF REASON, PROPRIETY, OR PROPORTION: whether we conſider the merits of the perſon rewarded, or turn our eyes to the prodigious expenditure of Great Britain, which imperiouſly demands frugality and prudence; the penſion beſtowed on Mr. Burke ſold for thirty thouſand pounds.

BELKNAP, SIR RICHARD, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of King Richard the ſecond.

This eminent lawyer lived at a period when England was alternately oppreſſed, and diſtracted, by feudal diſcord, eccleſiaſtic tyranny, or military deſpotiſm; at ſuch an interval of public diſtreſs and private calamity, when a man of exalted rank and abilities might have added the irreſiſtible impulſe of example to patriotic precept, and perhaps have prevailed on his countrymen to act with prudence and common ſenſe; at ſuch a moment, this ſupreme dictator of law and juſtice, timidly ſhrunk from his duty, and although he ſaw, and confeſſed that he ſaw the path he ought to tread, was deterred from purſuing it by an unmanly and puſillanimous fear of death.

To this judge, and his aſſociates on the bench, the king had ſent ten queries for their conſideration; the purport of them was to know if the ſovereign, by his own prerogative, could revoke an act of parliament; that the king is above law was the anſwer given to the royal queſtions; THE VENERABLE AND EXCELLENT SKIPWITH, A BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER, WAS THE ONLY JUDGE HONEST AND BOLD ENOUGH TO AVOW A DIFFERENT OPINION.

Yet, the chief juſtice did not give way without conſiderable and painful ſtruggles; when the Earl of Suffolk, and other meſſengers from the king, with drawn ſwords and menacing looks,

looks, demanded of him his ſentiments on the ſubject of the ten queries, in writing, he ſigned and ſealed the diſgraceful ſcroll, and delivered it to Suffolk, with the following words: "I now want nothing but a horſe, a hurdle, and a halter, to convey me to the puniſhment I deſerve; yet, if I had not complied, I ſhould have been ſlain; and now I have gratified the king's pleaſure, I merit worſe than death, for thus violating my conſcience, and being guilty of the blackeſt treaſon to my country."

For this dereliction of duty and decorum, the guilty lawyers were degraded and baniſhed, in the after part of the ſame reign; Treſilian and Bramber, who had more actively engaged in this unwarrantable buſineſs, were both put to death; thus leaving a memorable proof that the lives of thoſe they employ, are conſidered as duſt in the balance by the very tyrants who have employed them, whenever the ſpirit of the times demands a ſacrifice.

With ſuch ſtrong convictions, had Belknap acted up to the principles he avowed, and boldly met the conſequences, with what pleaſure and admiration ſhould I have recorded the circumſtance: Is there any thing in human life, its permanent pains and evaneſcent pleaſures; is there any temptation in the ſcene before us, that can excuſe a man for refuſing ſuch a powerful call to reſign it.

At *certain moments*, when nothing but the reſtraining hand of a Saviour, and cannon planted by the Almighty, could have ſaved me from everlaſting perdition: during thoſe miſerable moments, how eagerly would *I* have embraced the alternative *he* declined.

Stimulated at once by patriotiſm, and ſtrong hereditary propenſity, I would impatiently have aſcended the ſcaffold, and conſidering the tyrant's mandate, as a kind releaſe from blaſted hopes, vanity, and vexation of ſpirit, I would have ſubmitted to death without a groan.

BELLIERE DE LA NICOLLE, a writer on phyſiognomy, in the middle of the ſeventeenth century, whoſe book has been evidently peruſed by the ingenious Mr. Lavater.

This learned Frenchman appears to poſſeſs greater diſcriminating accuracy than the Swiſs, but does not exhibit ſo lively, fertile, and diſcurſive an imagination.

La Nicolle ſeems to have been anxious that his production ſhould have an extenſive circulation, for not ſatisfied with printing it in his native language, he publiſhed

publiſhed editions of it in Latin, Italian, and Spaniſh; the title of the Latin impreſſion is Phyſiognomia Rationalis—12mo. Lugduni, 1666.

Perhaps, after all that has been ſaid and done on this ſubject by writers and engravers, the temperament, corporal ſtructure, and muſcular fibre, are ſtronger indications of peculiar propenſity than the mere features of the face; a man of ſtrong nerves will naturally indulge in exceſſes for which a trembling valetudinarian has neither power nor inclination; pleaſures which the one enjoys with eagerneſs and reliſh, are to the other diſeaſe and death; we are the creatures of circumſtance and ſituation, which mould and govern us as they pleaſe almoſt in ſpite of free agency or conſtitutional tendency.

Pope, as I have elſewhere obſerved, the moſt correct of our poets, *as a poet*, but for an ill-formed cheſt which prevented a due expanſion of the organs of breathing, would have been a notorious rake, for he teemed with lewd ideas; and that eminent ſcholar and divine, the excellent Dr. Doddridge, has been heard repeatedly to declare, that, but for the early and ſalutary impreſſions of a religious education, he had *ſtrong reaſons* for being of opinion, that he ſhould have been a vicious and profligate character.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY, a legal phraſe, or technical law term, which we often hear, and ſometimes repeat, without appearing to underſtand its preciſe meaning.

The dark cloud of barbariſm which ſucceeded the downfall of the Roman empire, having nearly effaced literary purſuits, the attention of the nobility, and of others placed above labor, was wholly abſorbed by military exerciſes and the chace; while the regular and ſecular clergy became, with a few exceptions, the ſole depoſitaries of books and of learning.

As it is natural to reſpect what we do not underſtand, the monks turned this advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to ſay a prieſt, ſhould be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abuſed for ſeveral centuries, until the council, or parliament of Clarendon, in the year eleven hundred and ſixty-three, provoked by murder, and other abominable crimes, ſet bounds to

to eccleſiaſtic licentiouſneſs, by a ſalutary regulation on the ſubject.

But this neceſſary interference of the legiſlature was evaded by the artifice or the inſolence of Becket, and the baſe puſillanimity of King John and his ſucceſſor; during this diſgraceful period, it was enacted, that every perſon convicted of felony, ſhould be exempted from puniſhment, *ſi legit ut clericus*, if he was able to read as a prieſt.

From this fineſſe, the monks derived conſiderable emolument, by teaching priſoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their offences, reſcued them from the penalty of the law; the contrivers of this artful meaſure, derived alſo another advantage from it; every deſperate adventurer, every bold bad man, thus ſaved from the gallows, became a ſubmiſſive and humble ſervant of the church.

This fraudulent and lucrative monopoly was partially provided againſt in the twenty-ſeventh year of the reign of King Edward the third; it received a further check, by the ſtatute of Edward the ſixth (1547) and finally, in the ninth year of King James the firſt; this exemption, at once injurious, oppreſſive, and irrational, was aboliſhed for ever.

Men of extenſive reading, or general legal knowledge, may frown or ſmile at my introducing a ſubject which *they* may conſider as commonly underſtood; but having frequently met with perſons, who imagined that the words, *without benefit of clergy*, ſignified that no ſpiritual guide would be allowed, it ſeems right, for their information to ſay, that no more is meant by theſe words, than that a criminal's being able to read, ſhall not diminiſh his puniſhment, or entitle him to any privileges, formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

BENTHAM, JEREMY, a barriſter at law, and author of a Defence of Uſury; a work, in which a ſubject apparently dry and unproductive, is ingeniouſly handled, and although it recommends a practice, in every age unpopular and illegal, he has contrived to make it an entertaining book; while the title, admirably calculated to alarm the rigid moraliſt, powerfully excited public attention, and inſured an extenſive ſale.

Uſury has been ſtigmatiſed as a ſilent but ignominious method of improving money, it has been emphatically denounced by the divine, and ſeverely puniſhed by the legiſlator; yet, although humane

mane precaution, and penal prohibition, forbid perſons in diſtreſs from raiſing eaſh at a rate of intereſt, proportionate to the riſk of their ſlender ſecurities, theſe unfortunate perſons are too often the prey of rapacious advertiſers, unprincipled change-alley ſharpers, the more ſplendid marauders of anticipated diſcount, or that monſter of modern times, a female pharo-bank.

I muſt not wander from my ſubject, by endeavouring to deſcribe the minute, the ſcarcely perceivable difference, between a highwayman preſenting a piſtol, and a beautiful woman a pack of cards: it is the buſineſs of my preſent article to obſerve, that a traffic, execrated by the general opinion of mankind, and which certainly required conſiderable delicacy and management, in compoſing its apology, has been defended by Mr. Bentham, like a pleaſing writer, and a well-informed lawyer.

Diſregarding the narrow cob-web theories of prejudice and paſſion, he appreciates in the unerring balance of truth and common ſenſe, the landed, commercial, pecuniary, and intellectual intereſts of mankind; he inſiſts that each claſs ought to have an opportunity of carrying their raw product, or highly manufactured material to the moſt profitable market.

Mr. Bentham regards with the commiſerating eye of a philoſopher, and a citizen of the world, the general diſtruſt and oppoſition with which projectors are treated; and endeavours to prove that we ought to encourage theſe *modern martyrs*, who, in the bewitching enthuſiaſm of novelty and experiment, launch their little barks on the perilous ocean of untried adventure; that ocean, which has blaſted the hopes, and ſhipwrecked the fortunes of thouſands.

Abſorbed in the fondneſs of infatuation, and wrapt in the trance of ſome darling ſcheme; deprived of the common pleaſures of life, ſociety, merriment and eaſe; they devote laborious days, and ſleepleſs nights to inventions and purſuits, on which they will probably ſtarve, but which, as in many inſtances has actually happened, will probably elevate ſome artful but ſuperficial dabbler to eminence and wealth.

To theſe ingenious but unhappy men, who frequently finiſh their lives in work-houſes and priſons, the public is certainly obliged.

It is the opinion of the ſubject of our preſent article, that every one ought to be at liberty to make his own bargains in borrowing money; that a man of ripe years, ſound mind, uncon-

controuled freedom of action, and with his eyes open, ought not to be hindered from procuring the precious metals, at times and in ſituations, when it would be highly to his advantage, of thoſe who chuſe to lend it to him; and further, that he ought not to be reſtricted in the meaſure or magnitude of the reward he holds forth to the monied man, by way of prevailing on him to open his ſtores, and put into the hand of a poor but ingenious fellow creature, that magic key, which enables him to unlock the treaſures of chemical ſcience and mechanic art, to which we are indebted for ſo conſiderable a portion of pleaſure, comfort, and convenience.

Without this precious *golden key*, how ineffectual is labour, how vain the toil of invention; yet, in this as on other points, our ſtatute-book appears inimical to intellectual exertion; did not human wiſdom and contrivance correct the errors or the prejudices of the miſtaken legiſlator?

The law which forbids lending money at an exorbitant intereſt, is perpetually evaded; and a uſeful action, to which an odious and diſgraceful name has been given, puts on a reſpectable legal maſk, and gains admittance into *good company*, under the various names of loans on pledges, bottomry, reſpondentia bonds, inſurance, annuity, and *poſt obit.*

It is thus that reaſon is perpetually at war with prejudice; truth and common ſenſe in general gain the victory, but millions periſh in the conflict, and one monſter is ſcarcely conquered before another ariſes to miſlead or deſtroy mankind; at the preſent moment (1794) an awful and calamitous ſpectacle preſents itſelf before our eyes; while tyranny, with an iron ſceptre, benumbs the frozen regions of the north, the temperate ſouth, the luxuriant mother of the vine tree, and the olive, is groaning under the malignant and baleful influence of Sagittarius and Scorpio.

But we will not loſe ſight of Mr. Bentham; it muſt be confeſſed that he argues with ſhrewdneſs and dexterity; yet, to uſe the words of one of the great *data* on which he founds his reaſoning, A MAN OPPRESSED BY WANT CANNOT BE DESCRIBED AS IN A STATE OF PERFECT FREEDOM; he is rendered by the urgency of diſtreſs, and his eagerneſs in ſeeking relief, an obedient ſlave to his wealthy neighbour, he will catch at any opportunity, and make almoſt any ſacrifice to procure the object of his wiſhes.

This

This conſideration, and I think it a very fair one, makes the interpoſition of government neceſſary, to ſnatch and protect poverty from the talons of rapacious uſury; we ought alſo to recollect, that every man who wants money is not a projector, engaged in uſeful enterprize; that many who come under this deſcription, are the moſt vicious, the moſt profuſe, and often the ſillieſt portion of mankind.

To diminiſh the difficulty which perſons of this deſcription *ought* ever to find in borrowing money, would be only putting inſtruments of deſtruction, already too eaſily procured, within the reach of a worthleſs diſſipated herd of voluptuaries, ſenſualiſts, dupes, renegadoes, and petit-maitres, and in fact be furniſhing ſupplies for the gaming-table, the brothel, and the turf.

BLACK ASSIZE, a commiſſion of jail delivery, held at Oxford, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and ſo called from the melancholy circumſtance of judges, jurymen, nobility, gentry, and the majority of the perſons preſent, to the amount of nearly three hundred, ſickening and dying in leſs than eight and forty hours after they quitted the court.

Of the manner in which they were ſeized, the nature, treatment, and technical deſcription of their diſeaſe, I am not able to give an account, although to a medical reader, they might afford a ſubject of curious and uſeful inveſtigation.

This deſtructive peſtilence, which thoſe who are fond of finding myſtery attributed to noxious effluvia iſſuing from the ground, was evidently produced by malignant contagion, exaſperated by the fœtid exhalations and unwholeſome atmoſphere of a crowded court, during three hot days in July.

Lord Verulam conſiders it as an infectious diſeaſe brought out of the priſon, and Sir Robert Bell, the preſiding judge, and chief baron of the exchequer, frequently remarked a noiſome offenſive ſmell, and demanding from whence it proceeded, could obtain no ſatisfactory information.

A learned but credulous writer, ſtrongly tinctured with the party virulence and ſuperſtition of that period, accounts for this awful and tremendous viſitation in the following words.

"At this, THE BLACK ASSIZE, Rowland Jenks, a popiſh recuſant, was arraigned, and finally, after a long trial, condemned to die, for words ſeditiouſly and treaſonably ſpoken againſt the queen's

queen's majeſty; but whilſt the chief baron, in due form, was pronouncing the ſentence of the law, a peſtilent vapour ſuddenly aroſe, ſo as almoſt to ſmother every perſon preſent; various were the conjectures concerning this rude and filthy annoyance, but all were diſtant from the mark; I am, however, enabled to aſſign the true cauſe, on indiſputable evidence.

"A rare and valuable manuſcript came accidently into my poſſeſſion, collected by an ancient gentleman, now of the city of York, and an induſtrious gatherer together of ſtrange facts, who lived in Oxford at the time of this deplorable calamity.

"This curious obſerver aſſerts, that the *aforeſaid* Rowland Jenks being ſometimes permitted, by favor of the ſheriff, who was ſuſpected of leaning towards Antichriſt, to walk at times abroad, accompanied by an under jailor; on a certain occaſion, by fair words and well-timed preſents, he prevailed on his keeper to call with him at an apothecary's, to whom he produced a recipe for compounding certain drugs, deſiring to have it done with all convenient ſpeed.

"Firſt cautiouſly viewing the paper, this perſon replied, that the ingredients were coſtly in price, powerful in effect, and tedious in preparation; that before he could permit ſuch miſchievous materials to go forth, he muſt be well aſſured, that they would not be made uſe of for any unlawful purpoſe.

"The priſoner, without heſitation or demur, made anſwer, that rats and other vermin had gnawed, and otherwiſe defiled, the few books he had been ſuffered to have with him in priſon, and that the receipt in queſtion was for the purpoſe of deſtroying theſe animals.

"The apothecary deſired to retire for a few minutes conſideration, copied the formula, and, ſpeedily coming back, returned the paper, ſaying, that he would not, on any account, be concerned in handling ſuch dangerous weapons.

"Each particular article of this ſtrange commixture might have been imparted to the public, but they were of a nature ſo horribly deleterious, that I feared their falling into the hands of wicked and ill-deſigning men; yet, it ſeems, that Jenks did, in ſome way or other, get his poiſonous meſs prepared, and, againſt the day of trial, had made, infuſed, or interwoven it into or with a cotton wick, which, on being lighted, would burn like a candle.

"The moment ſentence of death

death was paſſed upon him, being provided with a tinder-box and ſteel, he ſet fire to that infernal thread which was to determine the fate of ſo many; the diſmal effects which enſued are upon record, and too well known to need repeating; indeed, whoever by chance, or by deſign, ſhall be made acquainted with the materials of which it was compoſed, which I heartily pray may for ever be blotted out and forgotten, will eaſily believe its virulent and deadly effects."

This ſingular narrative is evidently penned by a lover of the marvellous; it will not bear the touchſtone of criticiſm and common ſenſe, and endeavours *to go out of the road* to account for a mortality, which is the natural and frequent effect of peſtilential infection.

It may alſo be aſked, how could the ſuppoſed perpetrator of ſuch a miſchief, prevent his ſuffocating vapour from acting with equal fatality on himſelf, his fellow priſoners, on women and on children, numbers of whom were preſent, but none were in the leaſt particular injured in their health.

It is alſo highly improbable, that a priſoner at the bar, who had juſt received ſentence of death, and was of courſe an object on whom every eye was fixed; it is highly improbable, that ſuch a perſon, he too a popiſh prieſt, the object *in thoſe days* of marked deteſtation, ſhould be able in an open court without attracting notice and detection, to ſtrike a light and ſet fire to his deſtructive wick.

Every perſon preſent muſt have perceived from whence the noxious fume aroſe, nor would it have been neceſſary for the chief baron repeatedly to aſk from whence the offenſive ſmell proceeded, his own eyes muſt have informed him.

The recuſant papiſt perhaps might have been able to have performed the taſk aſſigned to him in this fabricated account, had he been furniſhed with *phoſphorus matches*, that invention of modern times, by which the chemiſt and the philoſopher have ſo effectually forwarded the purpoſes of houſe-breakers and nocturnal aſſaſſins, but which, like its cotemporary diſcovery, the air balloon, cannot, I believe, be applied to any purpoſe of utility or convenience.

BLACKBURNE, LAUNCELOT, chaplain to a royal frigate in the reign of King George the firſt, and afterwards Archbiſhop of York.

It was on a voyage to the Weſt-Indies, and while he ſerved in the navy, that the ſubject of our

our preſent article was perpetually diſagreeing with the firſt lieutenant: at a certain time, being dreſſed in his canonicals, and engaged in the religious duties of a Chriſtian ſabbath, the ſea officer, in an angry moment, ſaid to him; "If it was not for your gown, I would ſoon give you a dreſſing." "The moment," replied the chaplain, "the moment the ſervice is concluded," ſome improper behaviour of the men during worſhip being the ſubject of diſpute, "that impediment ſhall be removed."

The clergyman having diſmiſſed his congregation, retired to his *birth*, ſtripped himſelf to his ſhirt, and returning in a few minutes, preſented himſelf to the lieutenant, with the following words: "Now, ſir, I am your man." The ſailors, delighted with the idea of a parſon fighting, ſoon formed a circle, to ſee fair play, and to prevent either of the combatants tumbling into the ſea.

After a long, an obſtinate, and well fought battle, the prieſt, to uſe a ſea-phraſe, gave the layman ſo ſevere a *drubbing*, that he was obliged to ſubmit and aſk pardon for the groſs impropriety of his conduct. They then ſhook hands, and, as in contentions of *another* kind, when it was determined who was maſter, paſſed the remainder of their voyage in good fellowſhip and tranquillity.

It was afterwards remarked, ſays my authority, a deſcendant from the purſer, that the ſailors were attentive and obedient to their chaplain, performing their devotions with ſerioufneſs and regularity; they reſpected the man of God, more than the man of war.

We are not ſufficiently acquainted with the ſecret hiſtory of thoſe days, to deſcribe by what means this intrepid member of the church militant, found his way from a king's ſhip, to ſo exalted a ſtation as the Archbiſhoprie of York.

I take it for granted that Dr. Blackburne was not deficient in the requiſite qualifications, that he neglected no direct or collateral methods of *getting on* in the church; but his eccleſiaſtic exaltation was not without its alloy; he expoſed himſelf to the attacks of a vigorous aſſailant, on the ſubject of non-reſidence.

From ill health, diſinclination, or a reliance on his intimacy with Sir Robert Walpole, he never, but at his firſt taking poſſeſſion of the archiepiſcopal throne, he never viſited his dioceſe.

On this ſubject his unrelenting antagoniſt teazed him in a variety of ways; the following was thought not amiſs at the time, and made the archbiſhop ſmile.

A para-

A paragraph was firſt inſerted in the papers, mentioning that his grace's palace at Biſhopſthorpe, a pleaſant houſe near York, on the banks of the Ouſe, had been burnt down, in conſequence of the kitchen chimney taking fire.

This ſtatement, in the next paper, was formally contradicted, with this argumentative addition, on the impoſſibility of ſuch a circumſtance, *for that there had been no fire in the kitchen for many years.*

BLACK HOLE, a dungeon ſo called in Fort William, at Calcutta, in the Eaſt Indies, meaſuring only eighteen feet ſquare, in which Mr. Holwell, and one hundred and forty-five brave men, exhauſted by the fatigue of a vigorous but ineffectual defence againſt a ſuperior force, were immured by order of the ſubah or viceroy of Bengal, in the year ſeventeen hundred and fifty-ſix, during a cloſe and ſultry night, which he who has melted under that debilitating climate, may be allowed the unenvied merit of accurately deſcribing.

So great a number of perſons, incloſed and preſſed together, in ſuch a very narrow ſpace, is not to be imagined or deſcribed without horror; it was a night of ſuffocation, languor, delirium, and death; eſcape or relief was impoſſible, immenſe pecuniary rewards having been offered to the guard, if they would report the ſituation of the priſoners; but the only anſwer given was, "That no one could preſume to wake the ſubah on pain of death."

Water, in ſuch inadequate quantities as the grating of the windows would admit, was conveyed to them in hats, by the humanity of an old ſoldier; but this refreſhment, apparently ſo precious, was found, after a momentary alleviation, to conſiderably augment their pain, and aggravate the evils of their ſituation; it was alſo embittered with the uncomfortable reflection, that it could not be ſhared by their companions in the back part of the dungeon.

In the mean time, the diſmal ſhrieks and cries of theſe miſerable men, and their ineffectual ſtruggles to reach the air and water, in a place which ſo cloſely wedged them together, that to raiſe, or even to move, a hand or a foot, was impoſſible, diminiſhed their remaining ſtrength.

I will not dwell on the ſhocking circumſtances of a charnel houſe crouded with bodies of the dead and dying; ſeveral uſeleſs attempts were made, as well by earneſt intreaty, as by provocation, to induce the officer of the guard to order his men to fire on them,

them, and conclude their miſeries.

After a long, a dreadful night, a night which realized or ſurpaſſed the torments of hell, the door, which opened inwards, was unbolted, and as ſoon as the lifeleſs bodies, which were piled againſt it, could be removed, only twenty three perſons were brought forth alive from the cavern of death.

Such was the fate of the gallant Engliſh factory, who were indebted for death, and the far more excruciating evils they had undergone, to the abominable conduct of Drake, a late governor of Calcutta, who, by his oppreſſive and unjuſtifiable conduct, had rouzed the reſentment of the natives, and after raiſing a ſtorm, had ignominiouſly quitted his poſt.

But the infamy of Drake could neither excuſe nor juſtify the ſupine cruelty of an unfeeling ſubah, towards men, whoſe bravery ought to have excited the admiration and eſteem, rather than the hatred of an enemy.

While Mr. Holwell, one of the ſurviving priſoners, to whom I am indebted for the particulars of this melancholy ſtory, while Mr. Holwell was relating their ſufferings, this odious character interrupted him by exclaiming; "I am ſure there was treaſure in the fort, if it is not inſtantly given up, expect no mercy."

This inſult was abominable in a tyrant who had ſhewn none, a cool deliberate murderer; for it afterwards appeared, that the unfortunate priſoners had been driven into the black hole, by his expreſs direction, and, expecting what would happen, that he had given poſitive orders on pain of death, not to be diſturbed during the night.

Had I been one of the miſerable ſurvivors, for miſerable they were, as having endured the greateſt portion of agony, and never recovering their former ſtate of health; had I been a ſurvivor, I would, at all hazards have approached the mercileſs villain, and have planted a dagger in his heart; in ſuch a tranſaction, the feelings of violated humanity, and outraged nature dictate the ſtern, the equitable law of retaliation; a judge is unneceſſary, and the deciſion of a jury ſuperfluous.

This ſhocking cataſtrophe has made a deep, and I hope a uſeful impreſſion on my mind: when my temples have throbbed with the irritating anguiſh of a burning fever, when the wounds of calamity have been exaſperated by inſidious enemies or ill-judging friends, and my mind agitated in a ſtorm of hopes and fears, was

was ſinking into deſpair, I have often caſt a thought on the ſufferers at Calcutta, compared their miſeries with my own, breathed forth a thankful ejaculation to the Almighty, and almoſt ceaſed to be wretched.

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM, vinerian profeſſor of civil law at Oxford, ſolicitor to the queen, and laſtly, a judge, who, waving over a dry ſubject, the magic wand of genius and taſte, has produced from the verbal ſubtleties and perplexing intricacies of juriſprudence, a pleaſing and intereſting work.

Yet, during the long and violent parliamentary debates on the ſubject of Mr. Wilkes's expulſion from the houſe of commons, it was the fate of our enlightened lawyer to become unpopular, and to ſmart under the ſevere, the elegant, but ſometimes the exaggerating invective, of Junius, who aſſerted, that Dr. Blackſtone had maintained, in parliament, a doctrine directly contradictory to what he lays down in his Commentaries.

In the courſe of theſe animated diſcuſſions, to which half the kingdom looked up with anxiety and expectation, the ſubject of this article defended the opinion of the miniſter and his majority, and it was finally determined by a vote of the houſe, which was afterwards eraſed during one of the ſhort-lived Rockingham adminiſtrations, that the author of the North Briton, having been expelled the houſe, was incapacitated from being again elected.

Yet many great and many good men differed from this opinion; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the point at iſſue was of very conſiderable importance.

If the vote of a miniſterial or a party majority, independent of legal diſability, is able to incapacitate a ſucceſsful candidate; a man, as was actually the caſe in the memorable Middleſex election, hated and deteſted by his conſtitutens, if he poſſeſſed only a ſingle ſuffrage, might be choſen a member of parliament, and the firſt principle of the conſtitution be thus violated, by the fiat of men, whoſe power is only a truſt delegated to them under certain reſtrictions.

"Expulſion," ſaid Dr. Blackſtone, "I have ever held to be one of the diſqualifications for being again elected:" Mr. Grenville, whoſe extenſive reading could only be equalled by his ready and almoſt intuitive faculty of applying it to the purpoſes of the moment, an art, which ſo few great readers carry with them into life; Mr. Grenville directly ſaw that the queen's ſolicitor had

laid himſelf open; he quoted the commentaries, in which, after a long enumeration of diſqualifications, without the leaſt mention of expulſion, the doctor concludes with obſerving, "*that ſubject to theſe reſtrictions, every individual of the realm, is eligible of common right.*"

"A book and its author, a great law authority, thus at variance," continued the right honorable member, "is in effect a ſnare to the unwary."

Sir William Blackſtone, feeling the irriſiſtible force of this argument, was unable to reply, and ſunk in confuſion on his ſeat: a pauſe of ſilence enſued, when the *gentle-toned* Sir Fletcher, ſeeing Mr. Grenville ſhake his head, ventured, on what he conſidered as a piece of extempore wit; "I wiſh the gentleman, inſtead of ſhaking his head, would ſhake one good argument out of it."

In the ardor of debate, the ingenious and highly endowed lawyer, who is the ſubject of our preſent page, forgot the language of his commentaries, or when writing his book, did not recollect, that there was a precedent upon record, point blank againſt him.

In the year ſixteen hundred and ninety eight, a Mr. Wollaſton was expelled the houſe, re-elected, and permitted to take his ſeat in the ſame parliament.

Yet after all the outery raiſed againſt Sir William by his inexorable aſſailant Junius, it might be, and brobably was, no more than a lapſe of memory; but it was the lapſe of an able man, and of one who argued and voted againſt the friends of that literary and political drawcanſir.

And although ſo much has been ſaid and written on the ſubject of the right of an expelled member, if re-choſen, again to take his ſeat, the queſtion remains one of thoſe political paradoxes, which it is extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, ultimately to ſettle and decide.

If electors cannot return members who are the object of their choice, parliament is no longer a repreſentative body.

If, on the other hand, a man poſſeſſing three hundred pounds a year, but black and blaſted in character, be returned as burgeſs for a borough, and the houſe of commons is compelled, whether they will or not to admit a perſon to ſit among them, whom they would be aſhamed to be ſeen with in private company, they no longer poſſeſs the power of ſelf-regulation, and would ſpeedily ceaſe to be either reſpected or feared.

To conclude, Sir William Blackſtone

Blackſtone died regretted and beloved; but at a period when party animoſity raged at its greateſt height, taking the unpopular ſide of a nice and difficult queſtion, and being a lawyer climbing up the ſteep hill of preferment, he was ſurrounded by enemies and *profeſſional competitors*, watching every opportunity to detect and proclaim the errors and obliquities of their opponents.

BLAIR, DR. a phyſician of Cork, in Ireland, mentioned in this place for the purpoſe of ſhewing the candour and brotherly regard with which the faculty treat each other.

Four profeſſional men, whoſe names I ſuppreſs for their credits ſake, and from reſpect to one of their deſcendants, the worthy ſon of an unworthy father, had attended a merchant, who was dangerouſly ill, and, at the end of twelve days, after repleniſhing their pockets with fees, and the ſick man with medicines, pronounced him paſt recovery, and retired.

A relation of the afflicted family, not ſatisfied with their deciſion, intreated that Dr. Blair might be conſulted; the patient was placed under his care, and after following his preſcription for a few hours, received conſiderable relief, was conſidered as out of danger, and in two days actually recovered.

The *diſappointed* and miſtaken doctors immediately attacked the ſucceſsful phyſician, with violence, perſonality, and acrimony; they abuſed his mode of treatment, and declared that the medicines he had ordered, were little better than poiſon.

Such extraordinary circumſtances naturally attracted public notice, and produced a paper war: "The caſe," ſaid Dr. Mead, who was appealed to by the medical combatants, "the caſe of Blair is *very hard*, to be reflected on for ill-ſucceſs, is not unuſual, but to be virulently attacked for reſtoring a patient to health, from a deſperate diſeaſe, is, I confeſs, rather uncommon."

Theſe candid members of the medical profeſſion, I was going to ſay, theſe gentlemen, compelled the directors of the Cork infirmary, to diſmiſs Dr. Blair, who ſtill continued to pay his annual ſubſcription, and, notwithſtanding the malignant efforts of his rivals, he found the public opinion ſet ſtrongly in his favor, and his practice conſiderably augmented.

The behaviour of his exaſperated antagoniſts, remarkably illuſtrates a poſition concerning the

fraternity, apparently paradoxical, which may be found under the article De La Mettrie.

BLIND MAN, extraordinary inſtance of a very ingenious. It has been frequently remarked, that the deaf, the dumb, the lame, and the blind, are generally, and for the moſt part amply compenſated for the loſs they labor under, by a proportionate augmentation of ingenuity or ſtrength, in ſome other way; the following is a remarkable and well authenticated inſtance.

Joſeph Strong, of the city of Carliſle, had been blind from his infancy, but found means to acquire, and now does, or very lately did, actually practice the buſineſs of a diaper-weaver in that city; and is conſidered not only as a good, but a very expeditious workman. *By way of amuſement* for his intervals of leiſure, he is his own carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker; and moſt of the pieces of machinery uſed in his trade, as well as the furniture and domeſtic utenſils of his own houſe, are of his conſtruction, as alſo the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working at it.

At the age of fifteen, impelled by curioſity, or the ſpur of productive genius, he concealed himſelf in the cathedral, after divine ſervice in the evening, and when the doors were ſhut, groped his way to the organ gallery, he proceeded minutely to examine every part of the inſtrument.

Accidentally or deſignedly touching the keys, by means of ſome remaining unexhauſted wind from the bellows, the noiſe at that hour, for it was now almoſt midnight, naturally alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbouring houſes, more particularly as their organiſt had lately died, and no ſucceſſor was yet appointed.

After ſome delay on the ſcore of terror, the door was opened, and the parties directing their ſearch to the organ gallery, found Joſeph, to whom night was as noon day, buſily engaged. He was reprimanded by the dean, for his ill-choſen hour, but permitted to *feel* the organ at all ſeaſonable times.

In conſequence of this permiſſion, he began making a chamber organ, which he finiſhed without aſſiſtance, and inſtructed himſelf ſufficiently in muſic, to uſe the inſtrument for the purpoſes of devotion, and temporary relaxation from buſineſs.

On theſe occaſions, he generally makes uſe of chaunts of his own compoſition, which, though wildly irregular, are ſaid by thoſe who have heard them played, to be

be remarkably conſonant with the impreſſions and ſentiments of the words which accompany them.

Having heard much of Mr. Stanley, the organiſt and compoſer, Mr. Strong *walked* from Carliſle to London, for the purpoſe of converſing with that gentleman, and on this occaſion, made, for the firſt time, a pair of travelling ſhoes, which to uſe his own words, he made ſtout, in the hope that they would laſt his journey.

He was ſeen and heard to play by ſeveral diſtinguiſhed characters, returned to his own houſe in Carliſle, in health and ſpirits, having experienced the generoſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons.

Joſeph built for himſelf a ſecond organ, and diſpoſed of the firſt to a Manks gentleman, who afterwards removed to Ireland, and this wonderful production of a blind uneducated man, is now in Dublin, and conſidered as a great curioſity.

After relating ſuch circumſtances, we may perhaps liſten with leſs difficulty, to a modern writer, who obſerves, that if the human intellect continues to make a progreſs in improvement, proportionate to the ſtrides it has made during the laſt fifty years, he ſhall not be ſurprized to be told of an apparatus, by which a farmer will be enabled to put a plough, *properly inſtructed*, into a field, in the morning, and to find his ground ploughed, dreſſed, and ſown, on his return in the evening.

BLESSINGS in DISGUISE. In a ſhort article aſſigned to Debbieg, an expreſſion of this kind was introduced, as applied by the colonel to the benefits which the Duke of Richmond *had* conferred or *meant* to confer upon him.

Theſe words, although deſigned in that inſtance for palpable irony, are founded on fact, and convey a uſeful moral truth.

Sir James Thornhill, buſily engaged in decorating the dome of a lofty temple, and wholly abſorbed in his occupation, moved back to view the effect of his pencil, and had reached the edge of the ſcaffolding, a fall from which would have daſhed him to pieces on the pavement below.

The ſervant of the artiſt, with a preſence of mind rarely exerted in ſuch caſes, by inſtantly throwing a pot of paint over the production of his maſter, happily ſaved his life; Sir James, immediately ruſhing forward to reſent the apparent injury, after an

an explanation, confeſſed with gratitude, that it was in fact a BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

BLETON, ANTOINE, a French ſhepherd, a native of Dauphiny, and the ſubject of certain wonderful impreſſions, which enabled him to point out ſubterraneous ſprings; a ſingular and wonderful faculty, which is more fully diſcuſſed under the word *Virgula Divinatoria*, or Divining Rod, in this collection.

The ſubject of our preſent article, while attending his flock, had been frequently obſerved to faint, and was in other reſpects much diſordered, whenever he ſat on a certain large ſtone, in a valley which he often frequented, but always recovered the moment he was removed from that particular ſpot.

This circumſtance naturally excited the attention of the inhabitants of Bouvantes, a neighbouring village; conſidering the place as *bewitched*, they applied to the curate, intreating him to exorciſe, and lay the evil ſpirit.

The pariſh prieſt, more inclined to attribute this ſtrange effect to natural than ſupernatural cauſes, was of opinion that it originated from a large portion of magnetic particles in the ſtone; but experiments proved that he was miſtaken.

Without preciſely knowing what they ſearched for, the peaſants dug up the earth round the ſtone, when they diſcovered, a few feet beneath the ground, a ſpring, which at this time ſupplies a ſtream ſufficient to turn a mill.

Theſe circumſtances, authenticated by undeniable evidence, fixed the eyes of men of ſcience on the ſhepherd; he was ſpeedily and profitably employed by the French nobility and gentry, particularly by the ingenious Mr. Laborde, whoſe eſtates were conſiderably augmented in value by Bleton's diſcoveries: he was engaged, in conſequence of this gentleman's recommendation, at Trianon, the delightful ſeat of the unfortunate Antoinette, Queen of France, which only wanted more copious ſtreams of water to render it an earthly paradiſe.

At this place, he realized, or rather ſurpaſſed, every expectation; and on one occaſion, ſuch implicit confidence was placed in his aquatic prediction, that the labourers dug thirty feet down, exactly in the direction he pointed out, and at laſt a plentiful ſpring was found.

It was not probable that the ſucceſsful practiſer of an art, not eaſily explained to the ſenſes on any known principle, ſhould proceed without oppoſers; of theſe,

theſe, the moſt learned and moſt reſpectable, was the Abbé Mongez, a ſingular character, in whom were united two oppoſite and almoſt contradictory qualities, enthuſiaſtic zeal, and the coldeſt ſcepticiſm; a ſtrong, a lively, a rioting imagination, with a correct judgment, ſcrupulouſly and ſeverely ſuſpicious.

In his examination of the herdſman of Bouvantes, the Abbé was hard-hearted and inflexible; he treated poor Bleton, a lad of a diſpoſition remarkably meek and timid, with roughneſs and ill-manners, ſeeming predetermined not to be convinced; an error, which philoſophers and learned men ſhould guard againſt, in ſcientific as well as *other* purſuits; bigotry in *every* ſhape is abſurd, and the bigotry of ſcepticiſm is in all reſpects as ridiculous, and frequently more dangerous than blind credulity.

A number of ingenious but unfair tricks were made uſe of, with a view of deceiving the ſhepherd; blindfold, harraſſed, and fatigued, perplexed with croſs queſtions, and occaſionally mortified or irritated, by contradiction, ridicule, and ſarcaſm; we cannot be ſurprized if the natural exertions of his genius were damped, and that he ſometimes announced water in places where it did not exiſt, and neglected to foretell it where ſprings were afterwards diſcovered.

However well-founded the pretenſions, and real the conſtitutional talent of Bleton might be, we can eaſily believe, that a ſyſtem peculiarly ſuſceptible, and whoſe powers in all probability actually depended on the delicate texture of his nervous fibres; we can eaſily believe that ſuch a frame of body and mind would be conſiderably diſturbed and intimidated by oppoſition and rough uſage.

Inſtances frequently occur of boys with acute intellect and ſtrong memories, who, in conſequence of an accidental check from their maſter, have forgotten the whole of a well-learned leſſon; perhaps many of my readers may recollect, at ſome period of their lives, the effect of a public examination on themſelves, when a full-bottomed wig, a ſurly judge, an impertinent barriſter, or ſome empty individual wrapt up in fur, formality, and ſelf-importance, has awed, confuſed, and almoſt paralyſed their powers; although they were conſcious at the ſame time, that the exalted puppet, who felt the ſame fears he inſpired, diſencumbered of official pomp, and artificial dignity, and in the unfettered

fettered freedom of private life, was a pert coxcomb, or a ſtupid blockhead.

The divining rod, which is mentioned at the beginning of this article, does not appear to have been at all eſſential to Bleton, in the proſecution of his diſcoveries; he often exerciſed his art without it, and only conſidered it as a communicating medium between his own ſyſtem and the eyes of a byeſtander; an index or minute-hand to the internal wheels of that wonderful piece of mechaniſm, the human frame, which, vibrating by the electric or magic impulſe of nervous emotion, pointed out the time when, and the direction in which, the ſubterraneous ſprings or currents took their courſe.

In fact, Bleton was wholly indebted to exquiſite nervous ſenſibility for the remarkable power he poſſeſſed; and, if we are ever permitted to know more of nervous phœnomena, and muſcular motion, the time may *then* arrive, when ſome anatomical demonſtrator, two thouſand years hence, with a *ſubject* before him, may thus addreſs himſelf to his pupils: "I was wholly a ſtranger to this perſon during his life, but from an accurate inſpection of the nerves, I am convinced, if accident or occaſion had given opportunity, that he was eminently qualified to exerciſe the art practiſed *ſo many years ago*, by the ſhepherd of Bouvantes.

BLOOD OF BULLS, a vital fluid, repeatedly mentioned as poiſonous by ſeveral ancient writers; yet modern experiments and common uſage by no means authorize us to ſuſpect it of being deleterious, or at all injurious in its effects.

This apparent contradiction, has often afforded matter of controverſy, and was diſcuſſed in a company, from which, if he oftener frequented it, the editor of this collection, as well as his readers, would receive conſiderable benefit.

Of the different perſons recorded in hiſtory, as having died in conſequence of drinking the blood of bulls, Hannibal and Themiſtocles are the moſt celebrated; in theſe two inſtances, it was obſerved by a learned gentleman preſent, that the fact is clearly ſtated, and confirmed by reſpectable evidence; yet, with ſubmiſſion to ſuperior judgment, the *venenum multo ante, ad tales caſus præparatum*, of Livy, ſeems more applicable to a compound than a freſh drawn draught of ſimple unmixed blood.

An acute and indefatigable explorer of difficult queſtions, has

has endeavoured to prove, that Themiſtocles periſhed by diſeaſe; but the words of a writer who appears to have compiled from good materials, are circumſtantial, unequivocal, and deciſive: *Themiſtocles autem, patera exceptum, tauri ſanguinem exhauſit, et ante aram, quaſi victima concidit.*"

Yet Pliny, I confeſs, in many reſpects, the credulous, tale-telling Pliny, relates that the prieſts of Ægira, a Grecian city, drank the blood of bulls before they gave utterance to the decrees of their oracle.

To reconcile ſuch contradictory evidence, it has been ſuggeſted, that there was probably ſome vegetable or mineral ſubſtance of a poiſonous nature, to which this appellation was given; to corroborate this ſuppoſition, it hath been ſaid, that apothecaries of the preſent day, keep in their ſhops dragon's blood, which ſo far from being an animal ſubſtance, is the inſpiſſated juice of a large tree reſembling the palm, growing in the Eaſt Indies, and termed by claſſical botaniſts, *Palmijuncus Draco.*

But, expreſs mention being made in one writer, that the blood was freſh drawn, and in another, that it was received warm in a diſh, deſtroys this ſuppoſition.

If the accounts, in the inſtances produced, be not wholly fabulous, as an author, *eminent in the art of doubting*, conſiders them to be, I am inclined to think, that the taurine fluid was only the vehicle, and not the poiſon itſelf; and that the deadly ingredient, was either mixed with it, or previouſly infuſed, in the cup from which it was drank.

Would it not be poſſible (indeed, has it not been performed, by an artiſt, or rather a dæmon from the loweſt pit of hell) would it not be poſſible to make a chalice, or a goblet, of materials, in which arſenic, ſublimate, or orpiment, ſhould enter ſo largely, that the fluid contained, would diſſolve a ſufficient proportion to diſpatch an obſtructing elder brother, an obdurate uncle, a tardy long-lived annuitant, or a hoſtile gueſt.

This nefarious and abominable method, in the early ages of barbaric cruelty and Pagan ſuperſtition, was alſo attended with this advantage; the prieſt might boaſt and boaſt with truth, in his harangues to the multitude, "You may give the blood of bulls to whom you pleaſe, in *your* hands it ſhall be harmleſs and inactive; but the accurſed wretch who hath impiouſly offended the immortal gods, or their miniſters, and againſt whom *we* ſhall have pronounced the awful ſentence, to him,

him, *and given from our hands*, it ſhall be inevitable death."

In theſe ſhocking inſtances, and what *can* be more ſhocking, than to make religion ſubſervient to malignant paſſions, it anſwered the double purpoſe of removing ſome audacious unbeliever, and of gratifying perſonal revenge; while the credit of the prieſt for ſupernatural powers, and cœleſtial communication, was confirmed by evidence, apparently undeniable.

BLOUNT, CHARLES, the author of a tranſlation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philoſtratus, with ſceptical notes, a book, which, having been ſuppreſſed, is now become ſcarce; he afterwards publiſhed the Oracles of Reaſon, but appears to have been warped by his wiſhes, and corrupted by his paſſions.

Having, I fear, during the life of his wife, ardently loved her ſiſter, a woman of virtue, beauty, and good ſenſe, he attempted, when a widower, to perſuade the object of his affections to be married to him.

The lady, who had long ſeen with concern, this unpropitious but not mutual attachment, replied that ſuch marriages were contrary to law as well as ſcripture; the latter he vehemently denied, and after an unſucceſsful appeal from her reaſon to her paſſions, he declared himſelf able to prove what he had aſſerted.

Stimulated by deſire, and influenced by infidelity, he retired to his cloſet, and wrote in defence of the lawfulneſs of marrying the ſiſter of a deceaſed wife, diſplaying extenſive reading, and great ſubtlety of argument.

His book excited conſiderable oppoſition, and was anſwered in a maſterly and ſatisfactory manner, by a Mr. King: I am not able to aſcertain whether this acute antagoniſt of Blount is the ſame gentleman who was ſome years after created a peer, became chancellor of England, and proved himſelf on many occaſions, an able polemic, a judicious divine, and a ſound lawyer.

The infuriate lover was unſucceſsful; his ſiſter-in-law profeſſing herſelf unconvinced, lived and died a ſingle woman; this circumſtance, in the opinion of moſt men, would have alleviated the pangs of diſappointment, as the beholding a woman we love, in the poſſeſſion of another man, is an important, a mortifying addition to the chagrin of denial.

Mr. Blount, unable to poſſeſs her, who alone, in his eſtimation, could render life valuable, became deſperate, and having deprived

deprived himſelf of the comforts of Chriſtian conſolation, that laſt, that only refuge for a broken ſpirit, he fled from the pen to the piſtol!!!

If I can truſt to my memory, after a period of more than twenty years, I think one of Blount's poſitions on the ſubject of unlawful marriages, is, *that whatever is not expreſſly forbidden, is lawful*; this axiom, if generally admitted in morals, religion, or political legiſlation, would open a dangerous door to unwarrantable licentiouſneſs, and groſs perverſion.

Mr. King did not ſuffer this overſight, or deſigned error, to eſcape him; he dexterouſly laid open and demoliſhed the ſophiſtry of the Deiſt, by what logicians call the reductio ad abſurdum.

BOISSY D'ANGLAIS, part of his ſpeech on preſenting that edition of the French conſtitution which eſtabliſhed the directory on a baſis, as it afterwards appeared, not very permanent; its good ſenſe and moderation have induced me to grace my volume with a ſhort extract.

"A great nation," ſaid Boiſſy, who, with a thouſand good qualities, was afterwards baniſhed from his country; "a great nation is like a great man, while the world re-echoes his praiſes, *he* is often ſighing for repoſe; thus, France having atchieved the greateſt of its labors, wiſhes to enjoy the fruit of them in peace.

"The deſtiny of twenty-five millions of men is in our hands; it remains with the preſent generation to determine, if order ſhall ſucceed to anarchy, and liberty to licentiouſneſs; our efforts have hitherto been only to deſtroy, let us now begin to eſtabliſh.

"And we ought to be thankful that we are able to look around us without terror; I can now addreſs myſelf to an aſſembly of national repreſentatives without fear of ſeeing a miſcreant, polluted with the blood of a fellow-citizen; without being ſhocked by a ſight of the aſſaſſin of a parent, a brother, or a ſiſter; it is alſo, on many accounts, conſiderably in our favor, that the decency of a legiſlative body is no longer violated by the tumultuous howlings and coarſe language of exaſperated demagogues.

"I do not ſay that paſſion is extinguiſhed, nor ought we to wiſh it; for the ſame energy which ſtimulated us to commence, and enabled us thus far to proceed in our career, is ſtill neceſſary towards finiſhing the great

great work of political regeneration; but the majority of the people, tired by repeated revolutionary ſhocks, demand a conſtitution which ſhall guarantee perſonal ſafety, opinion, and property.

"The French revolution was not the work of a few obſcure individuals, but a fiat of the general will; for the receſſion of the perverſe and the ſelf-intereſted, on ſuch important occaſions, ought not to have any weight, either according to the law of numbers, morality, or general happineſs.

"It cannot, however, be denied, that we were gradually prepared for the bleſſings we are to enjoy by thoſe philoſophers, for ever dear to every Frenchman, whoſe names will mark the eighteenth century as a new and intereſting æra in the hiſtory of the world; the ſtupendous and burthenſome fabric of privilege and ſuperſtition which had been erecting for nearly fifteen hundred years, contrived with ſo much art, and, alas, cemented with ſo much blood, was happily upſet from its foundation.

"The people gained a great victory, and the conſtituent aſſembly nobly ſeconded their efforts, but, like a traveller who has ſtill a wide extent of country to traverſe, and which he dreads to look forward to, they were ſeduced by their feelings, and retarded by the force of ancient preſcription.

"Their optics were not ſufficiently powerful to take a full view of the republican ſun, which blazed on their ſight; their's may be ſaid to have been an amiable weakneſs; they had not ſtrength of mind to proclaim a republic, which it was their duty immediately to have done, for they ought to have ſeen that the good of the people is the only legitimate foundation of all governments.

"But the duplicity of Louis the ſixteenth, and the unconquerable intriguing ſpirit of Antoinette, happily forwarded the great work, which honeſt timidity prevented the aſſembly from undertaking; HIS THRONE WAS SUBVERTED BY HIS OWN ARTS, AND HIS UNMANLY SUBMISSION TO HIS WIFE.

"In all the commotions which have ſhaken us, in all the ſtorms we have experienced, the federaliſts and jacobins were greater enemies to the revolution they *ſeemed* to aſſiſt, than the moſt inveterate royaliſt, or irritated ariſtocrat.

"It cannot be denied that the conſtitution of ſeventeen hundred and ninety-three conſiſted of many uſeful and many excellent

lent parts, or *detached pieces*; but as *a great whole*, as a machine designed for administering to the peace and the wants of more than twenty millions of men, it was radically deficient.

"Consistency, firmness, and uniformity, were wanting; it contained within itself the opposite seeds of anarchy and despotism; our liberties would either have been sacrificed to a few plausible ambitious men, or, by forming the people at once into a deliberative and executive assembly, we should have been precipitated into the ruinous abyss of democratic turbulency; I speak of those articles in the constitution which organized insurrection, and appointed an executive council of twenty-four.

"In that which is now presented to you, it is attempted to divide, but by no means to weaken, the power of those in whom the framing of laws is vested; civil equality, so far as regards universal public contribution, and every person alike enjoying the protection of the laws, and his own property, will be irrevocably confirmed.

"WE HAVE NOT ATTEMPTED, NOR SHALL WE ENDEAVOUR TO ESTABLISH ABSOLUTE EQUALITY, THE WHOLE OF THAT THEORY IS VISIONARY, AND TOO OFTEN FRAUDULENTLY APPLIED.

"To conduct the government of a great people is an arduous task, it requires a union of superior talents and good intentions; these will be best applied by those who are most interested in the public welfare, and are guided by the most laudable motives, men of property and of sound morality.

"To be eligible to the legislative body, it will be necessary to possess some property, the *quantum* you must fix yourselves; instead of being a restraint, this will secure to electors the means of making a better choice.

"We will not propose to you the same measure for determining the rank of citizens, all have fought for liberty, all have the same right to its advantages; we will not again expose our country to vain but invidious distinctions.

"We propose dividing the legislative body into two councils, both to be named by the people, and, at the same time, one to propose laws, THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED; the consent of the other to be necessary before they can be put in force, THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS; one half of the legislative body to be renewed every two years.

"The galleries, in the halls where the councils sit, shall be open

open to the public, but they ſhall not contain, in any caſe, nor at any time, more than half the number of individuals who compoſe the aſſembly.

"We farther propoſe to you, to eſtabliſh an executive power compoſed of five members, appointed by the two ſections of the legiſlative body, who ſhall have power to accuſe, but never to diſmiſs them; this executive power ſhall be called THE DIRECTORY; one of the five members ſhall be renewed annually; they ſhall have no fixed preſident, but each of the five members ſhall preſide during three months."

I need not inform my readers that theſe republican forms have been diſſipated and ſucceeded by that ſterneſt of all governments, a military deſpotiſm; and the ſon of a Corſican attorney who now rules over France, is a more abſolute monarch, and maſter of the lives and fortunes of his ſubjects, than Tiberius, Zingis, or Lewis the fourteenth.

BOOKSELLERS, a claſs of men, pronounced, by an eminent writer, the beſt patrons of authors, the appropriate introducers of the productions of genius and taſte to literary circles.

Such, indeed, is the ſuppoſed dexterity of THE TRADE, as they are emphatically called, in deciding on the probable ſucceſs of any publication, that it hath been accounted raſhneſs and preſumption to venture on any undertaking in the republic of letters, without firſt conſulting them.

Yet, without denying the merits of a Richardſon, a Bowyer, a Robert Dodſley, a Griffiths, a Nichols, or a Patterſon, merits repeatedly acknowledged in this collection; implicit confidence and unconditional ſubmiſſion may be carried too far; bookſellers, like other men, are ſubject to mental as well as corporal debility; it is not poſſible they can properly judge of ſcientific ſubjects for which they have not been qualified by education; how can they decide on works of taſte and imagination, if they do not themſelves poſſeſs them?

Theſe ſelf-evident propoſitions, if they required proof, might be confirmed by the literary annals of the preſent century; books, which the trade exerted all their influence to circulate and render popular, are now forgotten; whilſt many publications, which they condemned without reading and earneſtly oppoſed, have paſſed through many editions.

The very traſh, as ſome of theſe gentlemen termed it, which my readers are now peruſing, is alſo a caſe in point; this poor,

this

this very poor collection, excited a host of enemies, not on account of its palpable defects in judgment and information, but because it ventured to shew its head, *without a regular laying on of hands.*

It was cried down and abused in Bond-street and Piccadilly, and damned by bell, book, and candle, by certain literary tyrants; it was in vain to ask for an excommunicated book at their shops; "I should be afraid to keep it in my house," was the reply made to a person who enquired for it, of a man remarkably tenacious of his own property, but notorious for invading that of other people.

Yet the editor would be deficient in gratitude, as well as justice, if he did not acknowledge the impartial and equitable conduct of many respectable booksellers, who entirely unknown to him, and his book previous to its publication, kindly took by the hand and occasionally introduced the stranger to their friends; neither injuring it by undue panegyric, nor passing sentence on it without perusal, they left the Common-Place Book to stand or fall by its own merits.

With these and no other helps, the poor animal, amidst the torrents and whirlpools of party, politics, and faction, has contrived to keep its head above water; the employment has soothed many gloomy hours, and redeemed many which would have been unprofitably or mischievously spent; it has amused a few partial friends, perhaps instructed and amended others; in three instances it incurred the friendly correction, and afterwards secured the kind wishes of men, whose approbation the compiler will ever consider as the pride and solace of his life.

During a conversation on the purchase of copy-right, and by way of reply to certain reproachful epithets bestowed on the supposed selfishness of *the trade*; a fortunate and meritorious bookseller, who, by making as well as selling books, has secured a splendid fortune, took occasion to observe, "That the considerable sums paid to authors in modern times, had sufficiently rescued his fraternity from the censure of thriftiness and illiberality so often pronounced against them by wits and wags; that it would be easier in the present day to produce a list of idle half-bred profligate writers, and fraudulent scribblers, watching every opportunity to raise contributions on the public, and to take advantage of young booksellers, than to shew one well authenticated instance of one of the

the trade who had behaved harſhly or ungenerouſly to a writer of real merit."

There is much of truth in what the literary veteran obſerved; yet, if conſiderable ſums have been given for works in manuſcript, it ſhould not be forgotten, that the profits have been proportionately large; if ſix hundred guineas have been paid for a ſingle volume of ſermons (Blair's) or ſeven thouſand for an hiſtorical production (Gibbon's) let it be recollected that the profits, in both inſtances, have been after the rate of two thouſand per cent.

The books in queſtion put a handſome ſum of money into the pockets of their authors, yet, if the time occupied in preparing them was fairly computed, as well as the mental toil and laborious application, the ſums paid would amount to little more than the weekly pay of a hackney writer; while the ſale of the books has placed the fortunate purchaſer in ſplendid independence.

After making ſome allowance for the acute feelings of irritable and diſappointed authors, it cannot be denied that bookſellers who expect unreaſonable pennyworths ſometimes occur; yet after all hath been ſaid, the buſineſs of purchaſing copy-right is, and muſt be, a lottery.

While a *lucky hit* enriches one man, hundreds of ill-ſtarr'd productions drop ſtill-born from the preſs, unnoticed, and worth only what the paſtry-cook and trunk-maker will give for them.

In dealing for books, as in other trades, the living muſt pay for the dead, the rich for the poor, the profitable for the unproductive; the intereſting and the uſeful, for the ſtupid, the unmeaning, the ſuperficial and the unedifying.

BOSWELL, JAMES, a barriſter, or to ſpeak more technically for that latitude, an advocate of North-Britain; an enthuſiaſtic friend and hiſtorian of Paoli, Corſica, and Dr. Johnſon, who, ſince my laſt impreſſion, is gone to that land from which we never return.

After making large allowance for egotiſm, partiality, and ſelf-approbation, it cannot be denied that in his picture of our great Engliſh moraliſt, this biographer has preſerved a ſtrong and faithful reſemblance, and made near approaches to life.

"Having given a ſketch of my friend," ſays Mr. Boſwell, in his account of a journey with the doctor into Scotland, "my readers

readers may wiſh to know a little of his fellow traveller; a gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant paſſion, with a ſtrong inclination to be a ſoldier, but preſſed by his father into the profeſſion of the law, poſſeſſing a pretty good ſtock of learning, knowledge, acuteneſs, gaiety, and civility, who had travelled a good deal, and thought more than any body ſuppoſed."

A writer who could thus pronounce his own panegyric, palpably expoſed himſelf to ridicule and ſatire; and the public, at different times, has been entertained, in proſe and verſe, at the expence of Mr. Boſwell; yet, with many faults and ſingularities, his merit as an author is conſiderable, on the important and indiſpenſable points of religion, morality, and accurate delineation of character.

The following effuſion of a wicked wit, I believe the ingenious Mr. Beresford, formerly of Merton college, caught my eye, in a public print; on the firſt publication of the two quarto volumes of Dr. Johnſon's life.

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY; OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

[*An extract from the life of* DR. POZZ, *in ten volumes, folio, written by* James Bozz, Eſq. *who* flouriſhed *with him near* fifty years.]

—— We dined at the chop-houſe; Dr. Pozz was this day very inſtructive; talking of books, I mentioned *The Hiſtory of Tommy Trip*, and ſaid it was a great work. Pozz. "Yes, ſir, it is great relatively; it was a great work to you, when you was a little boy; but now, ſir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy."

Feeling ſomewhat hurt at this compariſon, I believe he perceived it, for as he was ſqueezing a lemon, he ſaid, "Never be affronted at a compariſon, I have been compared to many things, yet I never was affronted at a compariſon; no, ſir, if they were to call me a dog, and you a canniſter tied to my tail, I ſhould not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in *ſuch* company, I aſked him, what he thought of a friend of our's who was always making compariſons. Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a ſimile for every thing; I knew him when he kept ſhop, he then made money, and now he makes compariſons; he would ſay, for inſtance, that you and I were two figs ſtuck together, two figs in adheſion, and then he would laugh.

To this vivid exertion of intel-

lect, I obſerved in reply, "Certain great writers have determined that compariſons are odious." Pozz. "No, ſir, not odious in themſelves, not odious as compariſons; the fellows who make them are odious; the whigs make compariſons."

We ſupped that evening at his houſe, when I took an opportunity of ſhewing him a copy of verſes I had made on a pair of breeches. Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find ſuch a ſubject in Scotland?" Bozz. "The greater the proof of invention, which is a characteriſtic of poetry." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, but it is an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark, it affords a proof of that profundity which he diſplayed in every branch of literature.

Having accidentally aſked him, if he approved of green ſpectacles, he made anſwer: "As to green ſpectacles, ſir, the queſtion ſeems to be this, if I wore green ſpectacles, it would be becauſe they aſſiſted viſion, or becauſe I liked them; but if a man were to tell me he did not like green ſpectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them; no, ſir, I would rather diſſuade him from making uſe of them."

A few months after, I conſulted him again on this ſubject, and he honored me with a letter, in which he confirmed his former opinion; it may be found in its proper place, vol. vi. page 2789; and having ſince that time maturely conſidered the point myſelf, I muſt needs confeſs, that, in ſuch matters, a man ought to be a free moral agent.

The next day, I left town for ſix weeks, three days, and ſeven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal; during this time, I received only one letter from him, which is as follows:

To James Bozz, Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

My bowels have been very bad; pray buy for me ſome Turkey Rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your tour.

Write me ſoon, and write me often.

I am, dear ſir,
Your's affectionately,
SAM. POZZ.

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter, in which we ſee ſo much of his great and illuminated mind.

On my return to town, we met again at the chop-houſe, and had a long, as well as an highly intereſting converſation; indeed, there is not one hour of my life, in which I do not profit by

by ſome part of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*; I ſaid, "I knew many perſons grievouſly diſtreſſed with that complaint." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, when confined, when pent up." I ſaid, "I did not know that, and I queſtioned if the Romans ever knew it." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, the Romans knew it." Bozz. "Livy does not mention it." Pozz. "No, ſir, Livy wrote hiſtory; Livy was not writing the life of a friend."

On medical ſubjects his knowledge was immenſe; he told me that one of our friends had juſt been attacked by a moſt alarming complaint; he had entirely loſt the uſe of his limbs, he was ſpeechleſs, his eyes ſwollen, and every vein diſtended, yet his face was pale, and his extremities cold, at the ſame time his pulſe beat one hundred and ſixty ſtrokes in a minute.

I ſaid, with tenderneſs, that I would immediately go and ſee him, and take Doctor Bolus with me. Pozz. "No, ſir, don't go." I was ſtartled at ſo unexpected a reply, well knowing his compaſſionate heart, and earneſtly demanded of him the reaſon, why I ſhould not procure, for the afflicted perſon, inſtant relief. Pozz. "Sir, you do not know his diſorder." Bozz. "Pray, what is it?" Pozz. "Sir, the man is *dead drunk*."

This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he uſed to do when he enjoyed a joke, but he afterwards checked me, by the following words: "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I ſaid, for he who laughs at what another man ſays, will ſoon learn to laugh at that other man; ſir, you ought to laugh but ſeldom, you ſhould laugh only at your own jokes."

Talking of a friend of our's, who was a very violent politician, I ſaid, "I did not like his company." Pozz. "No, ſir, he is not healthy; he is ſore, ſir, his mind is ulcerated, he has a political whitlow; you cannot touch him, ſir, without giving him pain.

"I would never venture to ſpeak on political ſubjects with that man; I would talk of cabbage and of peas; ſir, I would aſk him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child, but I would not meddle with politics." Bozz. "But perhaps, ſir, he would talk of nothing elſe." Pozz. "Then it is plain what he would do." On my earneſtly intreating him to tell me what that was, Dr. Pozz replied, "Sir, he would let every thing elſe alone."

I mentioned a tradeſman who had lately ſet up a coach. Pozz. "He is right, ſir, a man who would go on ſwimmingly cannot be too ſoon off his legs; you tell me, he keeps a coach, now, ſir, a coach is better than a chaiſe; ſir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz. "Why, ſir?" Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this valuable obſervation, in order to impreſs it on my memory, and he complied with great good humour.

Taking a hint from the ſubject of our preſent converſation, I ſaid, "Dr. Pozz, *you* ought to keep a coach." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, I ought." Bozz. "But you do not, and this has often ſurprized me." Pozz. "Surprized you! there, ſir, is another prejudice of abſurdity; ſir, you ought to be ſurprized at nothing; a man who has lived half ſo long as you, ought to be above ſurprize; it is a rule with me, ſir, never to be ſurprized.

"This is an error," continued Doctor Pozz, "produced by ignorance; you cannot gueſs why I do not keep a coach, and you are ſurprized; now, ſir, if you did know you would not be ſurprized." I ſaid, tenderly, "I hope, my dear ſir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, you ſhall know now; the reaſon why I do not keep a coach is, becauſe I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking, I aſked him whether, in the courſe of his long and valuable life, he had not known ſome men who drank more than they could bear. Pozz "Yes, ſir, and then nobody could bear them; a man who is drunk, ſir, is a very fooliſh fellow." Bozz. "But, ſir, as the poet ſays, he is devoid of all care." Pozz. "That is true, ſir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, ſir, for he is unable to write his name; he cannot be a politician, ſir, for he is almoſt ſpeechleſs; he cannot be an artiſt, ſir, for he is nearly blind; and yet, ſir, there is a ſcience in drinking." Bozz. "I ſuppoſe you mean, that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz. "No, ſir, to know what one drinks is nothing, but the ſcience conſiſts of three parts, in knowing when we have had too little, when we have had enough, and when we have had too much; for inſtance, there is our friend *****, he can always tell when he has too little, and when he has too much, but never knows when he has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of ſubjects; but I find few memo-

memorandums in my journal; on ſmall beer, he ſaid it was a flatulent liquor. He diſapproved of thoſe who deny the utility of abſolute power; and ſeemed to be offended with a friend of our's who would always have his eggs poached. Sign poſts, he obſerved, had very much degenerated within his memory; and he found great fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera.

I endeavoured to defend a play which had afforded me ſo much pleaſure, but could not maſter that ſtrength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great ſatisfaction, that he afterwards communicated to me a method of curing corns by the application of a piece of oiled ſilk. In the early hiſtory of the world, he preferred Sir Iſaac Newton's chronology, but as they gave employment to ſo many hands, he did not diſlike the large ſhoe-buckles then in faſhion.

Next day we dined at the mitre; I mentioned ſpirits. Pozz. "Sir, there is as much evidence for the exiſtence of ſpirits as againſt it; you may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great grandmother once ſaw a ſpirit; he deſired me to relate the circumſtances, which I did very minutely, while he liſtened with profound attention.

When I mentioned that the ſpirit had once appeared in the ſhape of a ſhoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. Pozz. —"There, ſir, is the point; the evidence is good but the ſcheme is defective in conſiſtency; we cannot deny that the ſpirit appeared in theſe ſhapes; but then we cannot reconcile them; for, what has a tea-pot to do with a ſhoulder of mutton?

"The objects, ſir, are neither terrific nor cotemporaneous; they are never ſeen at the ſame time, nor in the ſame place."—Bozz. "I think, ſir, that ghoſts are moſt often ſeen by old women." Pozz. "Yes, ſir, and their converſation is generally full of the ſubject; I would prefer old women to record ſuch circumſtances, their loquacity tends to minuteneſs."

A few days after this intereſting and enlightened converſation, we talked of a perſon who had a very bad character.—Pozz. "Sir, he is a ſcoundrel."—Bozz. "I hate a ſcoundrel."——Pozz. "There you are wrong; I would not have you hate ſcoundrels; ſcoundrels, ſir, are uſeful; there are many things we cannot do without ſcoundrels. I ſhould not chuſe to keep company with ſcoundrels, neither would I introduce them to my wife and children;

children; but ſomething may be got from them."——Bozz. "Are not ſcoundrels for the moſt part fools."—Pozz. "No, ſir, they are not.

"A ſcoundrel muſt be a clever fellow; he muſt know many things of which a fool is ignorant; any man may be a fool, but to be a complete raſcal, requires conſiderable abilities; I think a good book might be written on the ſubject of ſcoundrels; a *Biographia Flagitioſa*, or the lives of eminent ſcoundrels from the earlieſt accounts to the preſent time."

Hanging was mentioned in the courſe of the converſation, and I obſerved that it was a very awkward ſituation.—Pozz. "No, ſir, hanging is not an awkward ſituation; it is proper, ſir, that a man whoſe actions tend to flagitious obliquity ſhould himſelf be perpendicular at laſt."

I told Doctor Pozz, that I had lately been in company with a number of gentlemen, all of whom could recollect ſome friend or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. "Yes, ſir, we know thoſe who *have* been hanged, that is a circumſtance we can eaſily recollect, and may ſafely mention, without fear of offence; but we muſt not name thoſe who *deſerve* it, ſuch a proceeding would not be decorous in good company; it is one of thoſe things we may *think*, but muſt not ſpeak of."

BOURBON, NICHOLAS, a modern Latin poet, not above mediocrity, and a Frenchman, born at Vandoeuvre, which he inſiſts was originally *Vandali Opera*, and a colony planted by the Vandals; whatever may have been its origin, it is now an obſcure village near Troyes in Champaigne.

In the decline of life, being a prieſt, and having been tutor to a princeſs of Navarre, afterwards mother to Henry the fourth, he procured a benefice near Condé, where he ended his days.

In fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, he publiſhed a duodecimo volume, which with affected, rather than real humility, he called *Nugæ*; yet he frequently lapſes into the indecorum of vain boaſting and ſelf panegyric.

Bourbon appears to have been the friend and correſpondent of Eraſmus and of Scaliger, of Latimer, Carey, Harvey, Saville, Norris, and Dudley; names familiar to an Engliſh reader; he frequently viſited England, where he was patronized by Dr. Butts, the king's phyſician, and by William Boſton, Abbot of Weſtminſter,

ſter, an hoſpitable man, with whom he ſpeaks of having paſſed many pleaſant hours, in the garden of Archbiſhop Cranmer, at Lambeth: but the poet treats Sir Thomas More with aſperity and invective, in an epigram, half Greek and half Latin, full of malignity, but without point: if I may be permitted to truſt to my memory it thus begins;

Nuper cognovi quendam cognomine Morum, &c. &c.

Thus has it ever been the fate of dignified worth and illuſtrious talents, to be envied and abuſed by little paltry ſuperficial ſcribblers; Sir Thomas More was evidently deſtroyed by Henry the eighth, for ſo honeſtly and intrepidly oppoſing his civil and religious deſpotiſm, but in all points, moral as well as intellectual, left the poetaſter who reviled him, ten thouſand miles behind.

It was the opinion of a late able critic and biographer, that didactic poems, in which mechanic art is deſcribed, and the proceſſes of manufacture are minutely detailed, are wholly unſuitable to the genius and dignity of poetry; Bourbon tried the experiment.

His father was a blackſmith, a dealer in iron, or an iron founder, who employed men in digging ore from the earth, and rendering it uſeful and malleable by the operation of fire; for in the looſe and figurative language of a poem of four hundred lines, it is not eaſy, preciſely to aſcertain, which theſe occupations he followed.

No leſs a perſonage than Vulcan, reproaches the poet for his forgetfulneſs or contempt of that laborious, but honeſt buſineſs, which had provided the means of a liberal education for him and his brother; the workmen are conducted to the wood for the purpoſe of making charcoal; Bourbon obſerves that oak, larch, and box, are unfit for it; the coal, which requires a week's burning is prepared, the proceſs of ſmelting is deſcribed, and the verſes conclude with reciting the feaſtings, carouſals, and rejoicings of the perſons employed, and the happy life they lead.

BOYDELL, JOHN, an engraver, an alderman of London, and founder of the Shakeſpeare Gallery; a man to whom lovers of the fine arts are more obliged than to any individual in this country, except King George the third.

In Mr. Boydell's collection, I have viewed the characters of our great dramatiſt breathing on the canvas; I have ſeen energy communicated to Shakeſpeare, and body given to his thoughts; in ſome inſtances, I have obſerved a luxuriant riot of fancy, which proved

proved that the artiſt was well qualified to tread in the magic footſteps of our child of nature; in others, I have witneſſed with pleaſure, a richneſs of humour, a correctneſs of judgment, and a mellowneſs of colouring, which we were once told ſhould be ſought for, and could only be found in the Flemiſh and Italian ſchools.

But, in a muſeum of national paintings, which lays ſo ſtrong and ſo well founded a claim to admiration and applauſe; which has in fact *created* an Engliſh ſchool, and twined freſh laurels round the brows of the firſt of our bards; who does not regret the blind partiality of injurious friendſhip; who does not lament the admiſſion of pieces which it is impoſſible to conſider in any other point of view than as foils to the pictures which ſurround them; vile daubings, in which the laws of perſpective, and the important effects of light and ſhade, are rudely, and prepoſterouſly ſet at defiance; where red hot ſkies, cœrulean cattle, and trees, ſuch as nature never formed, diſgrace in murky, indiſtinct obſcurity, the indignant wall.

"I have ſought for talents," ſays our worthy alderman, in a prefatory addreſs to one of his explanatory catalogues, "I have ſought for talents wherever they were to be found, I have reſiſted every recommendation but that of real merit." Yet, he forgets himſelf in the next page, and in the following words: "I muſt apologize for the introduction of a picture, which certainly ſtands in need of the public indulgence; the painter of it, having been prevented, by other avocations, from purſuing the practical part of his profeſſion."

Inſtead of apologizing for a ſingle picture, Mr. Boydell ſhould have ſaid *many* pictures; I am aware that in moſt of theſe inſtances, he was miſled by an evident, perhaps a pardonable bias; but he ought to have recollected the injury he was doing to his own reputation, and the miſerable compliment he was paying to the public, as well as to *other* artiſts, by admitting into the Shakeſpeare Gallery, paintings, which would diſgrace a ſign-poſt.

A friend, whoſe well-timed hints have often corrected *ſome* of the errors of this collection, tells me, the preſent article is too ſevere, and that *I have not put the ſaddle upon the right horſe*; he inſiſts that the proprietor in Pall Mall, is wholly free from blame, that his mode of proceeding in the preſent inſtance, was merely ſelf-defence; for, that while the ſpirit for touching guineas poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed Sir Joſhua, Mr. Weſt, and other eminent artiſts, furniture at two hundred and fifty guineas a yard, was at a rate too dear for fitting up a large room; that it was the duty and intereſt of the painters in queſtion, not to have been unreaſonable and extravagant, beyond all bounds, in the prices they aſked; as the gallery was in fact a public national work, and Mr. Boydell was diffuſing *their* reputations, and promoting *their* profits, to the full as much as his own, by thus preſenting them on *claſſical ground* to the public eye.

In my laſt impreſſion, the conductors of the ſuperb edition of Shakeſpeare, were cenſured for commencing, in the midſt of that great undertaking, an expenſive edition of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt; at a moment, when every hand and every eye was buſily employed, and the public patience nearly exhauſted: this conduct of the alderman and his aſſociates was compared to that of an oriental hunter going out of his way to catch a purple emperor, (a butterfly ſo called) when engaged in that moſt dangerous of all field ſports, elephant hunting; an *amuſement* in which, thoſe who are in the habits of enjoying it, well know, that if he who encounters that noble animal, does not deſtroy him, he will be inevitably demoliſhed himſelf.

I congratulate the public, as well as Mr. Boydell, on the elephant being conquered, and his engagements to the ſubſcribers being ſatisfactorily fulfilled.

BOYLE, THE HONORABLE ROBERT, and Sir Henry Vane.

During the uſurpation of Cromwell, Sir Henry, a ſingular compound of ſtate-craft, and religious enthuſiaſm, preached and prayed twice a week in a large drawing room in his own houſe, to large congregations.

On one of theſe occaſions, he choſe for his text, the following paſſage in the twelfth chapter of Daniel: "Many of thoſe who ſleep in the duſt of the earth, ſhall awake, ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to ſhame and contempt."

Theſe words, which it would ſeem impoſſible to pervert or miſunderſtand, he attempted to allegorize and explain away; endeavouring to prove that they referred to doctrines, which, though long forgotten, would, before the end of the world, be revived, but that they would ultimately be eradicated by the power of truth.

It happened that Mr. Boyle had that day been tempted by curioſity

curiosity to attend; he heard with surprize and indignation this preposterous misrepresentation of a text, generally considered as an important evidence in favor of a resurrection, in the Old Testament.

The moment Sir Henry Vane had finished his discourse, this worthy man, rising from his seat, thus addressed him in the hearing of all the congregation.

"Sir,

"Understanding that it is customary in this place, for any person who is dissatisfied with the doctrines preached, to state his objections, I feel it my duty as a believer in revelation, and of the intimate connection between the Old and New Testament, not to suffer the words of your text to evaporate into unappropriate and forced allegory.

"If you deny the words in question, to be an express prophecy of the resurrection of the dead, I join issue with you, and am ready to prove it, as well by the meaning of them in their original language, as from the united opinions of the best Christian and Jewish expositors."

Sir Henry, confounded by this unqualified appeal to reason and common sense, retracted his assertions.

BRABANT, LEWIS, a ventriloquist, referred to in the short article assigned to that peculiar art, and the favorite valet of Francis the first, King of France.

Having become desperately in love with the daughter or the fortune of a wealthy citizen of Paris, and being rejected on account of the inequality of condition, Lewis had recourse to ventriloquism in order to succeed in his suit.

Considering the death of the lady's father as a favorable opportunity for working on the hopes and fears of the surviving part of the family; a few weeks after the funeral, they were terrified by dismal groans at the dead of night, in various parts of the house.

At length, on a certain occasion, the widow was addressed in a voice exactly resembling that of her deceased husband, and which seemed to proceed out of the ground, in words to the following effect: "If there are any remains of that affection which thou once didst profess for me, give our daughter in marriage unto Lewis Brabant; in consequence of having refused my consent to that worthy young man, I am detained in purgatory, nor can I be released 'till this step is taken."

The

The cautious widow, with whom Lewis was far from being a favourite, reſiſted for ſome time theſe apparently ſupernatural calls, 'till they were many times repeated, and ſometimes in the preſence of the operator, who appeared motionleſs and ſilent.

Being at laſt teazed into compliance, ſhe agreed, that on a certain day when ſhe called at his houſe with her lawyer, if he could produce ſatisfactory evidence of his being a man of property, which he had frequently profeſſed himſelf to be, he ſhould marry her daughter.

Theſe conditions conſiderably perplexed the lover, for he had, by a gay life, and diſſipated manners, very much embarraſſed himſelf; relying, however, on the wonderful art he poſſeſſed, to reſcue him from his difficulties, he agreed to the propoſal.

In his way home, he recollected a banker in the neighbourhood, remarkable for wealth, for avarice, and ſuperſtition; he reſolved to try an experiment on the old man, and repairing to his houſe, worked ſo powerfully on his imagination, in a manner ſimilar to that in which he had already wrought on the widow, and with the detail of which it is not neceſſary to detain my reader, that the old uſurer actually advanced him a large ſum of money.

By theſe means, Lewis was enabled to furniſh his houſe handſomely, and purchaſed a ſplendid ſideboard of plate; theſe favorable appearances, together with a large ſum of ready money, which he produced, ſatisfied the cautious mother, and he became in a few days the huſband of a wealthy and beautiful heireſs.

Calling on the banker in the courſe of a month or two, to repay the caſh, he explained the buſineſs to him, when the old man, on condition that Brabant would not make the tranſaction publicly known, and the dupe of courſe heartily laughed at, made him a preſent of the whole of the money.

BRANDER, GUSTAVUS, a friendly man, and an antiquary, unſoiled by the ruſt with which amateurs of the relicts of remote ages are ſometimes incruſted.

The name of this gentleman, who will probably be recollected by many of my readers, is mentioned in this place for the purpoſe of recording a narrow eſcape from death, which, in the ſerioufneſs of devotion, he often confeſſed diffuſed an ardent piety over his future life; and indelibly

libly impreſſed, on a mind naturally diſpoſed to religious contemplation, the conviction of a Divine Providence, a ſuperintending director of the world.

In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-eight, Mr. Brander had occaſion to paſs in his carriage through Middle Temple lane, when his horſes ſuddenly taking fright, became reſtive, unmanageable, and gallopped at full ſpeed; continuing this pace, in ſpite of every attempt of the driver to reſtrain them, they reached in a moment the end of the ſtreet, which forms one of the avenues to the river, and ruſhed with headlong fury down three flights of ſteps into the Thames; here they were ſtopped, by the wheels being clogged in mud, it being fortunately low water, or the men and horſes muſt inevitably have periſhed.

From this perilous ſituation, and in a dark diſmal night, Mr. Brander was reſcued by certain well-diſpoſed inhabitants of the adjoining houſes, who diſengaged the horſes, and dragged the carriage on ſhore, without injury to the ſervants, the cattle, or their maſter.

As a memorial of gratitude, the ſubject of this article bequeathed an annual ſum for ever, to the vicar, clerk, and ſexton of Chriſtchurch, in Hampſhire; directing in his will, that on every third Sunday in Auguſt, a ſermon ſhould be preached in that church, to commemorate ſo ſignal a preſervation, and to impreſs uſeful reflections on poſterity.

BROWN, a propagator of certain religious opinions, in the ſixteenth century, which thoſe who adopted, were called Browniſts.

In a treatiſe concerning reformation, written by him, and printed at Middleburgh, he endeavours to prove, that all church government is Antichriſtian, that the rites of the church of England are ſuperſtitious, and its liturgy, a mixture of Popery, Paganiſm, quaintneſs, and unceaſing repetition; he forgets to add that this laſt circumſtance is evidently occaſioned by its being compiled from various ſervices, which were originally deſigned to be read at different times; and his rancour, as a perſecuted ſectary, would not allow him to admit, that the book of Common Prayer, with all its faults, faults eaſily corrected, affords the moſt admirable ſpecimens of pathetic petition, and ſublime ſimplicity.

Dr. Middleton, when writing his famous letter from Rome, appears to have had Brown's book

book on his table, for he treads in the ſame path, and uſes ſimilar arguments.

This exaſperated ſeparatiſt died at the age of eighty, in a priſon at Northampton, where he had paſſed many years of his life: "I have endured the buffettings of Satan, I have ſerved God and deſpiſed Mammon; two and thirty times have my enemies confined me in a dungeon!" was his dying boaſt, in the conſcious pride of perſecuted zeal; a pride, happily not encouraged by the good ſenſe or indifference of the preſent age.

Some blemiſhes are recorded in his character, and he is deſcribed as an idle man, of diſſolute manners; thoſe who had been the cauſe of his paſſing half his life in a priſon, had little right to accuſe him of idleneſs; and it is not probable that one who boldly ſtood forth as an arraigner of the lives and doctrines of others, ſhould continue in an open and groſs violation of the moral duties himſelf.

The name of Brown was placed in this collection, in conſequence of my accidentally meeting with the following curious paſſage in Howell's *familiar* letters.

"Difference in opinion may work a diſaffection in me, but not a deteſtation; I rather pity than hate Turks and infidels, for they are of the ſame metal, and bear the ſame ſtamp as I do, though the inſcriptions differ: if I hate any, it is thoſe ſchiſmatics that puzzle the ſweet peace of our church; ſo that I could be content to ſee an Anabaptiſt *go to hell* on the back of a Browniſt."

BROWN, JOHN, ſee PRINCIPLES AND MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

BRUCE, JAMES, a North Briton, a traveller into Abyſſinia, and an explorer of the ſources of the Nile; a queſtion ſtill conſidered by many, as unſettled, doubtful, and obſcure; although Mr. Bruce has inveſtigated it with ſo much learned toil, and appears to have determined it in his own mind with ſuch magiſterial and triumphant deciſiveneſs.

Few writers have ſo much expoſed themſelves to ſuſpicion and reproof, in conſequence of his returning from an unknown country, with marvellous ſtories, and ſurpriſing anecdotes, without a poſſibility of any other evidence being produced in ſupport of them, than the bare aſſertion of the relater.

I ſee nothing *impoſſible* in perſons regaling on the fleſh of lions, and after a pauſe for reflection,

flection, I might probably be prevailed on to believe, that brutes, in the ſhape of men, exiſted, who conſidered it as a firſt-rate luxury to devour ſteaks from the quivering muſcles of the living ox; but aware of the ungovernable and ſtubborn nature of faith, Mr. Bruce ſhould have been cautious how he introduced ſuch circumſtances into a work which would naturally excite attention, and in which a country ſeldom viſited was deſcribed.

He ſhould have conſidered, that in theſe caſes, ſuſpicion is ever watchfully awake to ſolitary declaration; indeed, a late traveller, Mr. Brown, who has publiſhed ſince my laſt impreſſion, aſſerts without heſitation or reſerve, that Mr. Bruce's pretended diſcovery of the origin of the river Nile, is not merely an error, but a deſigned impoſture; ſuch a charge againſt a literary man, and a gentleman, is too ſerious to be admitted without ſcrupulous examination; the taſk has been attempted by able hands, yet, on a queſtion of ſo peculiar a nature, who, but an eye-witneſs, and an actual viſitor of the *debatable ſpot*, is qualified to decide?

It ought not to be ſuppreſſed, that Sir Robert Wilſon, in his hiſtory of the conqueſt of Egypt, by the gallant army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Lord Hutchinſon, met with ſeveral perſons who corroborated, in many inſtances, the authenticity of Mr. Bruce's narrative.

Errors, even errors like theſe, are pardonable, but Mr. Bruce's book inherits, in common with other human productions, original ſin; it is bulky, unreaſonably bulky and diffuſe, dull, and though tediouſly copious in unceaſing quotation, and fabulous hiſtory, is, in the indiſpenſable articles of amuſing or important information, notoriouſly meagre and unintereſting.

With good materials, a fund of learning, and a country before him, calculated in an extraordinary degree to irritate as well as ſatisfy curioſity; our author, unbleſt with taſte, and the graces of good writing, has produced a compilation, heavy in every ſenſe of the word; a book, which drains our pockets, without enriching our memories, correcting our judgment, or enlivening our imaginations.

The faults, and conſequent ill ſucceſs of Mr. Bruce, as an author, cannot be more ſtrongly contraſted, than by comparing them with the pleaſing volumes of a gentleman, who, ſomewhat more than twenty years ago, gallopped over the beaten track of Italy, Sicily, and Malta.

With

With an exhauſted ſubject, ſcanty materials, no very intereſting information, and never pretending to great learning, Mr. Brydone has contrived to touch his pages with the magic rod of good taſte, and they have afforded general ſatisfaction.

In peruſing the volumes of Mr. Bruce, for in ſpite of wearineſs and diſguſt, I have actually read them *through*, a reſemblance of the high tone and irritable acrimony of Dr. Warburton, has often ſtruck me; I have been told that but for the vaſt corpulency of the Scotchman, they were not very different in perſon.

Were I diſpoſed to purſue the likeneſs, I might ſay, that while the Biſhop of Glouceſter was diffuſing a cloud of unread learning around THE SCOURGE OF EGYPT, our traveller was conducting his readers by a tedious, unpleaſant, and unprofitable path, along the muddy banks of the Nile.

Our preſent article ought not to conclude without ſeverely cenſuring Mr. Bruce's frequent references to the king's collection, for plates and views; this ſurely is a ſpecies of literary fraud; a work, whoſe drawings and ſpecimens in natural hiſtory, are its *only* recommendation, is deprived of theſe embelliſhments, for the purpoſe of ſwelling a collection, whoſe exhibition muſt be neceſſarily narrow and circumſcribed; ſuch conduct is unwarrantable, and injurious to the cauſe of general ſcience and public improvement, as the portfolio of a rapacious collector is often more inacceſſible than the cheſt of the miſer.

BRUCE, MICHAEL, a poet of Scotland, born of humble parents, remarkable only for innocence of life, and ſimplicity of manners, in the ſhire of Kinroſs.

Nothing, ſays the ingenious and intereſting author, to whom I am obliged for all I know concerning Bruce, nothing more powerfully awakens the ſympathies of a benevolent heart, than the conſideration of genius depreſſed by ſituation, pining in obſcurity, and periſhing for want of thoſe comforts and conveniences which might have foſtered a delicate frame, and too ſuſceptible a mind, to maturity and length of days.

"I never paſs the place," continues the writer I quote, Mr. Mackenſie, the pleaſing delineator of the Man of Feeling, and of whom the literary world has been deprived ſince my laſt edition;

edition; "I never paſs the place in which Michael Bruce reſided, a little hamlet, ſkirted with venerable trees, without ſtopping my horſe; a ſmall thatched houſe, diſtinguiſhed from the cottages which ſurround it, only by a faſhed window, marks the ſpot.

"A honeyſuckle, which the poor youth had planted, runs round the window, and now almoſt covers it; in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the *gentle tenant of the manſion*; wiſh, with a ſwelling heart, that he were ſtill living, and myſelf a wealthy man, that I might have the luxury of viſiting his humble habitation, and bidding him be happy."

I forget whether it is Mr. Mackenſie, or my own memory, that preſents the following paſſage, from ſome ancient writer, I believe Cicero: Movemur, neſcio quo pacto, locis ipſis in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adſunt veſtigia.

Michael, whoſe form and conſtitution were not calculated to encounter the auſterities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labor, and the rigid frugality of humble life, was ſeized with a fever and cough, which terminated in a conſumption, in the twenty-firſt year of his age.

Convinced of the hopeleſs nature of his illneſs, he ſaw the approaches of death with rational but not unmanly awe, and Chriſtian reſignation: within a fortnight of his departure, he wrote a poem, which concludes with the following ſtanzas.

Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring at the chilling wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was;
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs.
Oft' morning dreams preſage approaching fate,
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true,
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.
Then let me ſleep forgotten in the clay,
Let death quick ſhut theſe wearied aching eyes;
Wait the great hopes of that tremendous day,
When the long night ſhall ceaſe,
And the laſt morn ariſe.

The

The Abbé Chaulieu, in ſimilar circumſtances, addreſſed Fontenay, the place of his nativity, in plaintive verſe; but Bruce was a ſtranger to the language in which he wrote, and far ſuperior to the Abbé, in impreſſive pathos, and that art, in which a Frenchman very ſeldom excels, I mean, *in coming home to the boſom.*

The praiſe of a *becoming* firmneſs cannot be denied to Michael Bruce; he felt the fountain of life gradually drying up, and without pretending to, or aſſuming that cold indifference, which, in *ſuch circumſtances,* is unnatural as well as impious, he feels and acknowledges the gloomineſs of his proſpects, but turns for comfort and conſolation to a world beyond the grave.

The approach of diſſolution ſhould ſeem a ſeaſon not very favorable for poetical exertion; yet, Dr. Dodd poured forth ſome of his beſt and moſt impreſſive effuſions, in that priſon, from which he was led forth to an ignominious death; a Roman emperor addreſſed ſtanzas to his ſoul, which was taking its flight; and the Abbé Maury, when dragged by an infuriate mob, to the lamp-iron, which had been fatal to thouſands, actually ſaved his life by an unpremeditated joke: Eh! Meſſieurs, quant vous m'aurez mis a la lantern, y verriez vous plus clair? "When you have hanged me to the lamp-iron, gentlemen, do you think you ſhall ſee any better?

BUBB, GEORGE, the ſon of a Dorſetſhire apothecary, and the nephew of Mr. Doddington, a fortunate proprietor of the borough intereſt, at Weymouth and Melcombe Regis.

From this gentleman, he inherited a name and an eſtate, which, with the abilities he certainly poſſeſſed, might have rendered him that firſt, that moſt honourable and uſeful of all characters, a reſpectable and independent country gentleman.

But he was ambitious of becoming a courtier, and, to uſe his own words, *reſolved to make a figure*; of what kind, poſterity muſt determine.

After practiſing many years, thoſe obſequious arts, without which, the road to court preferment will be trodden in vain, he was admitted into the family department of Frederic, Prince of Wales, the father of our preſent king, and was told by his royal patron, that whenever he ſucceeded to the crown, Mr. Doddington ſhould be made a peer, and ſecretary of ſtate, and that the houſe of lords ſhould be ſubmitted to his management.

The death of the prince blaſted

for a time, these rising hopes and flattering prospects; in addition to this misfortune, he was soon after informed that the family of the deceased very much disliked him; but the omnipotence of parliamentary influence soon enabled him to mitigate or subdue hostile prejudice; for he is said to have been able, by political intrigue, at a very early period of his career, *to have taken by the hand*, eleven members; in a few years, he became Lord Melcombe, thus properly taking his title from that spot, which had been the fountain of *his* honour; he formed part of an administration with the old Duke of Newcastle, became an associate and patronizer of *certain* writers of that period, and an object of the fulsome adulation of Dr. Young.

In the vicissitudes of a courtier's life, he was not without his intervals of melancholy and depression: on one of these occasions, he exclaims, in the anguish of delayed hope, or mortified ambition, which, *when their own gaudy robes have been stripped from them*, are so apt to put on the garb of devotion: "Father of mercies, thy hand which wounds, alone can save; forgive them, O Lord, thou knowest I deserve not this usage from them."

Although the diary of Lord Melcombe, is in fact a satire of the severest kind, on public men and public measures, it has been well observed, by his ingenious editor, Mr. Penruddocke Wyndham, that the mean, time-serving, avaricious, and selfish spirit, apparent in every page, did not appear to the writer, as at all disgraceful to his memory; but that he considered and designed this curious posthumous publication, as an ample and satisfactory apology for his political conduct: HE HAD INTO MANNERS MORALISED HIS CRIMES, and relates with cool unconcern, transactions, which are a libel on the English constitution, and almost on human nature.

I will not copy from his own book, the unblushing versatility of his lordship's conduct, which provoked the dramatic lash of Foote; my design is merely to remark his eccentric mode of proceeding, not in getting a place, but an heir and successor to his honours and fortune. The singularity of his adventures on this point, the minute and curious details of his *previous agreements*, would afford materials for a laughable novel.

Pregnancy, within a certain period, was to secure the courageous heroine a title and a husband; but, by a fatality more honorable to the fidelity of the ladies,

ladies, than the proweſs of the ſtateſman, he was, in every inſtance, unſucceſsful; yet, the ſtipulated ſum was honorably paid, and anſwered a purpoſe, perhaps more important; it procured for his fair favorites, vigorous huſbands, and numerous olive-branches round their tables.

The writer of this article has been in company with two ladies who had been candidates for the vacant poſt of provider of an heir to Lord Melcombe; one of them, a pleaſant ſenſible woman, who would have done credit to a peer, and have preſided at his table with animated hoſpitality, has more than once been inſenſibly led to the ſubject.

The proviſional matrimonial treaty was deſcribed, as conducted with much of ſcrupulous decorum, due ſolemnity, and legal form of words, ratified by ſeals, witneſſes, and parchment. In juſtice to this lady, who uſed to obſerve, that it was a farce to make a ſecret of that which every body knew, I ought to add; that her communications on this ſubject always concluded with warm declarations of gratitude and eſteem for Lord Melcombe; that he was a *charming man*; would have made the beſt of huſbands; was capable of making any reaſonable wife happy; and that the woman who could have acted diſhonorably towards *ſuch* a benefactor, deſerved to be hanged.

The fact proves the noble lord's diſcriminating power in ſelecting female objects for his experiments, or he was remarkably fortunate; there might have occurred women, who would have thought themſelves bound, on every principle of prudence and of policy, to have produced an heir for their anxious patron, by any means, and at any rate.

"Doddington, with his fierce looks, and that fine flowing wig, which covers his neck and ſhoulders; and the waving majeſtic motion of his head, puts me in mind of Scipio, the old lion in the tower," ſaid a nobleman at the coronation of King George the third. "Yes," replied a friend at his elbow, "But we hear none of his *roaring*, although it was ſo much and ſo long expected."

This tame reply from a perſon of diſtinction, I believe the old Duke of Leeds, paſſed current for a *bon mot* of the day; yet, however innocent it might be on the ſcore of wit, the allegory was not unaptly applied; for, Lord Melcombe, whoſe health and ſpirits were exactly, and almoſt ridiculouſly regulated by the barometer of court ſunſhine, had, from the death of his royal maſter, been growling and brood-

ing in diſcontent; but a peerage and a comfortable penſion, had pacified the indignant animal.

The undue influence of the crown, borough jobbing, and parliamentary corruption, are, and for time immemorial, have been, the burthen of every democratic ſong; and Bubb Doddington's Diary, for they ſcorn to pollute their mouths with calling him my lord, his Diary is the favorite theme of declamation and invective.

It was after a long and virulent philippic, elaborately pronounced by a certain perſon, who *now* practiſes the very arts he *then* abuſed, that a well-known public character made the following reply:

"I cannot agree with you, ſir, in opinion, that the circumſtance of which you ſpeak, is any grievance, but, on the contrary, a ſource of ſatisfaction, and highly deſirable: inſtead of lamenting, I congratulate mankind, on a ſafe and eaſy expedient, for ſubduing the evil ſpirit, rouzing the nobler energies, and directing the abilities of great men to public benefit.

"This ſame bugbear influence of which you complain ſo much, is a good ſubſtitute for real patriotiſm, now almoſt extinguiſhed among us; and like other ſubſtitutes, is found, on many occaſions, to produce benefits equal to thoſe which are ſuppoſed to originate from the rare quality it repreſents: *it is a cheap defence of nations*, for it gives a magic effect and importance to half a yard of ſilver lace ſewed in a circular form, on the ſide of a coat; the emblazoned pannel of a coach; and a little place of a few hundred pounds a year, which authorizes a man to make a court-bow once a quarter, and join rank and file in the royal retinue.

"I ſay, ſir, the effect of theſe trifles, ſo far beyond their real value, is equal to enchantment; they ſoften, tranquillize, and render uſeful, characters, which, but for theſe ſoothing expedients, might, and moſt probably would have proved, the Syllas, the Catilines, the Gracchi, the Jugurthas, or the Coriolani, of the age.

"Remember, I am not pleading for the purity, or the actual preference in foro conſcientiæ of the means here recommended; I only ſay, that if the majority of mankind chuſe to be governed by bribes, by rattles, by tinſel, and by toys, rather than by the nobler motives of juſtice, duty, and public ſpirit; it is the buſineſs of thoſe who govern them, to

to provide such tools as they *will* handle, and such rewards as *will* stimulate them.

"Permit me to put a plain case; let me suppose you sinking under a dangerous disease, and an eccentric but able physician, at your bed-side, was to refuse giving you advice, unless, instead of guinea fees, you consented to call him Sir Isaac Newton, and that he should wear your wife's satin petticoat trimmed with ermine, thrown over his shoulders; in such circumstances, would it not be folly to reason with, irritate and oppose him? Yes, you would act like a sensible man, stretch forth your hand most willingly, and thank God and *Sir Isaac*, that it was in your power, by any method, to get rid of your malady."

BUFFON the naturalist, thus described by the unfortunate Herault de Sechelles, a representative of the French people, and an honest pleasant man, who was guillotined under the tyranny of Robespierre.

"A noble figure, erect, and of a ruddy complexion, at seventy-eight; placid and serene, though suffering severely at the moment from the stone; his hair white as snow, and accurately dressed; this is one of his peculiarities, if by accident, or in the course of his experiments, it is discomposed, he will have it dressed two or three times a day; his undress is superb; a flowing robe de chambre of rich satin, yellow and white stripes, with blue flowers after a large pattern.

"His voice strong, his articulation clear, his conversation interesting and agreeable, making some allowance for vanity; this he takes no pains to conceal, and to a person acquainted with his real merits, his egotism seems neither assuming, ill-timed, nor disgusting. I told him 'I was reading his Views of Nature;' 'You will find it well worth a perusal,' he calmly replied.

"Talking of his other works, he observed, 'I improve every day in the art of composition; I have my productions often read to me, this occasionally suggests improvement; *but some of them cannot be improved.*'

"In walking over his grounds at Montbart, we came to a monumental pillar, with an inscription highly adulatory to Buffon; after fixing his eyes on it some time with evident emotions of delight, he observed to his son, who had erected it, 'This will do you credit with posterity.' Passing on to the elaboratory, he said, 'It was here that Rousseau stooped

ſtooped to kiſs the threſhold.' I could not wholly agree with his definition of genius. 'That it was a greater aptitude to patience.' Application is a great deal, but ſurely it is not every thing.

"When a young man, he ordered a boy to call him regularly every morning at five; 'If I appear unwilling to be rouzed, drag me out of bed,' was his poſitive direction. His breakfaſt is a piece of bread and two glaſſes of wine; he retires to bed at nine o'clock.

"With all his natural ſerioufneſs and apparent calmneſs of character, he loves to deal in double entendre and jokes; theſe are ſometimes ſo coarſe, that the ladies are obliged to withdraw; he is an everlaſting goſſip; and will make his hair-dreſſer and valet tell him all the ſcandal of the village.

"Buffon loves to walk about and converſe with the peaſants, but at this time is never in diſhabille; he is a ſtickler for dreſs, and blames his ſon for wearing a frock coat. Aware of this tendeney, I took care to appear in an embroidered waiſtcoat, and laced clothes; he paid me great attention, and ſeemed much pleaſed with my viſit, often calling on his ſon to obſerve me, ſaying at the ſame time, 'This it is to be a gentleman.'

"He frequently repeated that genius was invention produced by patience.

"Speaking of the hours of production and compoſition, he uſed the following words: 'THESE ARE THE MOST LUXURIOUS AND DELIGHTFUL MOMENTS OF LIFE: MOMENTS, WHICH HAVE OFTEN ENTICED ME TO PASS FOURTEEN HOURS AT MY DESK, IN A STATE OF TRANSPORT; THIS GRATIFICATION, MORE THAN GLORY, IS MY REWARD.'

"On my aſking his advice with reſpect to forming myſelf, he replied, 'Read only original and reſpectable writers; but do not be eager for the ſociety of learned men, it will lead you for the moſt part to diſappointed hopes; when a young man, I gave way to this infatuation, but at laſt, found a whole evening ſacrificed was paying too dearly for a flowery phraſe, or a refined ſentiment.'"

BUILDING, a rage for, conſiderably damped by the late war; yet in a pariſh, where the empty houſes are almoſt equal in number to thoſe inhabited, a certain hardy adventurer, of ſtronger nerves than his late co-partners, or, as it has proved ſince my laſt edition, more ſkilful in the art of getting at the purſes of his wealthy neighbours, this heroic builder perſevered in running up

up the ſhells or carcaſes of houſes, in ſo very ſlight a manner, that many of them actually fell down before the oppoſite tenements were finiſhed.

Provoked at his boaſting, in a ſilly and pompous way, of how large an extent of ground he had covered; I could not help applying to him certain verſes written by Mr. Ainſtie, the pleaſant author of the Bath Guide, a book to which the editor, and moſt probably his readers, have been indebted for many a hearty laugh.

The lines I ſpeak of, were addreſſed to certain neighbours of the poet, unhappily for themſelves and families, infected with the fatal diſeaſe, which is the ſubject of this article, and for which a palliative remedy, adminiſtered by the chancellor, was ſoon made uſe of.

Theſe wholeſale dealers in brick and mortar, lath and plaſter, had previouſly offended the man of rhyme, by throwing out ſome awkward projection, or by building ſtreets which blocked up a favorite proſpect from his window or his garden; they were ſoon taught, by the following words, that he who offends the muſes, muſt not expect to proceed unpuniſhed.

Ye men of Bath, who ſtately buildings rear,
In hope of tenants, from *the Lord knows where*,
Accept advice, in which ye cannot fail,
Erect a madhouſe, and enlarge your jail.

BUNYAN, JOHN, a Bedfordſhire tinker, of obſcure birth and profligate manners.

After paſſing his earlier years in the indulgence of vicious habits, and taking an active part as a private ſoldier, in the civil war which raged in England in one thouſand ſix hundred and forty-five, he was rouzed to a ſenſe of his perilous condition, by ſeveral providential eſcapes from imminent danger, at the ſiege of Leiceſter, where he ſerved in the parliamentary army.

Thus awakened from the dreams of thoughtleſſneſs, and the ſtupor of ſenſuality, he was gradually weaned from depravity, particularly from profane ſwearing, for which, being ſhamefully notorious, he had been actually reproved by his reprobrate companions; to be reproached for wickedneſs by hardened ſinners, ſeverely mortified him, and was the firſt ſalutary ſhock his conſcience received.

As the great work of repent-

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ance and amendment, is ſeldom at a ſtand in ſerious and contemplative minds; particularly in thoſe endued with a more than common ſhare of ſenſibility; and, as SPIRITS ARE TOUCHED TO DIFFERENT ISSUES; the pangs of contrition, in this caſe, were attended with an energy and emphaſis, proportionate to the ſtrong feelings, and fervid imagination of Mr. Bunyan.

But, unfortunately, the flights of his fancy were not reſtrained by judgment, nor the excurſions of an eccentric mind, matured by any previous intercourſe with *proper* books, or well informed men; and our honeſt, but miſtaken pupil of impulſe, (as might naturally be expected) was precipitated into the torrents and whirlpools of enthuſiaſtic fanaticiſm, which, at times, ſo wonderfully and irreſiſtibly ſeizes the untaught multitude, and, in a few inſtances, more cultivated underſtandings.

Bunyan miſtook the rapid flaſhes of conviction, acting on a nervous ſyſtem peculiarly irritable, for divine inſpiration; the elevation of hope, and the depreſſions of deſpair, he took for cœleſtial intercourſe and heavenly admonition; what, in fact, was only *ſelf-communion*, he interpreted, underſtood and inſiſted, was a voice or voices heard; and ideas, which early and late, ſleeping or waking, were never abſent from his *minds-eye*, he conſidered and deſcribed as objects actually preſented to his organs of ſight; ſo natural is it to give to the impreſſions of lively imagination, and ſtrong impulſe, a ſubſtance and a form.

The anatomiſt, the metaphyſician, or the caſuiſt, muſt decide on the difference of operation, and on the ſpecific effects produced on the nervous fibre, by *material* or *immaterial ſtimuli*; perhaps, in the inſtance of the Bedfordſhire divine, for he afterwards officiated in that capacity, during a long and uſeful life, perhaps in his caſe, a ſtrong cordial, a doſe of laudanum, a briſk purgative, or a few ounces of blood taken from the arm, might have ſhewn him his miſtake.

That natural, or *non-natural* viſitations like theſe, the ravings of a diſordered mind, the incoherent viſions of broken ſleep, ſometimes produced by plethora, ſometimes by inanition, and ſometimes by hyſteric affection, and, perhaps, in *all* the caſes recited, involuntary; that ſuch pretenſions are often aſſumed, as cloaks for the worſt ſpecies of hypocriſy and inſtruments of fraud, paſt experience, and preſent

ſent example, leave us little room to doubt; but, from the previous habits of Bunyan, and afterwards his uſeful exertions as a miniſter of the Goſpel; from the ſteady unſubdued fortitude, with which he ſuffered religious perſecution, I am inclined to conſider the conduct and declarations of our Bedfordſhire enthuſiaſt, as founded on honeſt, but miſtaken zeal, on firm faith, and ſtrong conviction, without any alloy of pride, obſtinacy, or ſelf-intereſt.

Theſe ſtruggles of the fleſh with the ſpirit; theſe *experiences*, as it was the faſhion of the day then to call them, theſe powerful attacks of hope and fear on a ſuſceptible mind, were frequent, and Bunyan publiſhed a copious narrative of this extraordinary conteſt between deluſion and common ſenſe.

But whatever was his *faith*, he was not deficient in good *works*; he became a *new man*, ſhook off his looſe companions, and, in ſome degree, to protect himſelf againſt the temptations of a crime to which he had been inordinately devoted, he took to himſelf a wife; thus effectually providing, for human frailty, legal gratification.

To this excellent woman, who had been religiouſly educated, Bunyan attributed, under the direction of a kind Providence, the ſalvation of his ſoul; her marriage portion was ſmall; but ſhe opened to him the treaſures of everlaſting life, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and confirmed him in the tenets of Calvin.

It is alſo recorded of this female reformer, as ſhe ſtood a virgin bride before God's altar, to make a public pledge of her plighted faith, that previous to the marriage ceremony, ſhe called on the clergyman, and her friends preſent, to bear witneſs, that if John did not perſiſt in his pious reſolutions, ſhe would, although a wife, relinquiſh his ſociety.

The purity and diligence of his future life, juſtified the confidence placed in him; he was an exemplary huſband and a good father, and produced, in the intervals he could ſpare from his avocations, THE PILGRIMS PROGRESS; a work, which, if literary productions are to be eſtimated by the benefits they confer, cannot be rated too highly.

When I conſider the millions who have profited, perhaps been ſnatched from perdition, by a peruſal of this popular book; millions, who, in all probability, would neither have been affected nor awakened, had it been written in a more elaborate, or indeed

deed, in *any* other form, I cannot help declaring, that I would rather be the author of it, than of the Iliad or Paradiſe Loſt.

"As a work of imagination, illuſtrating the calviniſtic ſyſtem, and enforcing a religious life, the Pilgrims Progreſs may be conſidered as the production of a man of genius, unaſſiſted by education; the allegory is too often broken, by a mixture of literal and metaphoric language, yet, with theſe, and many other faults, few books ſo powerfully excite our ſurprize and terror, our admiration and our joy.

"The ſubject of it will account for the deep impreſſion made by a book in many reſpects ſo deficient: every reader, from the king to the beggar, is the pilgrim here deſcribed; alarmed by the ſame fears, animated by the ſame hopes, and urged by ſimilar motives TO FLY FROM THE WRATH TO COME; this is in fact, the great buſineſs and prevalent axiom of the work, which is more particularly addreſſed to the gay, the giddy, the ſenſual, and the voluptuous."

Bunyan experienced conſiderable difficulty and oppoſition as a diſſenting teacher at Bedford, he was repeatedly called before the magiſtrates and impriſoned: on one of theſe occaſions, a long converſation took place between him and the rector of the pariſh, who accuſed the non-conformiſt of converting religion into a profitable trade, by taking advantage of the weak moments of pious matrons and wealthy widows.

In anſwer to this cruel and unfounded accuſation, he thus replied: "If that was the caſe, I ſhould not be obliged to have recourſe to the charity and benevolence of my neighbours, for the ſupport of four motherleſs children, one of them blind; indeed, good doctor, you are miſtaken, if *you* got no more by preaching and praying than I do, you would not be ſo rich, purſe-proud, and over-bearing as you are; for the truth of what I ſay reſpecting myſelf as well as you, I appeal to your brother juſtices on the bench."

The ſubject of our preſent article was harſhly uſed by Keeling, Twiſden, and Cheſter, three judges, active, in that turbulent ſeaſon, in the proſecution of ſectaries, and to whom I wiſh not to impute blame; as they probably conſidered themſelves mere organs of the law, and thought it their duty, in thoſe trying times, to enforce the penal ſtatutes.

From the worthy Sir Matthew Hale, who preſided at the enſuing aſſize, he experienced kindneſs and ſympathy; this excellent

cellent judge and amiable man, ſoftened, by every means in his power, the proceedings againſt him, and inſtructed his friends, in taking the neceſſary meaſures, for procuring his enlargement.

On this occaſion, Mr. Juſtice Keeling demanded of him "by what authority he preached?" "My authority," ſaid Bunyan, "is a gift from God."—After a long hearing, he was ſentenced to be impriſoned for three months; and if he did not then go to church, and deſiſt from preaching, he was to be baniſhed from the realm, in which, if he ſhould afterwards be found, he was to ſuffer death.

At the end of three months, the clerk of the peace viſiting him in priſon officially, aſked if he would ſubmit to the mode of public worſhip, as by law eſtabliſhed: "There are two ways of ſubmiſſion," he replied, "the one, to do that which the law enjoins, the other, patiently to ſuffer the penalties and puniſhments of non-performance; to the latter I ſtrongly incline."

A general jail delivery, (anno. circiter 1660) in conſequence of a royal coronation, prevented Bunyan from confirming his faith by martyrdom.

I congratulate modern legiſlators, or the ſpirit of the times, on the effectual and judicious method now adopted of proceeding againſt ſectaries—*letting them alone*; neither provocation from them, nor perſuaſion from *others*, ſhould ever induce us to depart from ſo found a policy; every man is, and every man ought to be at liberty to worſhip his God, in any manner and in any place he chuſes.

Had this ſalutary method been followed with George Fox, Ellwood, Barclay, &c. &c. we ſhould not *now* have had a Quaker in the country.

But before all things, let us ever bear in mind NOT TO YEILD IN ONE JOT OR ONE TITTLE ON THE SCORE OF POLITICAL POWER; ſtraight ſhould be the path, and narrow the way which leads to *that* temple, on which every eye is fixed; the hand which does not ſtedfaſtly graſp the ſword to guard its avenues, will quickly drop the ſceptre; that government, with organized authority and arms in its hand, which ſuffers itſelf to be ſubverted, is a ſuicide.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD, in churches and churchyards, ſituated in the centre of crowded cities, and large populous manufacturing towns; an impure and noxious cuſtom, ſtrictly prohibited in ancient Rome, by the law of the twelve tables,

tables, firſt introduced by ſuperſtition, and ſince encouraged by avarice and vanity, in modern Europe.

It was forbidden by the primitive church, for more than three hundred years after Chriſt, and near ten centuries had elapſed, before the prepoſterous practice was ſubmitted to, of infecting the ſpot where we aſſemble to addreſs our Creator, with putrid unwholeſome effluvia.

Wives, huſbands, parents, and children, think they ſhould appear deficient in *external* marks of poſthumous attachment to deceaſed relations, if they did not depoſit their remains in or near religious edifices which the ſurvivors frequent; if other, and more convincing proofs of regard cannot be found, the coffin and grave ſhould be filled with unſlaked lime, or let them adopt the claſſical, pure, and elegant mode of reducing the corpſe to aſhes on a funeral pile, previous to their being interred, or depoſited in a monumental urn.

Were this method made uſe of, inſtead of converting our places of worſhip into noiſome dreary ſubterraneous charnel-houſes, damp with unventilated vapour, and I believe, in many inſtances, the foundation of dangerous diſeaſe; the temple of God might be rendered a cheerful, healthy edifice, decorated with niches, pedeſtals, and vaſes, ſacred to religion, gratitude, friendſhip, love, and tender affection.

I believe that the inhabitants of any pariſh, in a veſtry legally called, and duly aſſembled, are fully authorized, the ordinary or dioceſan not objecting, to purchaſe a piece of ground, properly ſituated, for a burying place; perhaps, the clergyman might be prevailed on to add the ſpace round the church to his glebe; with this proviſo, and on this eſpecial condition, that it ſhall never be fed, or for any purpoſe, or under any pretence be entered on and trodden, by horſes, black cattle, ſheep, or ſwine; as in more than one inſtance, I have ſeen the tombs and mouldering remains of my worthy anceſtors, (God grant they may not be conſcious of the faults and follies of their deſcendant) I have often ſeen them, violated and defiled by theſe and other obſcene animals; whilſt the bellowing, the hoofs and the horns of theſe improper attendants, have almoſt entered the houſe of God, and diſturbed the ſolemnities of religion.

A French phyſician, of repute, whoſe name I cannot now recollect, was ſo earneſt in his oppoſition to the common mode of burial,

burial, during his life, and ſo convinced of its bad effects, that he left directions to his executors to be interred in an open ſpace, a few miles from Paris; and, unleſs it hath been lately removed, there is a monument in the garden of a gentleman, in the county of Stafford, with an inſcription to the following effect; "that it was his particular deſire, to be buried in his garden, rather than in a church or church-yard, leſt he, who had by every means in his power, ſtudied to promote the health and welfare of mankind, while alive, ſhould, when dead, prove injurious to his ſurvivors, and defile the houſe of God."

BURTON, ROBERT, or, as he choſe rather to be called, according to the prevalent whim of that day, Democritus Junior; born at Lindley, in Leiceſterſhire, in one thouſand five hundred and ſeventy-ſix, and a ſtudent of Merton college, Oxford, where Dr. Sancroft, afterwards an archbiſhop, was his tutor.

Burton is deſcribed in the following words, by one of his biographers; "An exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a thorough paced philologiſt, and an intelligent ſurveyor of lands, a devourer of authors, a melancholy yet humourous man, merry, *facete*, and although advanced in years, a juvenile companion; readily and dexterouſly interlarding his diſcourſes with verſes and ſentences from claſſical authors."

The attention of literary men was fixed on Burton, by the liberal praiſe which Dr. Johnſon thought proper to beſtow on his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Many perſons complained, when the book was ſought after, that they could not procure a copy of this eccentric production, of which a new edition has been printed by Mr. Nichols, ſince my former impreſſion.

I have attempted ſeveral times to read it, but was perpetually diſguſted with crude fancies, verboſe pedantry, dull commonplace, and eternal quotation, ſpun out in unceaſing repetition; it has ſeldom happened that I was more fatigued, and ſo anxious to cloſe a book; and I impute the ſentence of approbation pronounced on it by Dr. Johnſon, to Burton's chiming in with ſome favorite opinion, or to his peruſing the work at a moment unfavourable to critical ſagacity; ſimilar to that in which he condemned Dr. Watts, and exalted the muſe of Blackmore.

BUSSY DE LA RABUTIN, a French nobleman, and an accomplished courtier, in the reign of Louis the fourteenth, an agreeable but occasionally an indelicate and licentious writer, nearly related to Madame de Sevigny, whose life, like her letters, was correct and pleasant.

The count, who was a military man, and had been once a favorite, was banished from court, and dismissed the service, in consequence of having written "An amorous History of the Gauls," in which he was accused of introducing satirical sketches of his royal master, and other distinguished persons.

On this occasion, *Louis le bien aimè* did not act with the generosity and greatness of mind exhibited, on a similar occasion, by the last King of France: this unfortunate monarch, perusing a work of Diderot, met with a severe attack on himself, and was persuaded to resent it, but, he nobly observed, "I should have been better pleased had the author been less personal in his strictures on me; but I will excuse this offence, in consideration of the many excellent passages I have met with in other parts of the book."

Rabutin is one of the numerous instances of the advantage of misfortune; the work, for which he was disgraced, written in the high tide of youth and prosperity, is flimsey, unintersting, and puerile; but the productions of his more sober hours exhibit lively descriptions of men and manners, accompanied with considerable depth of thought, and reflections applicable to the purposes of human life, in a style and language peculiarly simple and pleasing. The naivete of this agreeable Frenchman, both in sentiment and diction, has been often praised; and several able critics have pronounced it impossible to convey an adequate resemblance of it through the medium of an English translation; as we frequently feel an inclination to attempt that which has been called difficult, a few extracts from the count's epistolary correspondence are given; these, perhaps, may convince his readers that the editor has also failed.

"It is the fashion for good people, sitting by a comfortable fire-side," says the Count de Bussy, "it is the fashion to tremble at the thoughts of an engagement, and to wonder how it is possible for any one to escape amidst a shower of musket balls; for my own part, I have been in many actions; at first, it is true, *I felt an unpleasant sensation*; but, in the hurry and bustle of the

the buſineſs, this was ſoon diſſipated, and, ſuch is the force of habit, I gradually acquired a ſort of artificial courage, founded on a ſuppoſed actual ſecurity, for I never was wounded, and *at laſt* became wholly a ſtranger to fear; *my* misfortunes, alas, proceeded from another ſource.

"To diminiſh your alarms," continues Rabutin, in a letter, I believe, to Madame de Sevigny, "to diminiſh your alarms, I would wiſh you to recollect that many campaigns paſs without drawing a ſword, and that we are often in battle without ſeeing an enemy; it is frequently a mere affair of precautionary poſition; a dancing the hays, a ſtruggle for poſts and ſtrong ground, a trial of ſkill in extending fronts, turning wings, and ſecuring defiles.

"For inſtance, in the battle of Dunkirk, in ſixteen hundred and fifty-eight, the matter was entirely ſettled by the dragoons; I was in a diſtant quarter, wholly unconcerned, and, in my own opinion, as ſafe as if I had been chatting with you, in the little alcove, by the ſide of the brook, at the bottom of your garden.

"It is common for women, and *men like women*, to be hurried by hopes and fears, into extravagance, miſconception, and exaggeration; romantic girls think a lover always ready; (*en etat*) and parſons, that a ſoldier is perpetually fighting ſword in hand.

"I heard you were ill," ſays the count, in another letter to the ſame lady, "and talked with a neighbour of mine, an able phyſician, on the ſubject of your indiſpoſition; he tells me, that women of full habits like you, and who continue, like you, *really* widows, from the conſtant ſtruggle between their diſcretion and their paſſions, are commonly ſubject to lowneſs of ſpirits.

"My apprehenſions of a more ſerious malady were inſtantly diſſipated, and as the time is not yet come for you to be quite tired of life, and the remedy is within your reach, I flatter myſelf you will not long heſitate between an emetic and a gallant."

The patient, a woman of virtue, rank, and literary eminence, did not follow the indecorous preſcription which would have added vice to diſeaſe; with all the eaſe of a well-bred lady, but the ſound principles of a Chriſtian matron, Madame de Sevigny thus replied: "The *remedy* you mention is worſe than my complaint, and has often been recommended to me; but the *ſame* reaſons which induced me *not* to make

make uſe of the medicine as a *preventive*, hinder me alſo from adopting it by way of cure."

It is thus that reaſon and religion happily ſtep in to guard us againſt the attacks of licentiouſneſs, which, ſoftened into the leſs offenſive term *gallantry*, wraps up wicked actions in harmleſs words, and too often deſcribes guilty pleaſure in alluring colours:

Wit calls the graces the chaſte zone to looſe,
Nor leſs than a plump god to fill the bowl.

How different the conduct of this excellent perſon from that of another Frenchwoman, I believe Madame Villedieu, in whoſe letters, if I miſtake not, the following paſſage occurs: "The death of a huſband is the laſt thing I ſhould lament; ſuch a loſs is ſo eaſily and ſo comfortably ſupplied by an attentive and obedient gallant."

Dr. Swift, in one of his letters, cenſures the Count de la Rabutin, becauſe he was perpetually ſighing to be reſtored to royal favor, and cenſures his want of philoſophy in not making himſelf happy, and even preferring literary retirement to ſplendid ſervitude and the ſuppreſſed feelings of a court.

There is truth in the remark, but if I properly underſtand the character of the Dean of St. Patrick's, he was the laſt man who had a right to make the obſervation; himſelf, in fact, a baniſhed courtier, exaſperated by diſappointment, a common-place croaker, for more than half his life.

Had the dean been rewarded with what he uſed to call *bread and cheeſe in England*, meaning, of courſe, Durham, Wincheſter, or Saliſbury, neither his cotemporaries, nor poſterity, would have heard of his venomous invective, and party malignity; in that caſe, crowned with eccleſiaſtic laurel, and baſking in the warm ſunſhine of preferment, one conſiderable ſource of his peculiar miſanthropic irritability would not have exiſted, he might have gradually ſunk into eaſe and oblivion, a placid conſumer of port wine, turtle, beef, and pudding; with little or nothing to diſturb his ſlumbers, except occaſional dreams of rich commendams, *congé d'elires*, and renewals of leaſes.

To uſe his own words, *he* might then have ſhaken his head at men leſs prudent than himſelf, nor would others have had occaſion to *ſhake their's* at him.

BURKE,

BURKE, EDMUND, an orator, and a man of genius, who exhibited at ſixty, the ſtrong feelings, intellectual vigor, and lively flouriſh of eighteen, but poſſeſſed, in an equal proportion, the common defects of a juvenile temperament, ungovernable violence of paſſion, puerile prejudice, and rapid deciſion, with an unceaſing tendency to diffuſeneſs, rant, fuſtian, and bombaſt.

In ſupport of this ſingular mixture of praiſe and cenſure, I refer my readers to his Reflections on the French Revolution, the elaborate Vindication of his Principles as a Whig; his exaggerated charges againſt Mr. Haſtings; and to every ſpeech he made in parliament, directly or remotely connected with France.

His ſtyle of writing and his mode of ſpeaking were, in general, claſſically pure, correct, affecting, nervous, and chaſte; yet, ſuch is the influence of party virulence, ſelfiſhneſs and paſſion; the moment he is touched by the taliſman of theſe malignant dæmons, the inſtant his vivid rays were overſhadowed by the dark cloud of an impending or expected penſion, he ſunk into obſcurity, dogmatic inſupportable tenet, vulgar idiom, and what is ſtrange in a man aſpiring to the fame of good taſte, into nauſeous and filthy alluſion.

Mr. Burke was originally deſigned for the law, but the late Lord Rockingham becoming acquainted with his merits, patronized him, and our ſucceſsful adventurer was, for ſome years, nominal proprietor of the eſtate and manſion of Gregories, near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamſhire, a purchaſe which the liberality of his bookſeller, the legacy of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and the ſale of his penſion, afterwards enabled him to complete.

During the American war, as a powerful aſſociate of the marquis's party, he oppoſed the adminiſtration of Lord North; and few individuals brought into the ſenate, a mind more richly ſtored with the treaſures of ancient and modern learning, or a heart more alive to that refined ſpecies of philanthropy which teaches us, or ought to teach us, that the world is one great family, and every one of its inhabitants our brother.

"The character of the marquis," ſays an able political writer, "was debility, ſo is that of Mr. Burke, he poſſeſſes genius, but wants judgment, he never deals in open downright argument, but renders politics a ſyſtem of metaphyſics and poetry; o we

we admire but are not convinced; trifling ſometimes, and always diffuſive, *ludit amabiliter*, is his motto, and when we expect him in all his dignity, in the front of the theatre, we find him at play behind the ſcenes."

His bill for reforming the expences of the civil liſt, had it not been attacked by violence, or defeated by intrigue, would have laid the axe to the root of all our evils, THE CORRUPT DEPENDANCE OF PARLIAMENT ON THE CROWN.

After mentioning ſeveral places which perform real ſervice, and many which perform none, he deſcribes the dutchy of Lancaſter, a province, encumbered with the expenſive formalities and ſinecures of a great kingdom, and a long train of eſtabliſhments, complicated, uſeleſs, expenſive, and anſwering no purpoſe but that of influence, "an influence, which takes away vigour from our arms, wiſdom from our councils, and credit from our conſtitution;" he concludes this part of his plan with an important truiſm, that how great ſoever our reſources may be, they are not likely to be increaſed by waſte and prodigality.

His account of the diſturbances which took place in Wales, on the appointment of Mr. Probart, to improve the crown rents of that principality, is a picturesque and well drawn ſketch: "He went, like his maſters on other occaſions, to ſeek revenue, and, like them, he found rebellion: he was no ſooner arrived, than all were in arms to meet him; tumult, alarm, and uproar, were heard through the region of Preſtatyn, Snowdon ſhook to its baſe, and Cader Edris was looſened from its foundation; the Fury of Diſcord blew her horn on the mountains, the rocks poured down their goat-herds, and deep caverns vomited out their miners, every thing above ground and every thing under ground was convulſed."

The impediments laid in the way of reform, in conſequence of members of parliament enjoying places in the houſehold, are humourouſly deſcribed, and Mr. Burke's deſcription of Lord Talbot's diſputes in the royal kitchen, and the various difficulties he met with in his economic plans, *becauſe the king's turnſpit was a member of parliament*, kept the houſe in a long-continued roar of laughter. Yet, it cannot be denied, that theſe evils are ſeriouſly felt, and after ſo much has been ſaid both in and out of parliament, neither patriot, nor miniſter, has a right to public confidence, who does not honeſtly endeavour, as far as is

is consistent with expediency, to set bounds to public expenditure.

BUTTADŒUS, JOHN, commonly called the wandering Jew; a name given either to an imaginary personage, or to different men; introduced in this place, and mentioned in an age which has been said *to doubt every thing*, as a surprizing instance of credulity; an example of what mankind may be brought to believe in the moments of implicit faith, provided the supernatural narrative be accompanied with impressive circumstance, and dignified with respectable names.

The wandering Jew is said to have been present at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, but, by some offensive conduct, by sceptical obduracy, or selfish unconcern, exciting the attention and resentment of the great martyr for mankind, a sentence was passed on him, that he should live till our Saviour appeared again; a punishment indeed severe, if disease and infirmity were to keep pace with increasing years.

"Buttadœus," says a writer in the early part of the eighteenth century, "was seen at Antwerp, in the thirteenth, again in the fifteenth, and a third time in the sixteenth century, with every appearance of age and decrepitude.

"Paul Eitsen, Bishop of Selswick, had frequent and long conversations with him; he was also seen by the chaplain of an Armenian archbishop, and by several other persons of credit and respectability."

If it should be asked, with what propriety I treat, as fabulous, a fact apparently well attested, I answer, that I do not doubt one word, or one tittle, asserted by these worthy characters; I have a firm and unshaken belief, that they saw, and conversed with such a person as they describe; but, supported by reason, experience, and the ordinary course of nature, I have a conviction equally strong, that the hoary veteran who appeared, was in fact, at each time, a different man; a series of cunning knaves and grave impostors, who, properly instructed, assumed the name and appearance of the wandering Jew, with hopes, and well-founded hopes, of receiving attention and pecuniary assistance from credulous well-disposed persons; and it is more than probable, that every purpose of a profitable imposture was fully answered.

In the present day of supercilious unbelief and accurate discernment, I should not doubt

the ſucceſs of a conſident adventurer, whoſe age and appearance were conſiſtent with the character he aſſumed; he ſhould poſſeſs a decent ſhare of learning, a tolerable acquaintance with general hiſtory, and be maſter of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; thus prepared, and thus qualified, calling himſelf the wandering Jew, and diſtributing propoſals for publiſhing a narrative of his life, *with plates, and a type, caſt for the purpoſe, wire-wove paper, cream coloured, and hot-preſſed*; he need not fear a long liſt of ſubſcribers to his guinea quarto.

Whatever he related, and how liberal ſoever the confidence placed in him, ſuch impious mockery and profane belief has been far ſurpaſſed, and eagerly ſupported in the late inſtance of a blaſpheming madman, in the fraudulent reveries and aſpiring abſurdities of our ſecond Shakeſpeare.

CADOGAN, WILLIAM, a phyſician of the old ſchool, and author of a diſſertation on the gout, and other chronic diſeaſes, which excited in its day (1771) conſiderable hoſtility; but contains many good general directions on diet and regimen, which may be peruſed with advantage by gouty perſons and invalids.

That temperance and exerciſe are the parents of health; that moſt diſeaſes originate from indigeſtion, produced by indolence, vexation, or exceſs; and that to remove thoſe evils we muſt recur to the cauſes which produced them, rather than to medicine, is the doctrine of his pamphlet.

The doctor alſo inſiſts, that it is impoſſible the *vitiated juices* can be altered or improved by bark, opium, mercury, ſteel, or indeed any other medicine; for that it is only by wholeſome food, that good, or indeed any blood, can be made.

Here was the rock on which he ſplit; it was on this, and other points of *mechanic* theory and *error loci* hypotheſis, that he laid himſelf open to his numerous opponents.

Fully occupied by the exploded doctrines of his old maſter, Boerhaave, Dr. Cadogan appears to have forgotten that there *is* a ſyſtem in the human frame, acting in nine inſtances out of ten, independent of the laws of the circulation; that on this ſyſtem, I mean the nerves, medicines and external impreſſions act in a miraculous manner, which no mechanical laws can effectually explain.

Ignorant

Ignorant of, or inattentive to, theſe phænomena, and obſtinately reſolved not to call in the ſovereign aid of medicines, ſanctioned by modern practice, a phyſician of the *mechanical ſchool* might be drenching his miſerable patients *for years*, with his *bland, mild, nutritious, mucilaginous ſolutions*, without removing the diſeaſe, which a journeyman apothecary, by a well-timed doſe of opium, antimony, or bark, would remove in a few hours.

I cannot ſubſcribe to the ſevere cenſure pronounced by Dr. Johnſon, on Cadogan's book: "All that is good, he ſtole, the nonſenſe is evidently his own."

If the pamphlet poſſeſſes no ſtrong claim to novelty, it has the merit of inculcating important truths, in a forcible manner, and placing them in new points of view; the author, as I have before obſerved, errs occaſionally in theory, and is perpetually recurring to a ſyſtem no longer admitted; he could not ſubmit to be taught by *modern innovators*; it was too mortifying for a man at ſixty *to go to ſchool again*, and to abandon doctrines which Boerhaave, his great oracle, had laid down as the creed of his medical noviciate.

On the ſubject of wine; that it is better at intervals, to drink too much, than to take every day a moderate quantity, he ſeems to deal in paradox; perhaps, like *other* writers, he thought a little extravaganza would help the ſale of his book; this purpoſe was effectually anſwered.

After peruſing his panegyric on moderation and reſtraint in diet, it was obſerved by one who knew him well, that few men more keenly enjoyed, or eat a heartier dinner, than Cadogan, and that with his medical friends, in the phyſicians club at the Thatched-houſe, or St. Alban's tavern, he frequently departed from his abſtemious and ſalutary maxims.

CALIGULA. An ancient writer, ſpeaking of this Roman emperor, proves, that the pleaſures of the table in thoſe days, were attended with circumſtances groſſly inelegant and unſeemly, to which I flatter myſelf, an epicure of the preſent age, is wholly a ſtranger.

The Romans did not poſſeſs the diſcriminating, but dangerous art, of a *rational voluptuary*, who diminiſhes the groſsneſs of ſenſuality by refinement; and to uſe the much cenſured expreſſion of a late popular writer, "deprives vice of half its culpability, by decorating it with taſte;" yet, ſurely a ***** in ſatin, and a rogue

rogue in ermine, are to all intents and purpoſes, ſtill a rogue and a *****, in ſpite of the ſilk mercer or the furrier; but Caligula was the ſubject of our page.

"The emperor," ſays the author I quote, "very much injured his health by ſuddenly departing from the frugal and temperate manner in which he had lived, during the reign of Tiberius; he was an enormous eater and drinker, and not ſatisfied with making a hearty meal, would retire directly after dinner to the bath, take an emetic, immediately return to table, and feaſt on new dainties; the night was generally occupied in vicious and unnatural indulgences, quaintly enough expreſſed in the original: *voluptates ventris, et ea quæ ſub ventre ſunt.*"

CALM OBSERVER, the ſignature of a reſpectable political writer, during our late war; which, to diſtinguiſh it from former or ſucceeding ones, may be called the war of the French revolution, being evidently produced by that event.

This writer appears to have been miſtaken, as well, in the meaſures he recommended, as in the arguments he made uſe of; and the very character he aſſumed, has been warmly cenſured, as unpatriotic and improper; for, at a criſis, when our European world was nearly ſubjugated by France, or corrupted by its principles; when the laws of ſubordination were looſened, and the minds of men in a general ſtate of irritation and fury; was it ſtrictly right or natural for an Engliſhman, at ſuch an interval, to be a *calm* obſerver?

The author I allude to, generally underſtood to be an ingenious provincial phyſician, is probably by this time convinced of his error; the diſeaſe of that period, to uſe his profeſſional language, was a *non deſcript*, which the common modes of treatment, recommended in former *epidemics*, could not remedy; it was like the gout, an *opprobrium medicinæ*; or rather a *Chorœa ſancti viti democratica*, in which ſome of our moſt able ſtate practitioners have differed in opinion, whether *tonics* or *ſedatives* were moſt adviſeable.

The following imitation of the ſtyle and ſentiments of this gentleman's letters, appeared ſoon after their publication, in a ſpirited and well conducted miniſterial paper, addreſſed to the editor.

"SIR,

"As moderation is the proudeſt feature in the character of

of an Engliſhman, and as the greateſt dangers often ariſe from the exaggerations of party prejudice, I reſolved very early in the French revolution, to form no opinion whatever.

"You, and every well-wiſher to the country, cannot but have obſerved with regret, the preſent diſguſting ſtate of alarm and animoſity againſt our continental neighbours; what pains have been taken to inflame the public mind againſt four and twenty millions of our fellow men; I am aware that the proſpect of invaſion, and the principle of ſelf-defence, are held out in juſtification of this horrid inveteracy againſt France.

"I would aſk, ſir, any diſpaſſionate man, upon what principle of equity Great Britain can aſſiſt the partitioning deſpots, in a war, which *muſt* be attended with ſo tremendous an effuſion of human blood; and to which, I am ſorry to ſay, the nation has been ſtimulated, by the miniſters of the meek and humble religion of Chriſt.

"I cannot but diſapprove of the preſent expenſive preparations for defence, the effect of which muſt be to irritate the minds of our enemies abroad, and increaſe general apprehenſion at home.

Another conſequence of this attitude of menace and hoſtility, is, that we ſhall not be able to eſtimate the character and diſpoſition of our enemy, with candour and liberality; the very habit of bearing arms, military exerciſe, and martial muſic, have a tendency to inflame the mind, and to indiſpoſe it towards thoſe, who are conſidered as the perſons againſt whom this military apparatus is to be directed.

"If we are deſirous for peace, let us ſeek it in the ſpirit of peace; not with inſtruments of enmity, but with meekneſs and forbearance; let our conduct preſent an amiable contraſt with that of our foes; if we wiſh to recover their friendſhip, we muſt begin with diſarming and diſmantling, and return to that unſuſpecting confidence, which is the only natural cement of ſocial intercourſe.

"With ſuch ſentiments, ſir, you will not be ſurprized at my neither arming, nor aſſociating with thoſe who do; indeed, I have employed the little influence I poſſeſs, in preventing rather than forwarding ſo unchriſtian a practice: it is the miniſter who has brought us into our preſent calamitous ſituation, and I conſider him as reſponſible for the ſecurity of the country.

"I would not, however, be underſtood to pledge myſelf to a conduct decidedly paſſive, in the caſe of actual invaſive aggreſſion,

greſſion, on the part of the enemy; on the contrary, I would reſiſt him to the uttermoſt, in my own immediate neighbourhood, to defend my own life, and protect my own property, not forgetting, at the ſame time, the rules of prudence and moderation.

"With theſe ſentiments, ſir, I take my leave, adopting the ſignature of a gentleman, now unfortunately forgotten; but whoſe opinions, as a moderate man, have generally coincided with my own.

"A CALM OBSERVER."

The author of the Calm Obſerver, and his friends, are *now* convinced that there is no ſafe way of meeting the *fraternal* advances of a Frenchman, but with a bayonet; we are infinitely obliged to the *honeſt nature* of the firſt Conſul, for *ſpeaking out*; happily for this country, he would not liſten to the Exbiſhop Talleyrand, whoſe advice was in the following words: "Be adviſed, do not yet go to war with the Engliſh; ſooth them with fair words, which coſt nothing, watch the moment they are unprepared, *then* plant your daggers in their hearts."

CAMPBELL, MUNGO, an exciſeman of Saltcoats, in Scotland, the circumſtances of whoſe caſe, attracted general attention, and, *properly managed by party writers*, fanned the flames of national animoſity and general diſcontent, in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-nine, when England was alternately diſtracted by arbitrary violation, popular inſurrection, and ſeditious literary virulence.

Campbell, whoſe abilities, attainments, and high ſenſe of honour, raiſed him, in his own opinion, above the common claſs of revenue officers, had, from his youth, been paſſionately attached to ſhooting, hunting, and other ſports of the field; a taſte, to the middle and lower ranks of ſociety, generally productive of evil; a ſtrenuous relaxation from buſineſs, a powerful extinguiſher of care, which, abſorbing the whole man, and uniting the exhilirating charms of freſh air, cheerful ſociety, and animating objects of purſuit, with exceſſive bodily exertion, is admirably calculated to faſcinate that portion of mankind, which, from a variety of cauſes, is neither qualified nor obliged to fill up the intervals of life, by profeſſional or commercial exertion, by political warfare, literary labour, or intellectual toil.

Being of a reſpectable character, and diſtantly related to a noble family, he had obtained per-

permiſſion to ſhoot on ſeveral eſtates, adjoining to the lands of the Earl of Eglintoune, a young Scotch peer, with high notions of the prerogatives of birth and fortune; of ſtrong paſſions, not without many eſtimable qualities, but a rigid enforcer of the game laws; that part of our ſtatute-book, which, protecting the pleaſures of country gentlemen, I fear ſometimes places inſtruments of oppreſſion and revenge, in the hands of irritated ſportſmen; the magiſtrate, being frequently, *a dead ſhot*, or the proprietor of a manor, which furniſhes his table in town and country with an eſſential, but, *if bought*, a moſt expenſive article of luxury.

In the ardor of his favorite purſuit, Campbell had often treſpaſſed on the boundaries of the earl, and, on this account, had for ſome time, been a marked object of averſion at Eglintoune-houſe.

It was during this unfortunate period of recent irritation, and in the month of October, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty nine, that his lordſhip, accompanied by Lord Kelly, with a train of ſervants, horſes, dogs, and guns, received intelligence, ſoon after they had left home for a day's amuſement, that ſhooters were ſeen at a diſtance, in his lordſhip's demeſne.

An attendant obſerving, that he was ſure one of the treſpaſſers was *that Campbell*, Lord Eglintoune immediately leaped out of the carriage in which he generally was conveyed to the field; and mounting a led horſe, gallopped towards the ſubject of this article, who was now deſerted by his companions.

Approaching the exciſeman, he accuſed him "of having forfeited his word, by again ſhooting on his grounds, and although he had ſo lately been detected in killing a hare." "My lord, I have not broken my word," Campbell replied, "for I have ſhot nothing to day." Lord Eglintoune. "I inſiſt on your delivering me your gun directly, and without more words."

Campbell (ſuddenly ſtepping back) "Deliver my gun;—I aſk pardon, my lord, but I ſhall not ſurrender my gun."

Lord Eglintoune. "I muſt and will have it."

Campbell. "In my return to Saltcoats, after having been on duty, it is very hard that I muſt not be allowed to amuſe myſelf on my way home; if your lordſhip thinks I have infringed on your rights, you may puniſh me by the law of the land; but

but I will never ſubmit to the diſgrace of giving up my fowling piece."

After theſe words, Lord Eglintoune having neither whip nor ſpur, attempted to ride in upon his opponent, preſſing and kicking the horſe with his heels: Campbell, ſtill facing the noble lord, retreated; walking backward, and pointing his gun towards him, he deſired his lordſhip to keep his diſtance.

The earl ſtill continuing to force on his horſe, and perſevering in a peremptory demand of his gun, the exciſeman, raiſing his voice, ſaid "Keep off, my lord, or I ſhall be obliged to ſhoot you in my own defence."

Lord Eglintoune then diſmounted, ordered his ſervant to charge one of his fowling-pieces, and turning to Campbell, ſaid, "I can then ſhoot as well as you.". He continued to advance as Campbell retreated, whoſe gun was ſtill cocked and pointed at Eglintoune; the intruder often exclaiming "My lord, keep off; I have a right to carry a gun, and no man ſhall take it from me; if you perſiſt, I muſt repel force by force."

At this moment, while the earl was finding fault with the ſervant for his ſlowneſs in loading the gun, Campbell's foot, in his retrogade progreſs, hitting againſt a ſtone, he fell backward with violence, when the peer inſtantly ran in to ſeize the piece, but was prevented by receiving the whole contents of the gun in his body.

Mungo, conſidering himſelf at the mercy of his foes, and expecting that they would immediately put him to death, ſuddenly roſe from the ground, and running to the ſervant who had juſt loaded the piece, attempted, but in vain, to take it from him; other ſervants ſoon coming to the ſpot, he was bound, and conveyed to priſon.

It might be naturally expected that ſuch a circumſtance would create a ſtrong ſenſation on the public mind, and Campbell, as party or prejudice operated, was alternately execrated or commended; but, whatever opinion was entertained of the lawfulneſs or expediency of his conduct, all ſerious and moderate men united in one ſentiment; *all* lamented the untimely fate of a promiſing young nobleman, thus cut off in the prime of life and expectation, in conſequence of an inordinate and too tenacious an enforcement of the game laws, which, however ſanctioned by ſtatutes, and apparently guarding the natural produce of landed property, are, of all legiſlative enactments, the moſt irritating and offenſive to the common feelings,

feelings of mankind: this diſpoſition had been a family failing, for ſeveral generations, in the houſe of Eglintoune, and was thus productive of its own puniſhment in one of its deſcendants.

Campbell was arraigned at the court of juſticiary in ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy, after a long trial, found guilty, and ſentenced to ſuffer death, but, previous to the day appointed for execution, prevented that diſgrace by committing the more flagitious and unpardonable crime of ſuicide.

The priſoner's counſel complained, that a liſt of the jury had been ſhewn to the proſecutor's agent, and altered; it was alſo alledged in favor of the offender, that waving the queſtion of right, for every freeman to carry arms, Campbell was expreſſly and ſpecifically authorized ſo to do, by the licences of the Earls of Loudon and Marchmont; that, for this reaſon, Lord Eglintoune was not authorized in endeavouring to ſeize his gun, and that, in the preſent inſtance, the legal penalty incurred by Campbell, was a proſecution for a treſpaſs.

The circumſtance of the ſervant being ordered to charge his fowling-piece, and the numerous inſtances of perſons ſeverely treated, on ſimilar occaſions, by Lord Eglintoune, and his late father, were conſidered by many as ſufficient reaſons for the exciſeman's defending himſelf againſt probable death, diſhonorable blows, or coercion.

Various have been the opinions on this intereſting caſe, which produced a pamphlet from the pen of Dr. Langhorne; whilſt ſome have applauded, in warm terms, the ſentence of the Scotch court, others have not been wanting, who, in this, and many other inſtances, have conſidered the Caledonian code as intolerably harſh and ſevere; a ſentiment in which the writer of this article feels himſelf compelled reluctantly to join.

Should accident, or inclination, hereafter place him in the circumſtances of the unfortunate Campbell, he does not heſitate in declaring, that, in repelling outrage, and defending his perſon and property from violation, he would act preciſely in the ſame manner.

But, as a patriot and a Chriſtian, here he would have pauſed, and, inſtead of having recourſe to ſelf-murder, he would have ſubmitted, without a murmur, to the laws of his country; ſatisfied with having taught the governors of the world, and their agents, a uſeful leſſon, that, while prieſts and legiſlators are induſtriouſly rearing

reaſing the ramparts of fear, deſpotiſm, and ſuperſtition, againſt the common feelings and ſenſe of mankind, an injured or oppreſſed man retains, in his own hands, the power, as well as the means, of inflicting on the tyrants of the earth, a ſevere and irrevocable penalty.

CANNING, ELIZABETH, for a curious account of an impoſture, planned and conducted in a moſt artful manner, by this young, and apparently ſimple girl, ſee SQUIRES, MARY.

CARDS, oblong pieces of ſtiff coloured paper, invented by Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles the fifth, King of France.

They were firſt made uſe of, for the purpoſe of diverting or diminiſhing a deep melancholy, under which that unfortunate monarch labored for many years; and he is ſaid to have experienced temporary relief, and conſiderable amuſement from piquet, the firſt game ever played at with cards, if we may rely on the reſpectable authority of a French writer, who has compoſed A DISSERTATION, SYMBOLICAL, ALLEGORICAL, POLITICAL, AND HISTORICAL, on theſe *pictures of human life.*

It ſeems, from *his* account, they were meant to repreſent, in the rude efforts of thoſe days, particular perſons, and ſometimes the productions of nature or of art.

"The ace," ſays the writer I quote, "is in fact only the Latin word AS, which ſignifies, literally, only a piece of money, but, in a general ſenſe, wealth. Aces accordingly have precedency before kings and all other cards; for as riches are the ſinews of war, the moſt powerful monarchs ſubmit to their controul; and the great queſtion of peace or war, muſt, in a great meaſure, depend on the finances and reſources of a country.

"*Piques et carreaux*, ſpades and diamonds, mean arms, the heavy arrows formerly ſhot from croſsbows, being ſhaped like the diamonds on cards; the inference to be drawn is ſufficiently clear, that without arms, and courage (under the appropriate type of hearts) to make uſe of them, neither life nor property can be ſecure.

"The kings of the four ſuits, originally were *portraits* of David, the ſon of Jeſſe, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæſar, and Charlemagne, each of whom had his ecuyer, modified into the modern word eſquire, and called in the middle ages valet or knave, titles in thoſe days conſidered as honorable; the names of two diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed individuals of this rank, the companions of knights and of kings, are preſerved, OGIER, and LA HIRE, famous intrepid French captains, who would not have ſuffered any one to have applied the term *knave* to them, in its preſent ſignification, with impunity.

"*Argine*, the queen of clubs, is an anagram formed of regina, and was a repreſentation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the ſeventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of *Rachel*, was meant for the beautiful but frail Anges Sorrell; and the queen of ſpades, under the ſemblance of the chaſte and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans; while Judith, the queen of hearts, was deſigned as a picture of the enchanting Iſabeau de Baviere.

"Clubs, treffle, or trefoil, an herb that grows in the meadows, *imply* that a general ſhould never encamp, without good opportunities for forage." But my readers have perhaps had enough of this moral miſcellaneous allegory, and I proceed to the purpoſe, for which, notwithſtanding ſo long a preface, the preſent article was inſerted.

Conſtituted, compounded, and conducted as the wealthy and more elevated claſſes of ſociety now are, is the univerſally eſtabliſhed cuſtom of card-playing to be conſidered as an evil?

In theſe and *other* pages, I have frequently lamented the deſtructive effects of a paſſion for gaming, in fathers and mothers of families, whoſe vicious propenſities, beſides the loſs of time and money, exhibit a depraved example to the riſing generation.

But, in mixed companies, routs, and large parties, and in all places of public reſort, ſo many individuals are diſqualified, by ignorance or vice, for paſſing a rational evening, that I confeſs I had rather ſubmit to *any* moderate penalty, than ſit four or five hours *expoſed* to ſuch perſons, unprotected by cards.

With uncultivated minds, puerile propenſities, debilitated bodies, and THAT PECULIAR RESTLESS INDOLENCE, THE CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE; and the natural conſequence of unbridled diſſipation, jaded paſſions, and ſatiated appetites; they are, of all companions, the moſt unpleaſant and unprofitable; drawing every moment from the common ſtock of amuſement and information, but contributing nothing themſelves.

In ſuch circumſtances, of two evils, I would chuſe the leaſt, and I cannot but value an ingenious con-

contrivance, which ſhuts the mouth of noiſy nonſenſe, and, for a time, reſcues decent ſociety, from troubleſome abſurdity or contaminating guilt.

The loſs of two or three *rubbers*, is a trifle, compared to the beaſtly indecorums of a three-bottle man, or to incurring the riſque of the principles, manners, and faith, of a wife or a daughter being tainted and perverted by the irreligious banter of a modern philoſopher, or the naked truths of a bare-faced ſans culottes.

A late eloquent advocate for cards, inſiſts "that they are one of the ſubaltern poliſhers of mankind; that they firſt promoted, (and have ſince effected) a more correct and improving intercourſe between the ſexes; at a period, when the miſtreſs of the family was at her needle, in the nurſery, or the houſekeeper's room; while the gentlemen were ſmoaking tobacco, or getting drunk in the eating room, or at a tavern."

It is true, that *in theſe reſpects*, a favorable alteration *has* taken place, but moraliſts and divines have doubted whether the advantages produced, have not been counterbalanced by conſequences unpropitious to the peace and ſafety of correct ſociety.

A man who now ventures to appear at the card table, after a ſecond bottle, will generally pay for his raſhneſs; but that free and eaſy ſtyle of modern life, praiſed by the author I quote, and which indeed gives a zeſt to poliſhed ſociety, affords opportunities and temptations which have been found, by every day's experience, too ſtrong for the ſincerity of a friend, or the chaſtity of a wife.

It has been ſaid, that the univerſal faſhion of card-playing, is founded on a knowledge of human nature, and a thorough acquaintance with its wiſhes and its wants; the ſtimuli of ſelf-intereſt, and occupation uniting ſedentary ſocial pleaſure, with ſtrong intellectual exertion, and occaſional opportunities of triumph, are the irreſiſtible charm; and 'till poliſhed ſocieties are qualified to paſs an evening in rational and improving converſation, the baniſhing cards would be a very ſerious evil. Deprived of the frequent impulſes of hope and fear, and placed by hereditary independence, beyond the ſalutary influence of commercial keenneſs, and profeſſional ardour, 'thouſands would ſink into liſtleſſneſs, ennui, and ſuicide.

The fatal conſequences of a turn for gambling taking poſſeſſion of perſons of ſmall income, cannot be denied; but to ſweat down,

down, by gentle means, the bulk of a private plunderer, or a public marauder; to reduce a rent-roll from ſixteen to eight thouſand pounds a year, are praiſeworthy and deſirable purpoſes, uſeful to the individual, and beneficial to the public, which groans beneath their ſcourge, or is contaminated by their depraved example.

I could point out three families, in which, unleſs a zealous party-man, a conteſted election, an endower of hoſpitals, or a frequenter of the ſubſcription houſes, ſhould occur for three or four generations, it will be a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the country, their neighbours, and themſelves.

CARNARVON, EARL OF, a peer in the reign of King Charles the ſecond, and the deliverer of a curious and ſingular ſpeech in the houſe of lords, preſerved by Torbuck, in his parliamentary debates.

This harrangue was ſingular, not only from the circumſtances by which it was preceded and followed, but in the literal meaning of the word, for it was the firſt and laſt time this noble lord ever addreſſed the houſe.

Having dined with the Duke of Buckingham, and other bon-vivants, who circulated the bottle briſkly, Lord Carnarvon, in the bouyancy of high ſpirits, or the reſtleſs raſhneſs of intoxication, made a conſiderable bet with the favorite, that he would ſpeak in an important debate, which was expected to come on that very afternoon in the houſe of peers, on the ſubject of a propoſed impeachment of the Earl of Danby, an anceſtor of his Grace the Duke of Leeds.

The wager was confirmed by half-pint bumpers, and the joyous party repaired to the ſcene of action; the debate had commenced before they entered, but Lord Carnarvon catching the Chancellor's eye, at the moment of a peers ſitting down, who had concluded his ſpeech with a Latin quotation, he thus began:

"I underſtand little of Latin, my lords, but a good deal of Engliſh, and a little of Engliſh hiſtory, which has taught me the miſchief of ſuch proſecutions, and the general fate of perſecutors.

I could bring many inſtances in ſupport of my aſſertion, and from very ancient times, but I will go no further back, my lords, than the reign of Queen Elizabeth: at that period, the Earl of Eſſex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon ran *him* down, and your lordſhips know what became of Lord Bacon; the Duke of Buckingham ran *him*

him down, and your lordſhips know what happened to his Grace of Buckingham.

"The Earl of Strafford ran down the duke, and we all know what became of *him*; Sir Henry Vane ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordſhips know what became of Sir Henry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Henry Vane, and your lordſhips know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Oſborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde, but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordſhips beſt can tell."

As ſoon as the orator ſat down, the ſurprized and diſappointed Buckingham, who wiſhed rather to ridicule than ſerve Lord Danby, ſtepped towards Carnarvon, and patting him on the back, exclaimed, "The man's inſpired, I have loſt my money, my claret has done the buſineſs."

This ancedote helps to confirm a favorite axiom of a late writer on elocution, who inſiſts that no man will ever make a figure, as a public ſpeaker, unleſs he conſiders his hearers as ſo many cyphers; wine produced in the noble lord this temporary deluſion, this imaginary but animating ſuperiority, and its effects were completely ſucceſsful.

In anſwer to the obſervation of the author I have juſt alluded to, it may be ſaid, that a readineſs of delivery, grounded on a contemptuous opinion of thoſe we addreſs, however it may render a man bold and unembarraſſed, is not calculated to form a correct or an able ſpeaker.

In the eyes of an illiterate mob, we may acquire, perhaps without much difficulty, the fame and careleſs impudence of a mountebank and a buffoon; but the praiſe of ſenſible and diſcerning men, can only be procured by patient diligence, ſound theory, and practical induſtry.

CAROLAN, a compoſer, a muſician, a poet, and a man of genius; the laſt of the Iriſh Bards, one of whoſe ſongs has been tranſlated by Swift.

In a moment of jealouſy or pride, he challenged a brother profeſſor of conſiderable eminence, to a trial of ſkill, who immediately played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. "I cannot excel it," exclaimed the generous Carolan, "but I can play it as well myſelf."

This he actually did immediately, without loſing a ſingle note, and without having recourſe to any ſcore, which it was impoſſible for a man, *born blind*, to make uſe of.

Carolan was unfortunately attached to uſquebaugh as well as muſic,

muſic, and is ſaid to have called for a glaſs of this national cordial in the article of death; but the powers of nature were ſo exhauſted, that he felt himſelf unable to ſwallow it; after kiſſing the cup, he returned it to the hand of an attendant, ſunk on his pillow, and inſtantly expired.

CARTHAGE, the capital of a warlike kingdom, cotemporary with ancient Rome; a powerful and formidable rival of the miſtreſs of the world, by whom, after a long and bloody ſtruggle, this pride of Africa, immortalized by the exquiſite political romance of Virgil, was finally ſubverted, her warriors and citizens exterminated or diſperſed, her treaſures diſſipated, and her walls levelled with the duſt.

Yet, although the Carthaginians have been rendered claſſical by the Mantuan bard, and by Livy, how little do we know of the internal policy, and external relations of this great military and commercial people, whoſe fleets once covered the Mediterranean, and, conducted by the intrepid Hanno, planted numerous colonies, on a long extent of coaſt, from the ſtraights of Gibraltar, to ſeveral hundred leagues eaſtward of Senegal, and the modern ſettlement of Sierra Leona?

To this queſtion, a ſhort but ſatisfactory anſwer may be given; the few hiſtorical facts we poſſeſs, relating to them, have, for the moſt part, been handed down by the ſuſpicious conveyance of a prejudiced and inveterate foe; jealous of a power, which, for ſeveral centuries, ſet bounds to their ambition; and envious of a glory which made near approaches to their own; of a people, who far excelled their conquerors in the arts of peace, and laid the foundations of empire rather on the honorable baſis of human induſtry and ingenuity, than on carnage, plunder, and lawleſs domination.

The remains of Carthaginian hiſtory, appearing ſo ſcanty, has induced the learned Dodwell to form a conjecture, that a nation which had attained ſuch eminence as a maritime power, and forced even their vanquiſhers to confeſs, that if Carthage exiſted, Rome could not; he has been induced to think, that they did not poſſeſs any public records, that they had no writers capable of compiling and preſerving their domeſtic, naval, and military hiſtory.

But this and other circumſtances, which have inclined that acute critic to conſider even the Periplus of Hanno as fabulous, may be eaſily and naturally ac-

counted for, when we conſider the characteriſtic ſupercilious indifference of the Greeks, and the malignant envy of the Romans, who had neither generoſity nor ſtrength of mind ſufficient to confeſs the merit of a people, whom they hated and feared, and comprehended indiſcriminately with all other nations under the inſolent, and often inapplicable, name of *barbarians*.

At a period ſo remotely anterior to printing, when to produce a book, in a ſtate fit to meet the public eye, independent of the intellectual toil, was a tedious and laborious operation, and to multiply or diffuſe them, attended with difficulty and expence; in ſuch times, the burning half a dozen copies was tantamount to ſuppreſſion, and we have ſtrong reaſons for thinking, that every kind of hiſtorical evidence, in favour of a people whom they deteſted and deſtroyed, was eagerly annihilated by the vindictive induſtry of a triumphant foe.

To thoſe, who in matters of controverſy, are influenced by the weight of names, it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that on the ſubject of the authenticity of the Periplus of Hanno, and other fragments, which would eſtabliſh, beyond contradiction, the claims of the Carthaginians to glory and renown; it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that, to the learned ſcepticiſm of Dodwell, may be oppoſed the ſcrupulous accuracy of Bougainville, brother of the circumnavigator, the extended views and ſound judgment of the Preſident Monteſquieu.

By what means, and from what cauſes, a great and wealthy commercial country, neither inferior to their enemies in courage and acuteneſs, nor deficient in the ſinews of war, at length was ſubjugated by the Romans, affords a curious and uſeful enquiry, to the patriot, the ſoldier, the philoſopher, and hiſtorian.

It hath been ſaid, that Carthage did not poſſeſs an extent of territory and population equal to her ſpirit of colonization; that her principal defenders were mercenaries and aliens, neither endeared to their allies, nor attached to the people for whom they fought, and wholly ſtrangers to that ardent enthuſiaſm of public ſpirit, or ſelf-intereſt, which, under the honorable name of patriotiſm, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed the Romans; that inordinate wealth, and its common conſequences, luxury and vice, had not entirely ſapped the principles of the Romans, with whom *a certain portion, and a certain ſpecies of virtue*, ſtill remained; and finally, that while the popular forms

forms remained, the Italian citizens were *apparently* parties concerned in the government they defended.

Without entering into the queſtion, of the general motives which impel a private ſoldier, and the comparative ſtate of the morals of the two countries, without wiſhing to overturn a uſeful and honourable theory, that nations riſe and fall according to the barometer of perſonal worth; I may be permitted to obſerve, I hope without offence, that the world, at different times, has been ravaged, conquered, civilized, and repeopled, by ſavages, outlaws, and the off-ſcowerings of ſociety; and frequently by armies, compoſed of individuals, or rather human machines, who, with reſpect to reaſoning and recollection, were very little ſuperior to the weapons in their hands.

The memories of my readers, will, on this occaſion, naturally recur to the banditti, firſt aſſembled by that claſſical robber, Romulus, on the Palatine Hill; to the warriors, aſſembled by Alexander, on the plain of Arbela; to the furious inroads of Cambyſes and of Zingis; to the memorable battle of Roſbach, conducted and won by FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA; and finally, to the military atchievements of the Archduke Charles, and that intrepid Ruſſian, the Field Marſhal Suwarroff, who taught a domineering and inſolent enemy, proud in a long career of victory and plunder, the humiliating leſſons of defeat and flight.

In contemplating the conduct of thoſe implacable rivals, Rome and Carthage, an Engliſhman is naturally diſpoſed to form an analogy between them and the long protracted conteſts of this nation with France: after a bloody ſtruggle, a peace, or as I once called it, an *armed truce*, we are again at war, and the eyes of mankind are fixed on the great ſtruggle in which we are engaged.

The French people, oppreſſed for many ages, by deſpotiſm, nobility, and the church, demoliſhed the fabric of their government, and produced a conſtitution, which they fondly imagined would guard them againſt the evils they had experienced under kings, but popular licentiouſneſs defeated their plans, and counteracted all their theories; after torrents of blood, and millions of lives have been loſt, they have been obliged to exchange their *far-famed rights of man and univerſal ſuffrage*, for a

moſt degrading and ignominious deſpotiſm.

It ought not, in the mean time, to be forgotten, that in the war they waged with Great Britain, and other countries, their principles and their profeſſions, have proved more dangerous than their ſwords; they have not for a ſingle moment, or in a ſolitary inſtance, loſt their *old reliſh* for plunder and domination; their republican zeal has ever been actuated by the ſame reſtleſs ambition, and thirſt for univerſal empire, which ſtimulated Lewis the fourteenth.

They have alſo augmented their territories I fear, to a degree, inconſiſtent with the independence of Europe, and the commercial welfare of Great Britain; and how ſevere ſoever the pecuniary preſſure we may experience, during the preſent renewed war, the mercantile, monied, and landed intereſts, may reſt aſſured, that the evils we ſuffer, are trifling, compared to the inſidious and ſwindling plans, which Talleyrand and his crew were preparing to put into practice, had we not declared war: a *hollow* peace would have ſapped and undermined our fabric to its foundation, our only ſafety is in the ſword.

CATHARINE, Empreſs of Ruſſia. The following ſhort but animated ſketch of this extraordinary woman, is by a writer, who has often contributed to, and always done honor to, this collection.

"The Empreſs Catharine, who endeavoured to efface the remembrance of enormous crime, by ſtrength of character, ought not to quit the ſcene without notice: great in all her paſſions, ſhe burſt on the maſter vice of the human heart, ambition, and ALL THE RUSSIAS were not ſufficient to quench her thirſt for dominion; in this purſuit, reſtrained by no conſiderations of humanity, ſhe waded through blood to the throne.

"She may be conſidered as the laſt of that order of deſpots, who conſidered the whole human race, as only created for the uſe of ſovereigns, and we have every reaſon to believe, from the univerſal diffuſion of information, from the advanced and progreſſive ſtate of improvement in legiſlature, policy and ſcience, that tyranny muſt henceforth clothe itſelf in the garb of meekneſs.

"If the vices of Catharine were odious, her atchievements were brilliant and meritorious; ſhe civilized hordes of barbarians, promoted the uſeful and elegant arts,

arts, and cherifhed the happineſs of the great body of her people; ſoftening ſlavery by comfort, ſhe decorated her metropolis with the ſame zeal and ſpirit, as a country gentleman would improve his eſtate.

"Her literary and ſcientific eſtabliſhments, her military and naval rewards, were magnificent and liberal, and although the ſplendor of her reign be but a feeble compenſation in the eye of philoſophy and reaſon, for outraged nature, few ſovereigns have left more copious materials, and few poſſeſs ſuch well-founded claims to high panegyric from future poets and hiſtorians."

It is not my deſign to diminiſh or augment the tribute of ſuch rational praiſe, I wiſh only to obſerve, that if the philoſophers, politicians, theoriſts, and atheiſts of France, in their war of words and blows, had met with the firm ſubtlety of the RUSSIAN AUTOCRATIX, to counteract their arts, the golden ſceptre of monarchy, touched by the magic taliſman of metaphyſical ſedition, would never have been converted into the iron rod of republican deſpotiſm.

The intrepid, the eagle-eyed Catharine, would inſtantly have ſeen, and inſtantly have defeated, their inſidious purpoſe; Mirabeau, Tallien, Marat, Roberſpierre, and a long catalogue of guilty men, would have fattened the vultures, or toiled in the mines of Siberia.

The groſſneſs and variety of her amours, have often been cenſured, and often been exaggerated; in a confidential converſation with one of her own ſex, who is the ſubject of an acrimonious article, in this collection, ſhe imputed this criminal obliquity to conſtitutional plethora, and extraordinary nervous ſuſceptibility.

This excuſe, every woman, of a full habit and a warm imagination, might as fairly plead, and eaſily prevent by regimen and a low diet; her imperial majeſty added another reaſon, that ſhe could never depend on the ſincerity of any friends, counſellors, and commanders, 'till ſhe had attached them to her by the gentleſt, but moſt indiſſoluble of all ties. We cannot be ſurprized at the vigor, ſucceſs, and fidelity of chiefs, who united paſſion with principle, and love with loyalty.

What would not an army of fifty thouſand men, each of them ardently in love with his royal miſtreſs, and not without a hope of *deſerving* the imperial handkerchief, what is there ſuch an

army

army would not accompliſh? a military force, animated by this vivifying and congenial principle, and conducted by wiſdom, I would not dread encountering with Moreau, Maſſena, or Bonaparte, though liberty, equality, univerſal ſuffrage, and the rights of man, were marching in battle array before them.

CATHOLICS; after bellowing ſo outrageouſly againſt them, I have been aſked by a learned prieſt, in that communion, of what religion I am?

To this gentleman, *who himſelf exhibits that turbulent acrimonious zeal which he condemns in me*; to this highly endowed eccleſiaſtic, I anſwer in the words of Chillingworth, that Leviathan in the ſea of controverſy.

"I AM A PROTESTANT; by a Proteſtant, I do not mean a follower of the doctrines of Luther, of Calvin, or Melancthon; nor of the confeſſion of Augſburgh or Geneva; nor of the catechiſm of Heidelbergh; nor of the articles of the Church of England; but a believer of that wherein they all agree, and to which they all ſubſcribe; I mean that perfect rule of faith and life, as contained in the Holy Scriptures.

"All beſide, may be matter of opinion, and to enforce a belief of more than they contain, or the plain irrefragable deductions to be made from them, is little leſs than ſchiſmatical preſumption. After a long, painful, and impartial ſearch for truth, I profeſs that I cannot find any reſt for the ſole of my foot, but on this everlaſting rock.

"PROPOSE TO ME ANY THING ACTUALLY CONTAINED IN THESE INSPIRED WRITINGS, AND REQUIRE WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HOWEVER INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO HUMAN REASON, AND I WILL SUBSCRIBE TO IT WITH HAND AND HEART; AS NO DEMONSTRATION CAN BE STRONGER THAN THIS, GOD HATH SAID IT.

"I am fully aſſured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require more than this; to believe the Scriptures to be God's holy word; to endeavour to find their true ſenſe and meaning, and to live according to the ſenſe contained in them."

My zeal againſt the Catholic tenets having been cenſured as too acrimonious, I take this opportunity of pleading guilty to the charge; I hope and truſt that this exceſſive zeal did not proceed from any unworthy motives, but from a warm concern for the temporal and eternal intereſts of mankind; theſe, (and God ſo help

help me at my greateſt need, if any other motive impells me) theſe, I firmly believe, have not a more inveterate foe than popiſh ſuperſtition.

One of its great evils is, that, on the great and material points of Chriſtian revelation, it leads to ſcepticiſm and infidelity: ſerious and reflecting men, ſeeing ſo much external, pompous ceremonial, and implicit reliance, and *internally* ſo much fraudulent caſuiſtry, are too apt to ſuſpect there can be no real truth.

I would wiſh to aſk certain pathetic declaimers, with the wafer in their mouths, but the inquiſition in their hearts, whether the ſubverſion of religious faith could have been brought about in a country like France, by a few obſcure philoſophers and unprincipled literary men, had they not been powerfully aſſiſted by the great body of the nobility and dignified clergy, uniting ritual obſervance with profligate lives, publicly aſſenting to, but in their families notoriouſly ridiculing, a ſyſtem of faith, which, it is true, had long departed from the ſpirit and doctrines of the primitive church.

It was in vain that they expected others to be reſtrained by ties which *they* publicly violated themſelves, or privately refuſed to acknowledge: this terrible farce was for many centuries played on a conſpicuous theatre, and its effects have ſhaken Europe to its foundations:

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

CAUSES OF ILL SUCCESS.

During a war between the Auſtrians and Turks, towards the middle of the ſeventeenth century, great complaints were made of the diſaſters and want of activity of the imperial forces.

It was at laſt diſcovered, that Count Seekendorf, the commander in chief, *was a Lutheran*; "Can we be ſurprized at our failures," ſaid the Jeſuit PECKHART, a court preacher and a favourite, "when an impious heretic leads our troops, to whom his holineſs the Pope (Clement the twelfth, of the Florentine family of Corſini) has conſtantly refuſed his benediction."

What merits could reſiſt ſo rational a mode of arguing? the count was ſoon recalled, tried, and diſgraced; his only reply to the charges brought againſt him, was, "I ſincerely hope my royal maſter will find a perſon to ſucceed me, who will be able to find out a ſecret, I never could diſcover." "What is that?" ſaid a military veteran, who preſided at the court of enquiry, "To lead

an

an army to victory," replied Seckendorf, "without money, without proviſions, and half cloathed."

The reaſoning of Peckhart was condenſed in the following Latin words;

Cæſaris Hæreticus, Mahometis Apoſtata dux eſt:
Confuſio regnat, Dæmon; et Ira Dei.

I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the hiſtory of that period to ſay, who the apoſtate was, that commanded the Ottoman forces.

CAXTON, WILLIAM, a man of conſiderable learning for the period in which he lived, employed in ſeveral foreign miſſions during the reign of King Edward the fourth, and generally mentioned as the firſt introducer of printing into England; yet, an expoſition of the Apoſtles' Creed, by St. Jerome, printed at Oxford, in the year one thouſand four hundred and ſixty-eight, for, or by, Frederic Corſellis, is ſaid to be extant in a quarto pamphlet; this hitherto unſettled queſtion of priority, has laid the foundation for an elaborate, but not very amuſing, controverſy: the fact is, that Corſellis was a printer of Harlem, enticed by the promiſes and bounty of Caxton, to quit his native country, and come to England, where he practiced his art firſt at Oxford; if we conſider Caxton as the employer, and Corſellis as his man, this diſpute may eaſily be ſettled.

Caxton appears to have been an active public-ſpirited man, and united the characters of a courtier, a printer, and an author; he had been page, or gentleman uſher, early in life, to one of the king's ſiſters; he tranſlated ſeveral of the Claſſics, and many French works into Engliſh, and wrote a Chronicle, which he entitled Fructus Temporum, printed in 1484.

One of his tranſlations, he dedicates in the following words; "To the noble, ancient, and renowned city of London, where I received my nurture and living, and ſhall pray for the good proſperity of the ſame, during my life, of which it hath great need, becauſe I have known it, in my young age, much more wealthy, proſperous, and richer, than it now is, and the cauſe is, that none attend to the public weal, but every man to his own profit; and becauſe I ſee that the children that are born within the ſaid city, increaſe and profit not like their fathers, but for the moſt part, after they are come to years of diſcretion, ſeldom thrive.

Fairer, wiſer, and better-ſpoken children, during their youth, are

no

no where to be found, yet, at their ripening, there is no good corn, but for the moſt part chaff."

Such is the language of a declaimer three hundred and fifty years ago, and ſuch have been the complaints of *the praiſers of other times*, at different ages of the world; "yet the ſun ſtill continues to ſhine on the juſt and the unjuſt," and London is ſtill a flouriſhing metropolis, the avenger of Europe, the maritime and commercial miſtreſs of the world, *and fully able to cope ſingle-handed with the ſubjects of the firſt Conſul.*

In the extracts here given from this learned printer, my reader will ſee that I have not followed the ancient ſpelling, nor in every inſtance, his obſcure and obſolete expreſſion, ſo much valued by ſome; my reaſon for thus *tranſlating* him, is, that in ſearching for information in his and other old books, I have often been puzzled and perplexed; the author's meaning, and not the language in which he conveys it, being the object in purſuit.

Yet, inveloped as his writings appear to a modern reader, in the ruſt of antiquity, it is worthy of remark, that his cotemporaries "complained of his adopting curious terms, and expreſſions, which could not be underſtood by the common people, who were deſirous of his uſing the cuſtomary old and homely words.

"I would fain ſatisfy every man, and ſo took an old book and *redde* therein; the word in Italic, I exactly copy, and wiſh the old method were ſtill retained, as the paſt tenſe of every verb ought certainly to be ſpelt different from the preſent tenſe.

"The Engliſh of this book," continues Caxton, "I found ſo rude and broad, that I could not readily underſtand it; ſo great is the difference between the language now uſed, and that which was ſpoken when I was a boy; ſo true it is that *Engliſhmen are born under the dominion of the moon*, which is never ſtedfaſt but ever waning; from whence it cometh, that the language ſpoken in one county, ſhall not be currently underſtood in another.

"Certain merchants, lately purpoſing to ſail from the river Thames to Zealand, were detained at the Foreland for want of wind, and during the delay, went on ſhore for refreſhment; when a certain man among them, whoſe name was Sheffield, a mercer by trade, entering a houſe, aſked for eggs; to which the good wife anſwered, 'That ſhe could not ſpeak French.' The merchant, ſomewhat angry, ſaid

ſaid, 'It is not French I ſpeak, but plain Engliſh, I want ſome eggs;' at laſt another of the company ſaid, 'We would have eyren;' which, the good woman directly underſtanding, furniſhed them with what they demanded. ——"What," concludes Caxton, "ſhould a man in theſe days write eggs or *eyren?*"

CHAMBERS, SIR WILLIAM, a modern architect, Knight of the Polar Star, and Comptroller-General of our public works.

Sir William, if not remarkably witty himſelf, has been evidently the cauſe of wit in others: he has the merit of having called forth the far-famed Heroic Epiſtle, by his ſingular diſſertation on oriental gardening, in which he proves, or endeavours to prove, that the Engliſh ſtyle of gardening, firſt introduced by Kent, Southcote, Hamilton and Brown, who followed nature for their guide, is far excelled by the taſte of the Chineſe, for the groteſque, the ſurprizing, the horrible, and the ſublime; ſuch ſcenes, in ſhort, as are diſplayed in the gardens of the Emperor of China, at Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin.

"What is nature," ſays Sir William, in the fervor or extravaganza of his Aſiatic tranſports, "ground, plants, and water?"

"For what is nature?" ſays the knight's admirable poetic commentator.

"For what is nature? ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet ſpite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is ground, and plants, and water.
So, when ſome John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners or Almack's;
Three monſtrous legs of mutton ſhock our eyes,
Three roaſted geeſe, three butter'd apple pies."

But the poet ſoon feels that powers like his are formed for nobler game, and he thus addreſſes his muſe:

"I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
Thy ſearching ſtrain can pierce the ear of kings,
Thy ſolemn vein of irony ſo fine,
Which e'en reviewers own adorns thy line.
With *all* thy powers, O goddeſs of the ſong,
Come then, and guide my careleſs pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of ſenſe and verſe,
Nor like Mac-Homer make me gabble Erſe.

No,

No, let the flow of theſe ſpontaneous rhymes,
Exactly touch the temper of the times;
Then ſhall my ſong, undiſciplin'd by art,
Find a ſure patron in each Engliſh heart,
If this my fate, let all the flipp'ry things,
Be-plac'd, be-penſion'd, and be-ſtarr'd by kings,
Frown on the page; and with faſtidious eye,
Like *old young Fannius*, call it blaſphemy.
For other ears, my honeſt numbers ſound,
With other praiſe, theſe numbers ſhall be crown'd;
Praiſe that ſhall ſpread, no power can make it leſs,
While Britain boaſts her bulwark of the preſs.
Yes, ſons of freedom, ye to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
Whate'er my fame or fate, on this depend,
I am, and ſtill *will be* my country's friend:
'Tis but to try my ſtrength that now I ſport,
With Chineſe gardens, and a Chineſe court.
But if my country claim a graver ſtrain,
If real danger threat fair freedom's reign;
If hireling peers in proſtitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themſelves they ſold;
Or thoſe, who honor'd by a people's choice,
Againſt that people lift their rebel voice;
And baſely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the beſt birth-right of her ſons away.
Permit a kingdom's inborn wealth to fly,
In mean unkingly prodigality;
If this they dare, the thunder of my ſong,
Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
Shall ſtrike, with truth's dread bolt, each miſcreant's name,
Who dead to duty, ſenſeleſs, e'en to ſhame,
Betray'd his country; yes, ye faithleſs crew,
The muſes vengeance ſhall your crimes purſue,
Stretch you on ſatire's rack, and bid you lie,
Fit garbage for that hell-hound, infamy."

The man of genius, who is emulous of ſuch genuine poetry, and it will be no eaſy taſk to equal it; in the glow of early patronage, and after ſuch patriotic promiſes, let him be cautious how he lends his name, to men

and

and meaſures, whom his cooler reaſon and unbiaſſed judgment, would make him abominate and reject; let him carefully avoid ſo diſtreſſing a circumſtance, leſt the revoltings of ſuppreſſed integrity, and the ſtruggles of tongue-tied independence, ſhould be intolerable, and he ultimately fall a victim to the anguiſh of a wounded ſpirit.

CHANGE OF LANGUAGES, either from improvement or corruption.

To deſcribe, without vocal and auricular aſſiſtance, the exact ſound, mode of pronunciation, and accent with which the words of any dead language were pronounced two thouſand years ago, is almoſt impoſſible; a dictionary, formed on the plan, in which I have ſeen an edition of Dr. Johnſon's Rambler, in which the tranſlated mottos were ſpelt and written as they are pronounced, would be the likelieſt method of conveying this knowledge to poſterity.

The following were the two firſt lines of Nœvius, an author known only by fragments, and who wrote a hiſtory of the firſt ages of Rome, in Iambic verſe:

Quei terrai Latiai hemones tuſerunt,
Vires frudeſque Poinicas fabor—.

Theſe words might paſs for the language of Otaheite, or Pellew; yet, they announce, in the Latin of that day, the poets deſign to treat of thoſe men of Latium, who ſucceſsfully reſiſted the power, and counteracted the frauds, of Carthage.

Qui, terræ Latiæ, homines tuderunt,
Vires fraudeſque Punicas fabor.

If ſuch are the alterations of language, the time may come when the correct ſweetneſs of Pope, the wit of Congreve, and the impreſſive morality of Dr. Johnſon, will require a gloſſary to explain them.

The following oath, taken by a French prince, in the tenth century, would puzzle a ſubject of Louis the ſixteenth, or Bonaparte.

"Pro Don amur, et pro Chriſtian poblo, et noſtro commun ſalvament, diſt di en avant, in quant Deus ſavir et potir me dunat, ſi ſalvari eo ceſt meon fradra Karlo, et in adjudha et in cadhuna coſa, ſi cum homper dreit ſon fradra ſalvar diſt, ino quid il imi altré ſi faret, et ab Ludher nul plaid nunquam prindrai, qui meon vol ciſt meon fradre Karle in damno ſit."

Tranſlation in modern French.

Pour l'amour de Dieu et du peuple Chretien, et pour notre com-

commun ſalut, de ce jour en avant, en tant que Dieu me donnera de ſavoir et de pouvoir, je ſauverai ce mien frere Charles, et l'aiderai en chacune choſe, comme un homme par droit doit ſauver ſon frere, en ce qu'il en feroit autant pour moi; et je ne ferai avec Lothaire aucun traite qui de ma volonte puiſſe etre dommageable a mon frere Charles.

Tranſlation in Engliſh.

"For the love of God, and all Chriſtian people, and for the ſafety of the common weal, from this day forth, as far as it ſhall pleaſe God to give me power and knowledge, I will protect my brother Charles, and will, in all things, render him ſuch aſſiſtance, as every man is, in duty bound towards his brother, and as I expect from him; neither will I enter into any treaty with Lothaire, that, as far as I am concerned, ſhall prove prejudicial to my brother Charles."

The following is part of the preamble and regulations of William the Conqueror, in which the reader will eaſily perceive the predominancy of the Latin tongue, in ſome inſtances ſcarcely altered, and the gradual improvement of the French, or Norman, which it was the ambition of William to make the eſtabliſhed language of England, to the utter extinction of the Saxon.

"Ce ſont les leis et les cuſtumes que le Reis William grantut a tut le peuple de Engleterre apres le conqueſt de la terre. Ice les meiſmes que le Reis Edward ſun eoſin tint devant lui.

"Pais a Saint Egliſe; de quel forfait que homme out fait en cel tens; et il pout venir a Sainte Egliſe, out pais de vie et de membre.

"Si le pere trovet ſa file en adulterie, en ſa maiſon, u en la maiſon ſon gendre, bien li leiſt occire l'adultere.

"Ki en alcun de ees che mins (Wetling-ſtreet, Erming-ſtreet, et Foſs) oceit homme que ſeit errant per le pais, u aſalt, ſi enfreit la pais le Roi."

Latin Tranſlation.

"Hæ ſunt leges et conſuetudines, quas Wilhelmus Rex conceſſit univerſo populo Angliæ, poſt ſubactam terram. Eædem ſunt quas Edwardus Rex cognatus ejus obſervavit ante eum.

"Pax ſanctæ eccleſiæ eujuſcunque foris-facturæ quis reus ſit in hoc tempore: et venire poteſt ad ſanctum eccleſiam, paeemque habeat vitæ et membrorum.

"Qui in aliqua harum viarum ſcilicet, Wetling-ſtreet, Erming-ſtreet, et Foſſe, hominem itinerantem,

rantem, ſive occiderit, ſive inſilierit, is pacem regis violat.

Engliſh Tranſlation.

"The following are the laws and cuſtoms which King William granted to the people of England, after the conqueſt: the ſame which his relation, King Edward, obſerved before him.

"Peace to the holy church; whoever ſhall enter it, he is ſafe from all injury of life or limb, whatever crime he may have committed.

"Whoever ſhall diſcover his daughter in the act of adultery, either in his own houſe, or in the houſe of his ſon-in-law, it ſhall be lawful for him to put the adulterer to death.

"If any man kill or aſſault a traveller in Watling-ſtreet, Erming-ſtreet, or the Foſſe, it ſhall be deemed a violation of the king's peace."

(Query, if a traveller was murdered or attacked in any other ſtreet, was not the king's peace equally broken?)

It hath been frequently remarked, that the language and idiom of the ancient poets, in any country, are more difficult to underſtand than the works of cotemporary proſe writers.

The following is a paſſage in Marbodius, who wrote a treatiſe on precious ſtones, in verſe, during the early part of the twelfth century.

Evax fut un mult rich reis,
Lu regne tint des Arabais,
Mult fut de pluſiurs choſes ſages;
Mult apriſt de pluſiurs langages;
Les ſet arts ſut, ſi en fut maiſtre,
Mult fut pciſchant et de bon eſtre;
Grans treſors ot d'or e d'argent
Et fut larges a tuite gent;
Pur lez grant ſen, pur la pruece
Kil ot, e grant largece.
Fut cunnuz e mult amez,
Par pluſiurs terres renummez.
Neruns en ot oï parler:
Pur ce ke tuit loï loer
Lama forment en ſun currage,
Si li tramiſt un ſen meſſage.
Neruns fut de Rume Emperere,
En icel tens ke li reis ere.

Engliſh Tranſlation, in Proſe.

Evax was a very rich king,
Who reigned over the Arabians;
He was wiſe in many matters,
And learned in many languages.
Maſter of the arts and ſciences,
Happy, powerful, and generous;
He was greatly feared, and greatly loved;
His renown reached diſtant countries,
Nero had heard of his fame;
And admiring his exploits,
Sent an embaſſy unto him.
Now Nero was Emperor of Rome,
At the time this monarch reign'd.

Evax, the ſubject of this panegyric,

negyric, is said by Pliny, to have been a skilful physician, and to have written a book on herbs, which he dedicated to Nero.

CHANGE OF TIMES. The following passage caught my eye in the pleasant letters published by Busbeck (Busbequius) ambassador from Ferdinand the second, Emperor of Germany, to the Sultan Solyman the second; the edition before me is Parisiis, 1595.

"When I compare the power of the Turks with our own, I confess, the consideration fills me with anxiety and dismay, and a strong conviction forces itself on my mind, that we cannot long resist the destruction which awaits us; they possess immense wealth, strength unbroken, a perfect knowledge of the art of war, patience under every difficulty, union, order, frugality, and a constant state of preparation.

"On our side, exhausted finances and universal luxury, our national spirit broken by repeated defeats, mutinous soldiers, mercenary officers; licentiousness, intemperance, and a total contempt or neglect of military discipline, fill up the dismal catalogue.

"Is it possible to doubt how such an unequal conflict must terminate? the enemies forces being at present directed against Persia, only suspends our fate: after subduing that power, the all-conquering Mussulman, will rush with undivided strength, and overwhelm at once Europe as well as Germany."

What would the author have thought, and what would he have written, had he been an eye-witness, at the present momentous interval, when a gigantic military republic, is established in the heart of Europe; a republic, armed at all points, and combining the two-fold advantages of democracy and absolute monarchy; whilst the power he so much dreaded, is crumbling into dust, and owes its protracted existence, wholly to the circumstance, of its not being accurately ascertained, who shall divide the spoil.

To that class of readers, who may be gratified by a specimen of the latinity of Busbequius, I submit the passage I have quoted, in his own words:

"Quæ cogitantem horror corripit quid postremo futurum sit cum hanc nostram rationem cum eorum comparo; superare alteros, alteros interire necesse est; ambo certe incolumes esse non possumus. Ab illa parte stant immensæ imperii opes, vires integræ, armorum usus et exercitatio; milites veterani, victoriarum

toriarum assiduitas, laborum patientia, concordia, ordo, disciplina, frugalitas vigilantia.

Ab hac nostra, publica egestas, privatus luxus, diminutæ vires, infracti animi, laboris et armorum insolentia; contumaces milites, duces avari; disciplinæ contemptus, licentia, temeritas, ebrietas, crapula, quodque est pessimum, illis vincere, nobis vinci solutum.

Et dubitamus quid eventurum sit; unus modo Persa intercedit; quem, ad nos festinans, hostis respicere cogitur, sed is moram adfert, non salutem; hoc compósito, cum totius orientis viribus in nostras cervices irruet."

CHAPELAIN, JOHN, a poet of the seventeenth century, a member of the French academy, and the first who attempted a poem on the subject of the Maid of Orleans, which, although written in rugged verse and uncouth French, is by no means an unpleasant book.

This inspiring theme was afterwards taken up by Voltaire, and latterly in English, by Mr. Southey, who delivered it without hesitation to the public, as a work begun and finished *in fix weeks*.

By what means, or by what superior capacity and skill, he atchieved, in so short a space of time, AN EPIC POEM, which a great master in the art recommends to be kept and daily retouched for nine years, I am at a loss to account for, unless this ingenious writer should be of opinion, that the same revolution has taken place in the intellectual, which appears to have so powerfully affected him in the political world.

Voltaire, who evidently profited from the work of Chapelain, treats him, notwithstanding, with illiberal and unmerited severity.

O Chapelain toi dont le violon,
De discordante et Gothique memoire,
Sur un archet maudit par Apollon,
D'un ton si dur a *racle* son histoire.

And further observes, that he got more money by his poem, than Homer for his Iliad; an assertion, which, however true, does not prove the greatness of Chapelain's profits.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the lively philosopher of Ferney, after rescuing the virgin from his rival's rude embrace, has produced a composition replete with rich humour, delicate satire, and fine poetry, but disgraced by impiety and lewdness; an English *version* of the most unex-

unexceptionable part of one of the cantos, by the editor of this collection, was given in my firſt impreſſion, and may be ſeen by referring to the article, ARC, JOAN OF.

In a little volume of letters, publiſhed under the patronage of Chriſtina, after her feceſſion from the throne of Sweden, an improbable ſtory is introduced by Chapelain, concerning the loſt decades of Livy.

"I was told," ſays Chapelain, "by the tutor of the Marquis de Rouville's ſon, whoſe veracity I have no reaſon to doubt, that having occaſion to play at tennis, he had purchaſed ſome parchment battledores, and while he and his pupil were amuſing themſelves at this ſalutary exerciſe, he accidentally diſcovered the Latin titles of the eighth, tenth, and eleventh decades of Livy, on the battledores with which they played.

Enquiring of the maker of the battledores, where the parchment was procured, he was told, that it had been purchaſed of a neighbouring apothecary, who, being employed profeſſionally at the abbey of Fontevraud, had often obſerved a heap of duſty parchment lying neglected in the obſcure corner of a lumber room at that place.

Prompted by curioſity, he inſpected them, finding they were the writings of Livy, he obtained permiſſion of the abbeſs to take them home, informing her, at the ſame time, they could be of no uſe, as the works of that ancient writer were in print; not recollecting, or, perhaps, being ignorant, that a conſiderable portion of the work of this Roman hiſtorian was unfortunately loſt.

This account, for ſeveral reaſons, will not bear the touchſtone of ſound criticiſm, it helped to amuſe the leiſure hours of the Swediſh queen; and it would have been highly deſirable had ſhe been always ſatisfied with ſuch harmleſs amuſements; but her reſentments once excited were ſanguinary, implacable, and, in one caſe, incited her to murder.

I allude to the inſtance of Monaldeſchi, an Italian marquis, employed as a principal officer of her houſehold, after her abdication.

Having betrayed the confidence placed in him, in certain important tranſactions, Chriſtina ſent for him into a gallery of the palace of Fontainbleau, in which ſhe was permitted to reſide by Louis the fourteenth; reproaching the offender for his treachery and ingratitude, he declared himſelf innocent, when the queen immediately produced a

packet of letters as inconteſtible proofs of his guilt.

It was in vain that Monaldeſchi fell on his knees, and prayed for pardon; his angry miſtreſs was inexorable, and turning to two ſoldiers, who attended by her inſtructions, ordered them to put the marquis to death, as ſoon as he had received abſolution from a prieſt whom ſhe had alſo directed to be preſent.

When the prieſt had performed his office, the ſoldiers put the unfortunate Italian to the ſword.

Thus, in a country where ſhe lived by ſufferance, in a palace, and under the juriſdiction of a foreign prince, was Monaldeſchi aſſaſſinated; for I cannot give a gentler name to an act perpetrated without judicial proceſs or legal inveſtigation, by a woman, who, having relinquiſhed royalty, had naturally abandoned with it, all its *ſuppoſed* prerogatives, powers, and privileges.

Had I been ſovereign of the kingdom in which this outrage was committed, Chriſtina ſhould certainly have been ſuſpended by the neck: the French government of that period was content, perhaps, for political reaſons, to adopt a milder puniſhment; ſhe was ordered to retire from Fontainbleau, and immediately to quit the country.

CHARDIN, SIR JOHN, a ſcientific jeweller, a French refugee, on account of his proteſtant principles, and what may appear extraordinary, a favorite of James the ſecond, King of England, to whom he dedicated his travels into Perſia, in a fulſome ſtrain of panegyric.

Gratitude, in this inſtance, appears to have warped the judgment of a man, who, on other occaſions, exhibits a conſiderable ſhare of mercantile acuteneſs, and perſonal intrepidity; but, in the dedication to which I allude, after acknowledging the goodneſs of James, in ſuffering him to reſide under the ſhadow of his *auguſt* throne in England, which he calls *the land of promiſe*; he aſſures his infatuated protector, that the Engliſh ſceptre ſhall be as immoveable in *his* triumphant hands, as loyalty is in the *hearts* of his faithful ſubjects.

This propheey was written only a few months before the king, to whom it was addreſſed, by his bigotry, and unconſtitutional proceedings, raiſed ſuch a ſpirit of alarm and oppoſition throughout the kingdom, that he found it neceſſary to decamp pre-

precipitately, and *abdicate* his throne, for the deſpicable and precarious ſubſiſtence of a fugitive, and a dependant in a foreign realm.

Tantum *idolatria* potuit ſuadere malorum.

If we except the ſingularity of a French Hugonot, chuſing for his patron, James, who was, in fact, *a catholic martyr*, and a laudable ſtrain of devout piety which breathes throughout the book, in conſequence of Chardin's frequent and narrow eſcapes from robbery and murder; the traveller thanking God for every thing, and calling on the name of the Almighty on occaſions too frequently unimportant; with theſe exceptions, there is little to amuſe a modern reader, who, inſtead of gratifying his curioſity by intereſting narrative, will be perpetually diſguſted with tedious details of petty freebooters; annals of ſovereigns never heard of before; diffuſe hiſtorical diſcuſſions, not always connected with the ſubject of his page; and long diſputes of French ambaſſadors, who, at that time, *like Citizen Bonaparte of the preſent day*, were extremely anxious that their countrymen ſhould trade to the Eaſt-Indies, *through Egypt and the Red Sea*; which, if ever they do,

Our crown's a red night-cap, and Britain's no more.

I have remarked the ſingularity of a French proteſtant, being protected by a prince who ſacrificed a throne, and beggared his family, rather than forego his attachment to the ſelfiſh impoſtures of the Vatican.

But King James is ſaid to have valued himſelf on his tolerating ſpirit, and to have declared, that he was driven from the inheritance of his forefathers by the intolerancy of his ſubjects.

Chardin being a native of Paris, and not maſter of the Engliſh language, wrote his travels in French, from which they were tranſlated into Engliſh, by a friend, who appears, in general, to have executed the taſk with ſufficient fidelity; one exception caught my eye, where the author mentions, that his reaſon for going to the preſs, was to publiſh the *reſentments* of his heart, for the favors his majeſty had conferred on him.

This reminds me of a certain French writer, who, deſcribing a very deſtructive fire which raged at Conſtantinople, ſays, that the Sultan, who attended, thinking the firemen did not do their duty, ordered one to be thrown into the flames, *pour encourager les autres*.

CHARLES THE THIRD, of that name, Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, and *Adminiſtrator* rather than King of France, during the minority of Charles the ſimple; though generally claſſed with the French monarchs of the ſecond race, under the coarſe appellation of Charles the fat.

He is mentioned in this place, in order to introduce a ſingular viſion of which he is the ſubject; a curious literary production, written in the monkiſh Latin of thoſe days, and erroneouſly attributed to Charles the bald; the author is, in fact, wholly unknown, and muſt have lived towards the concluſion of the ninth century.

Whoever he was, and whatever his name or deſcription, he appears to have been aware of the nature of thoſe minds he had to work upon, and to have handled his weapons with ſome dexterity; his ſuperſtition is excuſable, and almoſt praiſeworthy, as he makes it the inſtrument of political philanthropy. After making large allowances for extravaganza, and an incongruous mixture of paganiſm and Chriſtian theology, it cannot be denied that ſuch a production, in thoſe rude and dark ages, muſt have been wonderfully impreſſive, and admirably calculated to produce the purpoſes for which it was fabricated: but quitting further preliminary diſcuſſion, I produce this *waking dream*.

"In the name of Chriſt, the king of kings, I, Charles, by the free gift of God, king of the Germans, ſenator of Rome, and emperor of the Franks, on the evening of the holy Sabbath, and after a due performance of my religious duties, retiring to enjoy the repoſe of ſleep (ſomnum dormitionis) heard a loud and terrible voice, ſaying unto me, Charles, Charles, thy ſoul ſhall, in a ſhort time, depart from thy body, when thou ſhalt behold the wonderful and juſt judgments of God, and thy ſoul, after a ſhort interval, ſhall again return to its tenement of clay.

"In a moment my ſpirit was borne away, and I perceived that he who conducted me, was cloathed in white apparel, holding in his hand a ball of thread (glomerem lineum) which ſhone with the fiery brightneſs of a comet; and he began to unwind it, ſaying at the ſame time unto me, 'Take the end of the glittering thread, and tie it firmly to the thumb of thy right hand, becauſe by that thread wilt thou go through the labyrinths which lead to infernal puniſhment.'

"With theſe words, and as ſoon as I had done that which he

he directed, he led the way at a quick pace, unwinding the clue as he paſſed along; we deſcended into vallies ſurrounded on every ſide with fiery gulphs, pits flaming with pitch and ſulphur, alſo vaſt cauldrons of melted lead and boiling oil.

"In theſe horrid receptacles, ſad to ſay, I ſaw the miniſters of my father and my uncles enduring grievous tortures; demanding of them on what account ſuch dreadful puniſhments were inflicted, they thus made anſwer unto me; 'We were the prieſts and other ſervants of thy forefathers, and when it was our duty to have adviſed them and their people to peace and concord, we ſcattered among them the ſeeds of contention, and became preachers of miſchief; for this cauſe are we undergoing infernal puniſhments with other deſtroyers and tormentors of mankind; to this ſcene of ſorrow will thy biſhops and generals alſo come, if they continue to act as we have done.'

"And behold, whilſt I liſtened and trembled, certain helliſh monſters endeavoured to ſeize the bright thread which I held, but the luminous rays which darted from it repelled all their efforts; then running behind me, they tried, with their infernal hooks, to drag me into the ſulphureous pits, but my conductor, who carried the ball of cœleſtial thread, throwing it over my ſhoulder, and doubling it around me, diſappointed their evil purpoſe, and drew me after him.

"We then aſcended lofty burning mountains, from whoſe gaping ſides, torrents of boiling metal, and rivers of liquid fire, perpetually flow. Here I ſaw an innumerable hoſt of the ſouls of wicked men, and with them, alas, thoſe of many of my own family and kindred, plunged in fiery lakes, and crying out unto me in the midſt of their tortures; 'Such are the puniſhments we ſuffer for involving mankind unneceſſarily in war, bloodſhed, and ſlaughter, for the mere purpoſe of gratifying our luſt of dominion; the more elevated our rank on earth, the more ſevere is our puniſhment in theſe diſmal abodes.'

"And, as I caſt mine eyes on the banks of the river of fire, I perceived dragons, ſcorpions, ſerpents, and venomous reptiles of various ſhapes, which, but for the miraculous clue, would have aſſaulted me; and behold the generals, and counſellors of my father, and my brothers, raiſed their voices, and ſaid 'Thou

ſeeſt

ſeeſt the bitter agonies we ſuffer; theſe are the fruits, ſuch are the rewards of evil counſellors.'

"My guide then conducted me to two fountains, one flowing with cool, the other with boiling water; and two capacious veſſels were near the ſpring; in one of them, I ſaw Louis, my father, ſtanding in ſcalding water, and he cried unto me; 'Be not diſmayed my beloved ſon, for thy ſoul will quickly return to thy body, though it is the will of God, for gracious purpoſes, that thou ſhould'ſt viſit theſe terrible ſcenes, and be a witneſs of the torments we undergo.

'It is my unhappy lot to paſs my days alternately in the cold and in the hot water; but it is in thy power, and that of my faithful biſhops, my beloved abbots and prieſts, to ſhorten the duration of my puniſhment by maſſes, by oblations, and alms. Lothaire, my brother, and his ſon, Louis, were, at a certain time, in miſery like mine, but they are now happily releaſed by the kind interpoſition of St. Peter and St. Remigius.'

"After a ſhort pauſe, he thus proceeded: 'Caſt thine eyes, my ſon, a little to thy left hand,' and I beheld two other capacious veſſels; 'Theſe,' ſaid my father, 'are prepared for thee, if thou doſt not repent of thy ſins.'

"At theſe words, I began to fear and to tremble exceedingly, and when my conductor ſaw my terror, 'I will lead thee,' he ſaid 'to the pleaſant ſhades of Paradiſe.' Leaving the valley, we repaired to that happy place, where I ſaw my uncle Lothaire, ſurrounded by his royal anceſtors, ſitting on a bright topaz of extraordinary magnitude, and with a crown of gold upon his head: next to him, ſat his ſon, Louis, alſo crowned; and my uncle addreſſed me in the following words; 'Charles, my nephew and ſucceſſor, fear not, but draw near unto me; both thou and thy father ſhall be delivered from the puniſhments allotted to you, by the kind intereſſion of Remigius, the holy apoſtle of the Franks.

'*But it will before all things be neceſſary to deſcend from the throne, and reſign thy crown, to Louis, the ſon of my daughter, thy beloved nephew.*'

The paſſage which I have printed in Italics, was evidently the motive of the viſion, and the point aimed at by the author, whoſe purpoſe appears, by the evidence of cotemporary hiſtory, to have been fully anſwered.

"At theſe words," continues Charles,

Charles, or the dream-writer for him, " I lifted up mine eyes, and a royal infant ſtood before me; when Lothaire, holding forth the child in his hand, and purſuing his diſcourſe, thus addreſſed me; 'Behold the lawful heir of the crown, though an infant; *for of ſuch is the kingdom of Heaven*; reſign the empire unto him, and as a token, give unto him the bright thread which thou holdeſt.'

I then looſed the clue from my hand, and as a ſign of my abdicating the monarchy, tied it to that of the child; my ſoul immediately returned to my body, but my ſpirits were fatigued, and my heart ſad.

CHARLES THE FIFTH, Emperor of Germany, a monarch, againſt whom, as the readers of this collection muſt frequently have had occaſion to obſerve, its editor is ſtrongly prejudiced; but the laws of impartial juſtice compel me to record a ſhrewd obſervation made by his imperial majeſty.

" You and I have ſuch hot-headed reſtleſs ſubjects," ſaid this prince to his rival, and afterwards his priſoner, Francis the firſt, King of France " We have ſuch hot-headed ſubjects, that if we did not keep them employed, and occaſionally cool their courage, and martial impetuoſity, by a war, they would infallibly be riſing in arms *againſt ourſelves*."

CHATHAM, LORD, the firſt of that title, whoſe merits and defects, whoſe brilliancies and ſingularities, approaching, at a certain period of his life, to the borders of inſanity, have exhauſted the patience of a modern reader.

The following character of this eminent Engliſh ſtateſman, is evidently written by one with no ſtrong partialities in favor of the houſe of Burton Pynſent; it alſo contains ſentiments which cannot but excite ſurprize and regret, when we hear a perſon, well acquainted with public buſineſs, declare, that a ſcrupulous ſenſe of honor incapacitated a man for the office of prime miniſter.

" No man was more ſucceſsful, nor did any man ever deſerve leſs to be ſo than Mr. Pitt; he entered into the army early in life, and there he ought to have remained; his enterpriſing ſpirit, his raſhneſs, and his ſcrupulous ſenſe of honor, were extremely proper in the profeſſion of arms, but theſe qualities, and his uncontroulable arrogance, rendered him the moſt improper man alive for a prime miniſter.

" To thoſe advantages, and thoſe

thoſe views, which are acquired and communicated by ſtudy and habits of reflection, he was a ſtranger, and, in a country where eloquence is little known, his noiſe and vociferation acquired him the name of an orator; thus, by a ſingular infatuation, he became the Demoſthenes and Tully of his day, without poſſeſſing common ſenſe."

That Lord Chatham's arrogance and obſtinacy were not, in every inſtance, uncontroulable, he proved by giving way to his royal maſter's opinion, on the ſubject of Hanover; on another occaſion, waiting on the king with diſpatches, and being diſabled by the gout from ſtanding, he would not ſit, but read them *(credite poſteri)* kneeling.

This degrading act, which the ſovereign ought not to have permitted, ſoothed the old king, who, at a certain time, was ſtrongly exaſperated againſt him, and after Mr. Pitt quitted his preſence, he was heard to ſay, "I like that Pitt, he is an honeſt man, I underſtand all he ſays."

That Lord Chatham wanted common ſenſe, will be thought a paradox, by thoſe who recollect that he directed the councils of Great Britain at a glorious period, when our arms, victorious in every quarter of the globe, had ſeverely checked the power of France; indeed, had the ſteps *he* recommended, been properly followed up, this enemy to the peace and happineſs of the world, might have been irrecoverably cruſhed. "His vanity," continues the writer I have before quoted, ſtill ſpeaking of the firſt Mr. Pitt, "his vanity was exceſſive, he obſerved no bounds of decency or truth, in the contempt he expreſſed for others, or his approbation of himſelf; ſuch was his caprice, that he frequently formed and abandoned reſolutions, before he could put them in execution; yet, by a whimſical concurrence of circumſtances, his inſtability led the way to glory, and his blunders procured him a reputation, to which he had no legitimate title.

"Popularity was the idol, which, in every inſtance, except his title and his penſion, he implicitly obeyed; a certain proof, that his conduct was not influenced by thoſe ſuperior ideas, which ariſe in high, liberal, and virtuous minds; a reſpectable character was no ſecurity againſt the licentious fury of his tongue: in private life, he was reſtleſs, fretful, unſociable, and perpetually affecting complaints he did not feel."

It is not my buſineſs, nor indeed my inclination, to defend the

the very culpable tendency of Lord Chatham, in his parliamentary ſpeeches, to the coarſeneſs of perſonal invective; it was the vice and faſhion of the day, I hope conſiderably corrected by the diſcriminating good ſenſe and decorum of later times.

But his reſtleſsneſs and his irritability, the evident effects of a gout, which perpetually harraſſed, and at length deſtroyed his conſtitution, *might* have been ſpared by this political Drawcanſir, in compaſſion to human infirmity; that he did not feel what he was ſo *troubleſome* as to complain of, is an impudent and inſulting aſſertion; for who, but HE WHO MADE US WHAT WE ARE, can tell what he felt.

This reminds me of a certain lady, whom, contrary to the general opinion, and in ſpite of her being *ſo* notable, I uſed to call a very bad wife, and for this reaſon; although ſhe invariably conſulted the intereſt, ſhe never thought of the feelings and happineſs of her family.

I remember one of the points on which, *this adept in the art of tormenting* uſed to teaze her huſband, was, that after the fatigues of a laborious profeſſion, and the pains of a flying gout, from which he never was free, he did not come home with pleaſant looks; this ſage matron, who ſoon *wore out* her helpmate, as good and kind a man as ever broke bread, as well as her ſon, would probably have expected THE SPARTAN BOY to have adopted ſmiles, and language *ſweet and ſoft as her own*, while a voracious and ſavage animal, concealed under his garment, was eroding his vitals.

But we have wandered from the hero of Burton Pynſent, who, with all his faults, and many conſiderable faults he had, was, in my opinion, a man of genius, a politician, and a miniſter exactly calculated for England; like a ſkilful phyſician, he felt the general pulſe before he adminiſtered his portion; the ingredients, it is true, were ſtrong, but his patients had faith in the preſcriber. "Mr. Pitt," ſaid another of his cotemporaries, I believe the late Mr. Wilkes, "Mr. Pitt was born an orator, with every requiſite to beſpeak awe and reſpect; a manly figure, with the eagle face of the famous Condé, fixed attention, and commanded reverence, before he uttered a ſyllable; the lightning of his eye ſpoke the fierceneſs of his ſoul; HIS TONGUE DROPPED VENOM; Murray, and even Fox, faultered and ſhrunk back from an adverſary breathing fire unquenchable.

"Yet his ſpeeches could not be

be read, there was neither ſound reaſoning, nor accuracy of expreſſion in them; the old Duke of Newcaſtle uſed to ſay, that Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a-year in any country but this; he virulently abuſed Walpole when alive, and, like other political adverſaries, complimented him when dead:

Urit enim fulgores ſuo qui prægravat artes
In fra ſe poſitas, EXTINCTUS AMABITUR idem.

In the diſtribution of miniſterial favors, Mr. Pitt offended Lord Edgcumbe, who threatened to withdraw his parliamentary ſupport; the intrepid ſtateſman ſilenced the peer by the following reply, and in his uſual tone of voice: "I deſpiſe your menaces, and truſting in the uprightneſs of my intentions, for the king's ſupport and the people's favor, I dare look in the face the proudeſt connections of this country."

But it was in urging an immediate declaration of war againſt Spain, ſome time in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-one, that Mr. Pitt, in the opinion of his enemies, exhibited a more than uſual ſhare of his arrogant and overbearing ſpirit.

In the midſt of a negociation, he, at once, and without entering on his reaſons, propoſed this important meaſure in a cabinet council, and obſerving that it ſtartled his aſſociates in office, he replied, grounding his anſwer, as it afterwards appeared, on authentic information: "Be aſſured the Spaniards will, the firſt moment they are prepared, declare war againſt you; on every principle of ſound policy, as well as juſtice, I am for preventing them." "They will think well before they take ſuch a ſtep," ſaid a noble lord. "I will not give them time to think," ſaid Mr. Pitt; "we have a malignant and inveterate foe, who has, for ages, taken every opportunity to injure and deſtroy us; a favourable moment, a moment which never may return again, now offers for cruſhing them beneath our feet; their wealth, their treaſures, their ſettlements, their poſſeſſions in both worlds, which they have perpetually made the inſtruments of death, and ruin to our countrymen, all are now in our power.

"A right honorable gentleman has ſpoken, with conſiderable emphaſis, of the perfidy in thus attacking a country while a negociation is on foot, and ſhe is holding forth offers of peace and friendſhip; I thought he had known a Frenchman and a Spaniard before to-day, THEY HAVE NEITHER

NEITHER FAITH, TRUTH, NOR HONOR, IN ANY INTERCOURSE THEY HOLD WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

"Seeing that we poſſeſs, and envying us the poſſeſſion of, the commerce of the globe, they conſider all means fair that they can make uſe of to wreſt this ineſtimable jewel from our poſſeſſion, fraud or force; and I have good authority for ſaying, that although they hold forth the olive-branch, they meditate, at the moment, a blow which it will be difficult to parry off, or recover from."

Finding the cabinet not inclined to accede to the meaſure he propoſed, Mr. Pitt thus proceeded:

"But if the members of this board are of another opinion, it is my duty to retire from it; I was called into adminiſtration by the voice of the people, and hold myſelf reſponſible to them for my conduct; I hope I have hitherto ſerved my country with honeſty and ſucceſs; but it would be inconſiſtent with my principles to aſſiſt in councils which are contrary to my own judgment."

The praiſe of good ſenſe cannot be denied to the following reply, made by the preſident of the council: "I find that the gentleman is determined to leave us; but if he is reſolved to aſſume the excluſive right of adviſing his majeſty, and directing the war, to what purpoſe are *we* alſo aſſembled in this place.

"When the right honorable gentleman talks of being reſponſible to the people, he talks the language of the houſe of commons, but forgets, at this board, that he is only reſponſible to the king."

The next day, he reſigned the ſeals, when the king, with his uſual goodneſs, expreſſed his concern for the loſs of ſo able a ſervant, and offered him any rewards in the power of the crown to beſtow; but, at the ſame time, confeſſed, that, if the meaſure Mr. Pitt propoſed had paſſed the council as a ſtep they recommended, he ſhould have had conſiderable difficulty in prevailing on himſelf to carry it into execution.

This kindneſs affecting Mr. Pitt conſiderably, agitated his whole frame, and it was not without many efforts that he uttered the following words: "I confeſs, ſir, I had but too much reaſon to expect your majeſty's diſpleaſure—I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodneſs—pardon me, ſir—it overpowers, it oppreſſes me." —He burſt into tears.

The buſineſs of the title, and the penſion, was afterwards ſettled between Lord Bute and himſelf,

himſelf, and occaſioned conſiderable obloquy, but, in my opinion, without the ſhadow of a foundation; for, in *this inſtance*, it is impoſſible to deny that the illuſtrious labourer was worthy of his hire; I believe, three thouſand pounds a-year; had it been ten, he richly deſerved it.

However raſh, impetuous, and unwarrantable, the meaſure he recommended might appear, paſt experience and preſent facts undeniably prove the juſtice and neceſſity of it.

The naval and commercial power of France and Spain might, and by his vigorous promptitude would, have been exterminated; we ſhould not, in that caſe, have had the Corſican aſſaſſin bearding and bullying us in the chops of the channel; the revenues, the ſettlements, the mines, and the trade of both powers would have been in *our* hands.

We are, in fact, become by neceſſity, rather than choice, the guardians and watchmen of civilized ſociety, but to ſecure and ſupport us in ſo important and expenſive a poſt, WE MUST POSSESS THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD.

In a word, France is the enemy of God and man, and while ſhe poſſeſſes a ſettlement in the eaſt or the weſt, a port in the channel, or a veſſel floating on the ocean, there is neither peace nor ſecurity for England; the channel muſt be inceſſantly ſwept, cruizers muſt be ſailing in every direction, with every wind and every wave, no bay or inlet of the oppoſite ſhore muſt be left unviſited by veſſels of a lighter conſtruction, well armed, well appointed, and well manned; the oppoſite ſhores of our enemies, remember I ſay *ſhores*, muſt be deſolated from the Helder to Breſt; Fluſhing, Oſtend, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, muſt be laid in aſhes; THE BEST PREVENTER OF INVASION IS TO INVADE; no man is ſo ſecure from being knocked down, as he who firſt knocks down his adverſary.

Theſe, it may be ſaid, are high-ſounding words, and, perhaps, I may be aſked, whether, in our preſent war with France, DELENDA EST CARTHAGO is my opinion; my anſwer is, that ſo far as relates to her naval and commercial power, it is; if that republic ſwims and outrides the ſtorm, *we* muſt ſink, for ſhe poſſeſſes means from mechanical, popular, metaphyſical, and geographical poſition, to deſolate creation and convert heaven into hell; ſuch a nation ſhould, if poſſible, like a monſtrous fœtus, have been choaked at its birth.

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CHATEAUNEUF, ——, keeper of the ſeals, during the tumultuous minority of Louis the thirteenth, and mentioned in this place, to record a very remarkable anſwer he made to the queſtion of a French biſhop, when only nine years old.

"I will give you an orange, my good little boy," ſaid the prelate, "if you will tell me where God is?" "I will give you two, my lord, if you will tell me where he is not?" was Chateauneuf's reply.

It is not probable, at ſo early an age, that he had read the ſublime ſcepticiſm of Lucan:

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides quocunque moveris.

which has been almoſt literally tranſlated by Pope:

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body, nature is, and God the ſoul.

CHESTERFIELD, LORD, a wit, a man of pleaſure, and notwithſtanding the ſarcaſm of a ſurly moraliſt, a ſtateſman of conſiderable ability.

It is not my deſign to defend the theory of diſſimulation and hypocriſy, laid down in his lordſhip's letters; they have been ſucceſsfully attacked in ſermons, ſatires, and novels; but in the Pupil of Pleaſure, written profeſſedly as an antidote againſt the poiſon of Lord Cheſterfield, the author has fallen into the very error he wiſhed to correct.

By the richneſs of his colouring, the luxuriancy of his deſcriptions, and the decided ſucceſs of his hero, notwithſtanding his fatal exit; I have known young men of a full pulſe and ſtrong paſſions, ſo far ſtimulated by mad licentiouſneſs, as to declare, that they were ready to ſuffer the penalties, if they could enjoy the pleaſures and *glory* of ſuch flagitious conduct; like the pamphlet of Soame Jenyns, on the internal evidence of the Chriſtian religion; Mr. Pratt injures the cauſe he meant to defend.

The maxims of Lord Cheſterfield, are, in many reſpects, highly culpable, but their turpitude has been much exaggerated; and it has been ſaid, by way of apology for his letters, that if a man is to be deprived of his wife, or his purſe, a ſpecies of robbery now become very frequent, that it is better to be eaſed of them by a genteel *friend*, a well-bred man of the town, or an accompliſhed pickpocket *in a workmanlike way*, than to have our property rudely violated, our feelings tortured, and our bodies maimed,

maimed, by a raviſher, a footpad, or a murderer.

I will not ſtop to decide a queſtion which I once heard curiouſly agitated, whether a man would rather loſe the honor of his wife by rape, or by ſeduction? the purpoſe of my preſent article, was, to enquire, after ſo elaborate an education, and after days of toil, and nights of anxiety, whether Lord Cheſterfield's pains were re-paid by ſucceſs? Was the harveſt adequate to ſo much labor?

To this queſtion it may be anſwered, that as a ſcholar and a diplomatic politician, Mr. Stanhope, to whom the reprehenſible letters were addreſſed, was highly reſpectable; but as a pupil of the graces, as a cultivator of the little decorums and minute elegancies of life, he was not only unſucceſsful but groſſly deficient.

CHEYNE, GEORGE, a native of North Britain, an honeſt, religious phyſician, and a conſiderable writer, in his day, on diet and regimen, who enforced the doctrines he taught, by the more efficacious example of a life, devoted to the ſervice of God and man.

The medical works of Cheyne, are principally calculated for the inſtruction of valetudinarians, the ſedentary, and the voluptuous; he may be ſtyled the phyſician of chronic diſeaſe, who combated the moſt alluring of our pleaſures, and waged war with vicious paſſion.

This conduct rouzed a hoſt of enemies, who attacked, but never defeated him; calling to their aid, ridicule, ſarcaſm, miſrepreſentation, and falſe reaſoning; he was abuſed by the humouriſt, the glutton, and the drunkard, and roughly handled in rhyme.

One of the moſt malignant and perſonal of his opponents, was the anceſtor of a learned friend, who has occaſionally condeſcended, from more ſevere ſtudies, to favor this collection with an indulgent eye; I am induced from a fond partiality towards his meritorious deſcendant, to ſuppreſs his name, and to abſtain from beſtowing on his conduct its proper epithet.

In this, as in too many other inſtances, wit and humour were in league againſt morality and moderation; for, had the ſyſtem of the medical man been generally adopted, what a blank would life have been to the herd of ſenſualiſts and triflers.

The attention of Dr. Cheyne, to diet and regimen, was firſt powerfully awakened, by the deplorable ſtate of his own health, of

of which he has left a uſeful and impreſſive narrative, in that part of his works to which he gave the title of "The Engliſh Malady;" which every young man attempting to eſtabliſh himſelf in the metropolis, would do well to peruſe.

Cheyne had been religiouſly educated, and 'till he ſettled as a phyſician, had paſſed his life temperately, and in ſedentary ſtudies: on his arrival in London, he was adviſed, as the ſure way of making himſelf known, to get introduced into gay circles, and what is generally called good company; but, not having proper counſellors, and miſtaking jolly fellows for gentlemen, he became a member of ſeveral convivial clubs, dining and ſupping every day at a tavern, and practiſing other unwarrantable irregularities.

In a few years he became ſhort-breathed, lethargic, liſtleſs, and corpulent, and had no alternative, but a painful death or reformation; preferring the latter, he retired into the country, where he paſſed many melancholy and ſolitary years, forſaken by his companions, on many of whom he had conferred conſiderable favours.

Time and reflection produced compunction and repentance; for in all his deviations, he never pretended to infidelity, always diſcouraging ſceptical converſation, by every means in his power; although ſurrounded by folly, ſenſuality, and profaneneſs, he preſerved a firm perſuaſion of the great fundamental principles of religion and morality; the exiſtence of a God, free-will, the immortality of the ſoul, and a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments.

To redeem, as far as he was able, miſ-ſpent time, and to employ the intervals of convaleſcence, he commenced a courſe of reading, ſelecting chiefly thoſe books, in which philoſophical and theological enquiries are combined, as beſt calculated to convince the reaſon and amend the heart.

The doctor ſoon found the advantage, his health and ſpirits gradually improved, he became active, cheerful, tranquil, and contented; and died at a good old age, in the calm confidence of hope, and with a firm reliance on the mercy of God, through the merits and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt.

The medical regimen of Cheyne, muſt be followed with due allowances for peculiarity of conſtitution, weakneſs of ſtomach, and delicacy of frame; neglecting theſe indiſpenſible precautions, his opponents accuſ-

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ed him of recommending an impracticable ſyſtem.

He who hath been miſled by vicious aſſociation, or been tempted to inordinate indulgence, and diſcovers his error, happily, before it is too late; or he who from hereditary prediſpoſition, bad nurſing, a tender conſtitution, or from unfaithful, or unſkilful, medical treatment, is compelled to live by line and rule, will receive conſiderable advantage from Cheyne's book.

Taking prudence and common ſenſe for his guides, to point out the neceſſary adaptation of the phyſician's doctrines to his own conſtitution and complaint, the valetudinarian will, in a great meaſure be able to pick his way; although, at times, he will probably have occaſion for proper advice, he will not be ſurrendered hand-cuffed and blind-fold, to an ignorant or a treacherous practitioner; in moſt inſtances, he will be able to detect ſolemn impoſture, or the parading jargon of conceited ignorance.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPING, an odious and unhealthy occupation, which devoting a conſiderable number of unhappy and wretched outcaſts to danger and diſeaſe, and cloathing the human countenance in an impenetrable maſk of filthy grime, impoſes, on children, a labor of the worſt ſpecies, before they have acquired adequate ſtrength; while it places out of their reach, comfort, vigour, cleanlineſs, wholeſome recreation, and undiſturbed repoſe.

For it ought to be recollected, that the general effect of their buſineſs, is, either to induce premature old age and infirmity, by impeding the organs of breathing; to injure their eye-ſight, or, laſtly, to bring on a diſeaſe, painful and without a name, which erodes the ſprings of life.

Of a claſs of beings, who may be ſaid to have their cup overflowing with bitter afflictions, unaccompanied by the ſoothing ſolaces, which, in moſt other inſtances, ſometimes accompany them, little new can be ſaid; their wretchedneſs has intereſted the profeſſional acuteneſs of Mr. Pott, the humane hoſpitality of Mrs. Montague, and the philanthropy of Jonas Hanway; the legiſlature has alſo been ſtimulated, I believe, through the laudible efforts of Sir Charles Bunbury, to a ſalutary interference in their favour.

It is not my wiſh to deny, that theſe and other regulations have diminiſhed the evils of a deſtructive employment; BUT THE TRADE OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER, AS IT IS NOW CARRIED

RIED ON, OUGHT, ON EVERY PRINCIPLE OF POLICY AND FEELING, TO BE INSTANTLY ABOLISHED; it is wholly incompatible with the health and happineſs of thoſe who purſue it; and I know not any right we have, either to pleaſure or conveniency, purchaſed at ſo unwarrantable a price.

"Am I never to have my chimnies ſwept," cries the notable houſewife, "is my houſe to be ſet on fire, and all my nice mahogany furniture to be ſpoiled, for the ſake of your nonſenſe about little naſty ſoot-boys: why, what elſe are they good for?"

"By no means, ma'm, neither you, nor your nice mahogany tables, which ſhine almoſt as bright as your noſe, nor your fine poliſhed grates, which I heartily wiſh were oftener diſfigured, by a good blazing fire, not an inch of them, nor your ruby of a noſe, ſhall be injured.

"A ſafe, eaſy and expeditious method of cleaning chimnies has been invented; it does not require any perſon to aſcend them, and is equally creditable to the head and heart of the projector: the king's patent hath been procured; and if you, or any other reader of this article, perſiſt in employing chimney-ſweepers upon the preſent plan, I ſhall ſet down, every woman of you, with all your tender hearts and delicate feelings, as wilful inflicters of a heavy and unneceſſary puniſhment, on thoſe who never injured *you* in their lives."

If the public ceaſes to employ them, the buſineſs, as it is now carried on, muſt be ultimately ſuppreſſed, and other more ſafe and healthy ſources of labor may be eaſily found out.

Thoſe who object to the expence of the patent method, may make uſe of the cheap, eaſy, and common expedient, of a bundle of ſtraw and buſhes, adapted to the ſize of their chimnies, which, dragged from top to bottom, by means of two long ropes, will effectually anſwer the purpoſe.

But, at all events, and whatever the conſequence, were I an abſolute monarch, and God help the ſubjects of *ſuch* a monarch, I would forbid infants and ſtriplings being forced up the infernal ſooty receſſes of a chimney, on pain of death to the proprietor of the houſe, and the maſter of the boy.

A cheerful friend, who occaſionally rubs his hands, and ſhakes his head, and ſometimes his ſides, at the expence of this collection, tells me, that according to the principle here adopted; mining, glaſs making, vitriol works, and many other injurious employments and manufactures, ought

ought to be immediately ſuppreſſed.

In anſwer to his obſervation, it may be replied, that a different mode of carrying on thoſe important branches of commercial manufacture, cannot, as in the preſent inſtance, be eaſily ſupplied; but that even thoſe evils, whoſe magnitude ought to attract the notice of the philanthropiſt and the legiſlator, although they cannot be wholly removed, may be conſiderably diminiſhed and alleviated, by ſalutary interference and regulation, particularly by removing them from the buſy haunts of men.

A ſubject ſo important, calls for, and deſerves the ſedulous attention of thoſe laudable and excellent ſocieties, which are the ornament and credit of our country; premiums for determining the diet and regimen moſt likely to protect the human frame againſt the effects of unventilated air, deleterious ingredients, and noxious effluvia, might lead to uſeful diſcuſſion.

Hoc opus hoc ſtudium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere chari.

CHINESE, the inhabitants of a country equal in ſurface to Europe, whoſe peculiar inſtitutions, and ſingular character, have, at different times, excited the notice of the traveller, the hiſtorian, the philoſopher, and politician.

At ſome particular æra, which we are not ſufficiently acquainted with their hiſtory, preciſely to point out, they appear to have arrived exactly at the ſame pitch of improvement, in arts and ſciences, in the comforts and embelliſhments of life, which they now poſſeſs: but, from that moment, arreſted by ſome accidental impediment, or original defect in their genius, their police, their government, or their mode of education, they have not advanced a ſingle ſtep.

Voſſius aſſerts, on authority ſomewhat queſtionable, that the circulation of the blood, firſt aſcertained in Europe by our countryman Harvey, has been familiar to the Chineſe more than four thouſand years; that printing, gunpowder, and the mariners' compaſs, were in their poſſeſſion before they reached Europe; yet, with all theſe advantages, he confeſſes they are a ſtrange compound of knowledge and ignorance, of dexterity and clumſineſs.

In their modes of gathering, drying, preparing, and packing, their great ſtaple commodity tea;

tea; and in their manufacture of that delicate ware, which we call by the name of their country, from its primitive ſtate of clay and powdered flints, its ſemivitrification, glazing, and colouring, 'till it is depoſited in Leadenhall-ſtreet, or glides into the cabin of the ſmuggler, who always outſtrips the revenue cutter at the *chops* of the channel, they do not depart in one tittle from the methods practiſed one hundred and fifty years ago; a ſpace of time, in which, a man like the deceaſed Wedgewood, had he lived and flouriſhed ſo long, would have diſcovered the philoſopher's ſtone, or have conſtructed a plough *qualified to think*.

This crippled ſtate of progreſſive improvement, this embargo on mental exertion, which ſeems to have ſaid to the human intellect, thus far ſhalt thou go, and no farther, is viſible in their buildings, their dreſs, their equipage, their ſhipping, and their language.

They had, it is true, in the two inſtances I have mentioned, made a conſiderable progreſs, before they ſtopped; but, in many other points, appear ſcarcely to excel the natives of Otaheite and Pellew.

It remains for thoſe who occaſionally viſit the country, the interior, rather than the coaſts, or banks of navigable rivers, and who are able to read Chineſe hiſtory, and to converſe with the natives, to inveſtigate the cauſes of this national paralyſis, and to mark the probable period of its commencement.

Some have dated it from the ſucceſsful irruption of the Tartars, who founded a new dynaſty; others to their ſtrange and difficultly acquired language, which, to a ſtranger, ſounds like a ridiculous recitative, and requires half a man's life to ſpeak eaſily, and comprehend univerſally, and indeed, is not generally underſtood by the natives of China, below a certain rank; one word often bearing twenty meanings, by the addition of a ſlight tone, an inflexion of the voice, or ſome trifling variation.

A communicating medium like this, not eaſily acquired, nor calculated for diffuſing knowledge, or promoting general diſcuſſion, is probably *one* of the cauſes which has retarded their improvement.

I have ſometimes fancied, that another cauſe, is that overweaning conceit of themſelves and every thing about them, ſo prominent in the character of the Chineſe, from the earlieſt accounts we poſſeſs of them, and probably

probably from their firſt eſtabliſhment; as the term China, is derived from two words, which ſignify a heaven upon earth.

If deductions, drawn by experience from the conduct of individuals, may be applied to large ſocieties; attributing the tardy progreſs of the Chineſe, to national vanity, is a fair and rational hypotheſis; the moſt ſuperficial and ignorant of mortals, are often found among thoſe who imagine they have reached the pinnacle of perfection; and there is no ſurer method of preventing acceſs to the temple of knowledge as well as virtue, than to plant ſupercilioufneſs, and ſelf-approbation, as centinels at the gate.

The inhabitants of China, if we are to give credit to their own aſſertions, treble thoſe of Europe; they have been eſtimated in looſe numbers, at three hundred and thirty-three millions; although inclined to ſuſpend, rather than refuſe my aſſent to their poſſeſſing ſo enormous a population, it would be a valuable diſcovery, in the preſent age of political experiment, to find out by what means ſo many millions are peaceably governed by one man.

This reciprocal facility, is, in the opinion of many, produced by the authority of age and experience, over youth, ignorance, and indiſcretion; an influence which, at all ages, and in every rank, pervading the whole ſociety, exhibits a ſpecies of domeſtic vaſſalage and family deſpotiſm, ſomewhat ſimilar to that exerciſed by the patriarchs.

The general ſubmiſſion of the Chineſe to ſalutary ſubordination, has alſo been imputed to another cauſe; the dignity of emperor is the only hereditary office among them; all others, from the higheſt to the loweſt, being diſtributed according to merit.

At court, and in the provinces, in every diſtrict, and in all the departments, there is a perpetual competition of candidates; a riſe by due gradation, in conſequence of examinations and comparative trials; an equitable mode of diſtribution, precluding, at once, folly, vice, and inſufficiency, from places of truſt, and, to a ſpectator who cannot ſee cloſe enough to detect its faults, apparently giving to an abſolute monarchy, many of the boaſted advantages of a democracy, without its eagle-eyed inquiſitorial malignity.

They have not had Rouſſeaus, Raynalls, and Voltaires, to ridicule and miſrepreſent their inſtitutions, and to perſuade them that the whole of their ſyſtem, political

political as well as religious, is and has been, from firſt to laſt, oppreſſive, fabulous, and fraudulent; they have had no public-ſpirited man to *advocate* the rights of man in tobacco papers, pint mugs, and brown paper pamphlets.

Theſe and other circumſtances conſidered, we may perhaps be induced to think, that their *non-attainment of perfection*, noticed at the beginning of this article, is rather the regular and natural effect of ſyſtem and deſign, than of any accidental defect.

Having attained comfort, eaſe, convenience, and happineſs, they ſought no more; they were poſſibly of opinion, that a further progreſs might only tend to luxurious ſuperfluity, and reſtleſs refinement; that there *is* a line, in improvement, where utility ceaſes, and that a faultleſs ſtate of men and things, is, and muſt be, in this our ſublunary ſtate, and with ſuch beings as we are, unattainable.

The Chineſe appear to have in their compoſition, a conſiderable portion of a principle, which a medical man would call *ſedative*; whether they would have been at all better, had the *tonic* prevailed, I will not pretend to determine.

That cannot be *a very bad machine* which has ſo long, and ſo effectually adminiſtered to the wants of ſo numerous a people; which has retained one hundred and thirty-three millions of thinking beings, ſo tranquil, ſo occupied, and, for the moſt part, ſo contented and happy; a machine, which diffuſes with ſo ſteady and impartial a hand, advantage and ſuperiority, to what, after all, is the moſt juſt and natural ariſtocracy, the ariſtocracy of intellect, induſtry, and dexterity; that brighteſt feature in the old republics.

Nor ſhould it be forgotten, that theſe ſolid advantages were ſecured and generally enjoyed by the Chineſe, if any reliance is to be placed on *their* chronology, at a period, when the ſavage anceſtors, of *the firſt people in the univerſe*, were feeding on acorns, devouring each other, or crawling on all-fours.

If, according to the favourite principle of ſome, the opinion or will of the majority of any people, *counted by the head*, is to be the law of the land, without any preference to capacity, diſpoſition, acquirement, or education; then, why not of Europe, and conſequently of the world?

China affords a population, which, if diſpoſed to be enlightened, or revolutionized, would cruſh all oppoſition; here is a great

great people, as well by geographical admeaſurement, as numerical calculation, eaſy under, and to all appearance, preferring an abſolute monarchy, which, with all its faults, protects perſon, property, and freedom of opinion: Can our neighbours ſay ſo much after all their republican, democratic, and monarchic pantomimes?

Should the toeſin of liberty and equality ever be rung in China, I have no doubt, that the profligate, the idle, the indolent, and the flagitious poor, would inſtantly join the ſtandard of rebellious inſurrection, and that they would endeavour to expel or murder every wealthy and dignified character in the country, for the purpoſe of ſharing their property, and gratifying that propenſity ever uppermoſt in the wicked, to degrade and pull down all and every thing that excells them.

But I do not believe that a ſingle Mandarin would join their cauſe, fight their battles, or diſſeminate their opinions; valuing an ounce of cool judgment, more than a ton of wit, they would ſee and avoid the ſnare which was laid for them, and which has ruined ſo many thouſands in another hemiſphere.

A revolution in the empire of Kien Long, perhaps is not probable, yet the ſuppoſition is not more extravagant than Bonaparte haranguing the Arab, and preaching unitarian doctrines on the Banks of the Nile; *ſhould* ſuch a revolution ever take place, it were to be wiſhed, that every reſtleſs, perturbed, democratic ſpirit, in China, and in all other parts of the world, would embark on an expedition, ſimilar to that undertaken by the army of Egypt, to copy inſcriptions from the pyramids, and gather laurels in the ſandy deſerts of Arabia.

Relieved of a grumous plethora of wickedneſs and vanity, the world would be content to remain a few centuries longer, imperfect, miſtaken, ſhort-ſighted, and happy.

One circumſtance in the religion of China, or rather in their idolatry, cannot eſcape the eye of the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; it is the hideous deformity of their idols.

During the earlier ages of the world, when to adore the gods of Greece and Rome, was the eſtabliſhed religion of the moſt civilized portion of mankind, a Pagan youth might bow at the ſhrine, and burn ſweet incenſe at the ſtatues of Venus, Juno, Hebe or Flora, and in contemplating the matchleſs productions of a Phidias, or a Praxiteles, miſtaking paſſion

paſſion for devotion, might imagine, or actually feel, the raptures he aſſumed.

The ſiſter of the votary might alſo be excuſed for ſimilar emotions at the altar of Apollo or Adonis.

But it is impoſſible for a being of any correctneſs of ſentiment, or ſenſation, to approach a Chineſe pagoda, without horror and diſguſt: to contemplate *ſuch* divinities, and to believe that *only* ſuch actually exiſted, would confirm the theory of a philoſophic Roman poet, that terror was originally the parent of every ſpecies of ſuperſtition.

CHRISTIAN, FLETCHER, a warrant officer in the Britiſh Navy, a ſkilful ſeaman, and a mutineer; who, forgetting the faith, honor, and ſubordination, *once* the characteriſtics of an Engliſh ſailor, laid violent hands on his commanding officer, Captain William Bligh, and with a conſiderable portion of the ſhips company, whom he had ſeduced from their duty, took poſſeſſion of the Bounty, an armed ſhip, employed by government, for the benevolent, and highly uſeful purpoſe, of tranſplanting the bread-fruit-tree from the friendly iſles, to our colonies in the Weſt Indies.

This, and other objects of the voyage, being obtained, they ſailed for Jamaica, but, three weeks after they left Otaheite, the ſubject of our preſent article, at day-break, and being maſter of the watch, ſuddenly ſeized and bound Captain Bligh, with eighteen of his petty officers, who they thought were not likely to join in the conſpiracy, and hurried them into the launch; a ſhip's boat, only twenty-three feet long, and ſeven wide, with a quantity of bread, pork, and water, not equal to ten days common conſumption, a few bottles of rum, and of wine, were afterwards added, by art, and by earneſt entreaty.

Thus ſcantily provided, driven from the ſhip into an open boat, ill calculated for a tempeſtuous ſea, they perceived the ſeverity of their fate, and with a firmneſs proportionate to the difficulties they had to encounter, reſolved to croſs the great Southern Ocean, and ſeek for help from ſome of the Eaſtern European ſettlements in that quarter of the globe.

The circumſtances in which they were placed, and the diſtance, were indeed ſufficient to alarm men of common reſolution, as the neareſt civilized ſpot they could reach, by an accurate but melancholy reckoning, unaſſiſted by a chart or map, which they were not permitted to take, was the

the long extended ſpace of three thouſand ſix hundred miles.

After comparing the length of their voyage, with the ſhortneſs of their proviſion, they unanimouſly agreed to adhere rigidly to the allowance of an ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water per day: in the adjuſtment of theſe neceſſary articles, cocoa-nut ſhells were their ſcales, and piſtol bullets ſerved for weights.

Recommending themſelves to Providence, they commenced their voyage, under a reefed lug-ſail, occaſionally, and alternately rowing, ſometimes encountering ſevere gales of wind, accompanied with a tremendous ſwell, which, pouring into the boat in torrents, required the almoſt conſtant exertion of baling, to prevent its filling.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to deſcribe the danger and diſtreſs of theſe expoſed and forſaken men, who, in addition to a multitude of marine perils, and the ſerious conviction that only a quarter-inch plank preſerved them from inevitable deſtruction, had to contend with hunger, thirſt, and continual rain.

Under the laſt of theſe inconveniences, it may appear ſingular, but it is a uſeful fact, worthy recording, and to be remembered by others, that they received conſiderable refreſhment, from ſtripping themſelves of their wet clothes, and afterwards dipping them, and wringing them in the ſea water.

After a tedious and trying interval of forty one days, a period, during which death was rather prevented than life adequately ſupported, by ſcanty morſels of bread, ſometimes a thin ſlice of pork, and occaſionally a bird, called a booby, caught by the hand, and divided into nineteen parts, a few oyſters, and ſhell-fiſh, after they paſſed New Holland, and a ſpecies of the dolico-bean; while to thoſe, who appeared ſinking under their calamities, a tea-ſpoonful of rum, or of wine, was adminiſtered :——After difficulties and deprivations, in which Captain Bligh and his aſſociates, diſplayed wonderful patience, fortitude, ſelf-denial, and perſeverance, they diſcovered, at break of day, Timor, one of the Molucca iſlands.

The anticipated view of heaven to an expiring ſaint, or a holy martyr, or reſcue from the torments of hell, to a guilty outcaſt, could not have proved more welcome; as their ſituation was every day becoming more critical and hazardous, their proviſions very much reduced, and their ſtrength, from conſtant fatigue, inſufficient diet, and broken repoſe, every hour diminiſhing.

They

They were received with humanity at Coupang, a Dutch ſettlement: their exhauſted ragged appearance, and their ſkeleton forms, exciting curioſity and ſympathy, in all who beheld them: at the end of two months, their health and ſtrength being reſtored, Captain Bligh, purchaſed a ſchooner, in which he ſailed with his men to Java; from this iſland, they were conveyed, in a Dutch packet, to Europe.

"When I reflect," ſays this meritorious officer, in an earneſt and becoming ſpirit of devotion, to a ſailor, of all men living, that beſt companion, "when I reflect on our eſcaping death, from the Indians at Tofoa, and on our croſſing a ſea of more than twelve hundred leagues, in ſtormy weather, and in an open boat, and that without the loſs of a man, we met with every relief and every comfort at Timor: the remembrance of ſuch great, ſuch repeated mercies, fills my heart with thankfulneſs, and enables me to bear with reſignation the failure of an expedition, ſo honourable to its promoters, and the accompliſhment of which I had ſo much at heart."

The attention and curioſity of my readers, naturally revert to the perfidious Chriſtian. and to the motives which probably induced him, with a band of ruffians, to revolt from, expel, and deſert their commander.

With a tendency inherent in the breaſts of us all, to magnify preſent evil, and depreciate remote good, they regarded the life and habits of a ſeafaring man in their worſt point of view; they beheld, with deteſtation and diſcontent, their daily toils and inquietudes, their coarſe diet, and broken ſleep, their ſevere but neceſſary diſcipline.

Theſe hardſhips, aggravated by artifice, and augmented by malignant paſſions, they compared with an eaſy and luxurious life at Otaheite, an iſland remarkable for beautiful women, where, without labor, the commands of a ſuperior, the whip, or the whiſtle of a boatſwain, they might paſs the remainder of their days, in the unbounded gratification of every appetite, and every paſſion.

A life of liberty, of love, or of ſenſuality, preſenting an irreſiſtible temptation to their minds, they yielded to the ſeducing dream, which ſoon vaniſhed, as by a ſingular train of events, ſeveral of the mutineers were ſecured, ſent in irons to England, and, at the moment this article was firſt penned, had been tried by

by a court-martial, found guilty, and were under ſentence of death, but received the king's pardon.

Of this tranſaction, the editor conceived that a faithful account had been given, but an anonymous, and ſince his laſt edition, ſeveral anonymous letters have been addreſſed to him, calling in queſtion his candor, and impartiality, and warmly inſiſting, "that on this occaſion, many valuable young men had been ſacrificed to the avarice of Captain Bligh, whoſe narrative was proved falſe by the evidence examined at the court-martial, and that the mutiny would never have taken place, under a commander of a liberal mind; in which caſe, Chriſtian would, at the preſent moment, have been an ornament to his country, and a comfort to an aged parent."

I ſhould feel peculiarly happy, to bring forward any circumſtance, on the preſent occaſion, which might tend to ſoothe the ſorrows of an afflicted family; and, however difficult it may be, to conceive *any* want of liberality in a captain, ſufficient to juſtify the mutinous violence of ſeizing a king's ſhip; a love of truth and juſtice, compel me to declare, that I ſhall be ready, at any time, to receive, and lay before the public, any authentic documents which may throw new light on the buſineſs in queſtion, or at all diminiſh the guilt of the raſh young men concerned: on this expreſs condition, that I am permitted previouſly to communicate the ſame to Captain Bligh, and publiſh his obſervations with them.

After thus noticing my anonymous correſpondents, who will ſee, that in attending to juſtice, I have not *wholly* neglected their appeal to my feelings; I beg leave earneſtly to ſuggeſt the abſolute neceſſity of unconditional ſubmiſſion, and cheerful ſubordination in *every* department of the Britiſh navy: at a moment, when our inſidious enemies, are ſtraining every nerve, and practiſing every art, to rival and cruſh us, as a commercial people. On theſe points, I hope and believe, with a common ſhare of energy and patriotiſm on *our* parts, that *Almighty*, whom they ſo long defied, will, for the happineſs of the world, blaſt and confound their ambitious hopes.

I would wiſh alſo to preſs on the minds of thoſe perſons, who have written to me on the ſubject of theſe rebellious ſeamen, I would wiſh them to conſider the mercy and moderation which have *hitherto* marked the judicial proceedings againſt the perpetrators of ſo flagrant a violation of honeſty, humanity, and diſcipline.

Such

Such mercy and moderation they would not have experienced, had the editor of theſe pages been an abſolute monarch, and the offenders his ſubjects; in that caſe, however culpable his proceeding, he would have retaliated on the criminals, that cool premeditated cruelty, *they* had already practiſed on others: on the ſame ſea, preciſely in the ſame latitude, in a boat of ſimilar dimenſions, and with the ſame ſcanty proviſion and accommodation, they ſhould have been turned adrift, to the mercy of the winds and waves.

——Neque enim lex equior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſua.

Little is known of the raſh unhappy Fletcher Chriſtian, a royal frigate ſent in purſuit of him, having been unfortunately loſt; baniſhed from his native country, and an outcaſt from civilized ſociety, after making ſeveral attempts to fix his reſidence in the Friendly Iſles, he has been beaten off by the natives.

Thus mortified and defeated in his favourite purpoſe, there is good reaſon for ſuppoſing, that this miſerable adventurer, has run into a creek, on ſome remote uninhabited coaſt, broken up the ſhip, and with the materials formed habitations for himſelf and his companions.

If at the iſlands where he attempted to land, a few females have been, by force or fraud, added to their ſociety, this colony of marauders, may, hereafter, flouriſh, like the Romans, thoſe claſſical robbers of old, whoſe ſucceſs immortalized, but could not excuſe their crimes; and their deſcendants, three or four thouſand years hence, may re-pay the benefits, or retaliate the injuries, of Europe.

CHUDLEIGH, ELIZABETH, an impudent and indecorous woman, the daughter of a worthy officer, who was Lieutenant Governor of Chelſea Hoſpital, and deſerved a better child.

This lady, who made a conſpicuous figure, a few years ſince at Doctor's Commons, and was afterwards tried for bigamy, before the Houſe of Peers, was married privately, at the age of eighteen, to Mr. Harvey, a boy only ſeventeen years old, afterwards Earl of Briſtol; *Miſs Chudleigh* ſtill retaining her place in the ſuite of the Princeſs of Wales.

The whole of this buſineſs was privately, and dexterouſly conducted, at Lainſton, a ſmall pariſh near Wincheſter, by her kind aunt, Mrs. Hanmer, who, *like other relations of other women*, for the ſake of a good match for

for her niece, made no ſcruple of violating every principle of propriety and juſtice, in thus enſnaring a beardleſs ſtripling: and for which, the old beldame, the bride, and the officiating miniſter, ought to have been hanged.

The raptures of ſecret meetings, and ſtolen joys, interrupted or improved, by intervals of abſence, were ſoon exhauſted, the young couple diſagreed, and at the end of two years, ſeparated, never to meet again.

After a period of more than twenty years of private intrigue, and public indecorum, ſhe attracted, by conduct which would have diſguſted moſt men, the attentions of the late Duke of Kingſton, and, being pronounced a ſingle woman, by an eccleſiaſtical court, whoſe ſentence did not eſcape cenſure, was actually married to his grace, in ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-nine, during the life of her firſt huſband.

So ſudden an elevation to rank and wealth, of one, who in every point of view, was the moſt undeſerving of her ſex, would have been injurious to the cauſe of virtuous and correct conduct, and, as a public example, fatal in its influence on private manners.

In this reſpect it was fortunate, that ſhe was arreſted in her career, by the interference of the duke's injured family, and by the juſtice of her country; being tried before the Houſe of Peers, a few years after, ſhe was found guilty of bigamy, but on the high ſteward's demanding of the culprit why judgment ſhould not be pronounced againſt her, ſhe pleaded her peerage, as Counteſs of Briſtol, and was diſcharged, on paying her fees.

The criminal thus evading puniſhment, excited univerſal indignation; can privileges, allowed in *ſuch caſes*, be conſidered in any other light, than as blemiſhes in the Engliſh conſtitution, eaſily, and without confuſion, removed: it would ſurely be no derogation from the dignity of the peerage, to put an end, by their own voluntary act, to ſuch injurious exemptions.

The trial of this lady, brought to my recollection the following lines of a poet, more remarkable for humour, than delicacy or judgment; they are a proof that ridicule is not always a teſt of truth: ſpeaking of the peers, he ſays;

"To fact and long experience, I appeal,
How fairly *to themſelves*, they juſtice deal.

For,

For, if my lord, o'erpower'd with wine and whore,
The next he meets, ſhould through the entrails ſcour.
'Tis pity, his relenting brethren ery,
That for this firſt offenee the youth ſhou'd die;
'Tis true, a moſt magnificent parade
Of law, to pleaſe the gaping crowd is made.
Seaffolds are rais'd in the litigious hall,
The maces glitter, and the ſerjeants bawl;
They ſtatutes read, quote law and prattle on her,
What's the reſult? Not guilty, upon honor.
Shou'd I, who have no eoronet to ſhew,
Fluſter'd in drink, ſerve the next comer ſo;
My twelve blunt godfathers, wou'd ſoon agree,
To doom me ſober to the fatal tree."

Yet fact and experienee, in numerous inſtances, eontradict the aſſertions of the poet, as the offender, in the preſent inſtance, eſcaped in conſequenee of a defect in the conſtitution, and by no means from a want of honor and independence in her judges; Lord Ferrers is alſo a proof that exalted rank, affords, in this country, no protection for violenee and murder.

CHURCHILL, CHARLES, an Engliſh poet, with more vigour than correctneſs, more energy than truth; who, rendering his muſe ſubſervient to the keen reſentments of politieal warfare, deſeribes his friends as gods, his enemies as devils of the blaekeſt hue.

This guilty, this frequent proſtitution of great talents, I mean not to venality, but to the exaſperated ſpirit of party fury, and his praiſing or defending ſeveral well-known eharacters, *not very immaculate*, elouded his real merits, and eonſiderably lowered him in the opinion of men of judgment and eandor; to this laſt word, he appears to have had a eonſtitutional antipathy, repeatedly attaeking it in different parts of his works, and perpetually in converſation.

Yet, eandor, (one may now venture to repeat the word) that ſoothing and companionable quality, eandor, whieh proud, vehement, unaeeommodating ſpirits are ſo apt to deſpiſe, in others, *but ſo conſtantly ſtand in need of themſelves*, would have eontributed eſſentially to the happineſs and comfort of his life, and have pro-

promoted his reputation as a poet.

Churchill has been called, by a modern writer, *a divine poet, who deſerved well of his country*, I cannot but conſider this extravagant praiſe, as a violation of truth and moral juſtice.

In what reſpect did a man deſerve well of his country, who, although a miniſter of the goſpel, violated and contradicted its great precepts, by a diſſipated, licentious, and profligate life.

Although the time is faſt approaching, when much of Churchill will be obſcure and unintereſting, from the circumſtance of his being a perſonal ſatiriſt, and a party poet; it cannot be denied, that he exhibits many brilliant paſſages, a conſiderable portion of the *vivida vis animi*, ſtrong ſenſe, terſe metre, and vigorous expreſſion.

The following lines exhibit theſe qualities, in a very high degree: he applied them to certain writers in the habit of borrowing their neighbours' thoughts without acknowledgment; who, in order to conceal their thefts, garbled, diſguiſed, refined, weakened, and poliſhed, the rough ſterling ſenſe of other writers, to the mellifluous ſtandard of their own inanity.

" Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Prepare their helpleſs offſpring for the ſtage;
Deaf to the voice of nature manhood wound,
And murder vigor for the ſake of ſound.

This, and other paſſages prove, that Charles, if he had not debaſed himſelf by virulence and malignity, and *if he had not written ſo much*, might have attained conſiderable eminence; but, I doubt, if in that caſe, his writings would have been peruſed with ſo much eagerneſs; for in their treatment of the writers of ſatire and lampoon, mankind imitate the conduct of a coquette towards her raviſher, *whom ſhe has incited, abuſes, and enjoys.*

CIBBER, COLLEY, poet laureat to King George the firſt, and author of An Apology for his Own Life, a book by no means deficient, either in amuſement, or information.

As an actor and a dramatic writer, he enjoyed and is ſaid to have deſerved the applauſe of his cotemporaries, but in that ſingular ſpecies of ſtipendiary poetry, which annually regales the ears of royalty, with new year odes, and birth-day panegyric, he proved him-

himſelf groſſly deficient: indeed *ſuch* a taſk is ſufficient to damp the moſt brilliant powers; yet the genius of Tom Warton diffuſed a claſſical ſplendor over an exhauſted ſubject.

Cibber has been conſigned to everlaſting ridicule, in the Dunciad of Pope, his inveterate perſonal enemy, whoſe reſentments are ſaid to have been exaſperated, if not originally produced, by the the Laureat's ridiculing an unſucceſsful dramatic piece, called Three Hours after Marriage, the joint effort of Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope.

Yet, with all his ſatirical acumen, and metrical harmony, the attak of our great Engliſh poet, upon Cibber, as "the ſon of dulneſs," was palpably inapplicable; with much of whimſical folly, and much of frivolous vanity and vicious abſurdity, he was a prating, pragmatical, impudent coxcomb, and on many accounts a fair object for ſatire; but his character was as diſtant from dulneſs, or ſtupidity, as that of the tranſlator of Homer himſelf.

Pope, and his aſſociates in the dramatic piece I have alluded to, had exhibited a ſcene, in which, two gallants, for the purpoſe of forwarding their attempts on the chaſtity of a virtuoſo's wife, had managed to be introduced into his muſeum; one, in the diſguiſe of an Egyptian mummy, the other, in that of a crocodile.

Cibber, ſoon after, acting the part of Bayes, in the Rehearſal, having occaſion to ſpeak of the manner in which he meant to have brought on his two Kings of Brentford, ſaid, "I intended to have introduced them differently, in the ſhape of a mummy and a crocodile; but ſome of our wits, hearing of my intention, ſtole the thought, and made uſe of it before me."

This tame alluſion, neither remarkable for point, nor culpable for virulence, was received with conſiderable applauſe, but highly exaſperated Pope, who was preſent at the repreſentation; he ruſhed, the moment the play was over, behind the ſcenes, and in a tranſport of rage, accompanied with coarſe language, demanded of Cibber, how he dared to treat a gentleman in ſo unjuſtifiable a manner; indeed, ſo violent was his paſſion, that interfering friends, found it difficult to prevent his attempting to *collar* Cibber; notwithſtanding the diſparity of their powers, his miſhapen frame, and tender conſtitution.

The actor, naturally irritated by ſuch treatment, aſſured his aſſailant, that he would readily have ſuppreſſed the words in queſtion,

tion, had he addreſſed him in the language of pacific remonſtrance, but, he could not help conſidering him as a wit out of his ſenſes, (Cibber's own words) by way of puniſhment for his prepoſterous and unwarrantable conduct, he was reſolved to introduce the obnoxious paſſage, whenever the piece was performed.

It was in this caſe with Pope, as perhaps, *it is with us all*, although there was ſcarcely a perſon, or a thing oppoſite to his own party and opinions, which he had not ridiculed or reviled, he could not bear a very harmleſs joke, at the expence of himſelf.

Cibber did not ſubmit ſilently to the imputation of his adverſary, conveyed in the following line;

" And has not Colley ſtill his lord and whore?

He replied to it in the following words: " As Mr. Pope has ſo particularly pointed me out as a ſinner, why may not I take the ſame liberty with him; having ſhewn no mercy himſelf, he has no right to expect any, and the virulence of his attack, muſt excuſe my publiſhing the ſecrets of a confidential converſation.

" So long ago, as when Button's coffee-houſe was a place of faſhionable reſort, and when Mr. Pope had not tranſlated more than the firſt book of Homer, there was a young nobleman, poſſeſſing a good deal of wicked humour, who frequented that houſe, and on a certain evening, fancying that the poet was in higher ſpirits than uſual, he had the addreſs to entice him in company with myſelf, and another gentleman ſtill living, to a certain houſe, not of the moſt creditable deſcription, near the Haymarket.

" His lordſhip's frolic, was to ſlip his *little Homer*, as he called him, at a girl of game; in order to ſee what ſort of a figure, a man of his ſize, form, and vigorous intellect, would make in the unguarded moments of love.

" The noble wag ſo far ſucceeded, that the ſmirking damſel, who ſerved us with tea, ſeduced the man of rhyme into the next room, to the infinite glee of the peer; from whom I underſtood, the moment the door was ſhut, that he would probably receive a favor, not very deſirable.

" While my lord was tittering at the meditated miſchief, I ruſhed, without ceremony, into the room, to which the fond couple had retired, and interrupting them in a pretty cloſe tête-à-tête, whiſpered in Mr. Pope's ear, the peril of his ſituation: he immediately quitted the lady, and, when-

whenever we met, for ſeveral years, profeſſed himſelf much obliged to me.

"I appeal to my readers, whether my reſcuing him from ſo ſerious an evil, merited the treatment I have experienced from him, and whether *he*, of all men living, had any right to cenſure my amours?"

The following deſcription of Cibber, was written by one of his cotemporaries, who, having ſeverely cenſured his faults as an actor, and the vices of his private life, thus proceeds:

"Yet, Cibber is not without merit *in his way*; the voice, manners, air, and perſon of this performer, decidedly point him out as a compleat theatrical coxcomb; his form, well proportioned, but not graceful; his deportment affected, but not eaſy; his looks, *narrowly earneſt, and attentively inſignificant*; together with a certain *peeping pertneſs* in his eye, mark him, at once, as an animal born to be laughed at."

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS. In addition to what I have ſaid of this eminent Roman, in various parts of my compilation, it may be obſerved, that moſt editions of his works are painfully and tediouſly minute in verbal emendation, but wretchedly meagre with regard to important information.

The indefatigable Jeſuit, Charles Merouille, is to be excepted from this cenſure; Lambinus, I mean the octavo edition, with an odious Italic type, is dry, unintereſting, and ſometimes abſurd.

As a matter of curioſity, it may be worth repeating, that in his oration for Quintus, for Roſcius, and the Manilian Law, the efforts of Tully were ſucceſsful; the event of his ſpeeches for Cæcina, for Flaccus, and Archias the poet, is doubtful; he failed in the cauſe of Fonteius, and in that of Milo.

When pleading for the latter, he was overawed and diſconcerted by the riotous and threatening behaviour of the partizans of Clodius; but as ſoon as he reached his own houſe, wrote a fair and *corrected* copy of his oration, which, being ſhewn to Milo, after his baniſhment, he exclaimed: "If the ſpeech, as it is here written, had been actually delivered, I ſhould never have been forced to live on fiſh at Marſeilles."

Cicero compleatly triumphed over Verres and Catiline, and, in the dangerous, long agitated queſtion of the Agrarian Law; in his pleadings for Cluentius, and for Muræna, he ſucceeded to

his utmoſt wiſh: for Sextius, againſt Vatinius; for Balbus, a Spaniard, who claimed the rights of citizenſhip; and in the conteſt for the proconſular provinces, the orator alſo prevailed.

Montaign, pleaſant, notwithſtanding his egotiſm, goſſiping, and inceſſant wandering from the queſtion, treats the ſubject of our preſent article, ſomewhat cavalierly: "The introductory paragraphs of Cicero," ſays this entertaining Frenchman, "his prefaces, definitions, diviſions, and etymologies, are, to me, inſufferably tedious; he takes wonderful pains to ſpoil the few good things that occur in his writings, by long, unſeaſonable preambles, *about it and about it*; it is true he makes a capital flouriſh now and then, but I cannot help thinking, in ſpite of the reputation he has acquired, that he is a dry, unintereſting, and languid writer.

"I will not deny, that many of his letters to Atticus, afford uſeful information, give a correct picture of his private life, and throw conſiderable light on many public tranſactions.

"He was confeſſedly learned and eloquent, a good citizen, an active magiſtrate, of mild manners, and good tempered, as corpulent men generally are; but he was ambitious and ſelf-conceited to a degree, ſcarcely credible in a man of good ſenſe;" and has left verſes, (Montaign might have added) for which a ſchool-boy, in the lower forms of Wincheſter or Eton, would be ſoundly whipped.

O fortunatam natam me conſule Roman,

is one of them; he would not indeed have excited the vengeance of Anthony, or any other man, had he always written and ſpoken ſo abſurdly.

As to his vanity, from the following axiom, which appears in one of his letters, and which he calls θεωρημα καθολικον, it appears that Cicero was vain, from ſyſtem as well as conſtitution: "*nunquam poeta aut orator fuit qui quenquam meliorem quam ſe arbitraretur.*" "He will make but a poor figure, as a poet or an orator, who does not conſider himſelf as the greateſt genius of the age."

A general and enthuſiaſtic paſſion for the the writings of Cicero, laid the foundation of a violent paper war, in the early part of the ſixteenth century; at that auſpicious period, when learned men were patronized, and a taſte for polite literature reſtored, by John de Medicis, who ruled the church under the name of Leo the tenth.

At

At this time, to imitate the language, ſentiments, and expreſſions of Cicero, became a prevalent faſhion; they were echoed from the altar, the bar, and the throne; an exhortation addreſſed by the Roman pontiff to Europe, for the purpoſe of ſtimulating Chriſtians to join in a cruſade againſt the infidels, is replete with Ciceronian phraſe, per Deos immortales, &c.; and a declaration of Cardinal Bembo is recorded; "That he had rather be Cicero than emperor or pope; and would willingly exchange the Marquiſate of Mantua, to poſſeſs the abilities of our Roman orator."

This faſhionable frenzy alarmed the fears, or awakened the jealouſy of Eraſmus; perhaps he thought it a favourable opportunity for diſplaying his learning, and gratifying his reſentment againſt the Romiſh clergy, who had, a ſhort time before, treated him with harſhneſs, for ſuppoſing it poſſible, that a pagan or a heretic could be ſaved, however meritorious his character.

In fifteen hundred and twenty-eight, he publiſhed his famous dialogue in Latin, which he called "Ciceronianus, ſive de optimo genere dicendi," dedicated to his ſteady patron, John Ulatenus, principal of the college at Aix La Chapelle, whom, a few years before, he had addreſſed in a preface to his edition of Cicero's Tuſculan Queſtions; and it is worthy of remark, that in that preface, he had fallen into the very erroneous enthuſiaſm, which he was now cenſuring in others.

The following are ſome of his words: "I never read the works of Tully, but I am ſtrongly affected, by ſomething almoſt divine, which appears in all he ſays; I find it impoſſible to perſuade myſelf, that the ſoul of ſo great and good a man, is not now in heaven.

"When I peruſe his work on Friendſhip, and on Old Age; when I contemplate his ſteady patriotiſm, his virtues in private life, and his paternal affection, I cannot refrain from kiſſing the book; in ſhort, I would rather that a legion of ſuch writers as Duns Scotus, and the ſchool divines, ſhould ſink into everlaſting oblivion, than loſe a ſingle page of Cicero or Plutarch.

"It is not my wiſh to deny theſe modern authors *their degree of merit*, but I read them without intereſt; while the immortal writers of antiquity inſpire my breaſt at once with heroic ſentiments, and the mild virtues of Chriſtianity, ſo much, that I am ſometimes ready to

exclaim, "*Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis.*"

But the learned Dutchman ſoon altered his opinion, for in one of his letters, written a year or two after, he ruſhed as prepoſterouſly into the oppoſite extreme, "ſuſpects, that under a pretence of doing honor to Cicero, the enemies of Chriſtianity wiſh to *introduce paganiſm*; complains that Jupiter is more reſpected than Jeſus Chriſt, and the conſcript fathers, than the holy apoſtles; and all this extravagance," he adds, "in praiſe of a writer, whoſe works abound with improprieties, both of ſtyle and ſentiment, and whom I cannot read, for any conſiderable time, without laſſitude."

Such was the variation of opinion on the ſame ſubject, and in the ſame perſon.

The Ciceronianus of Eraſmus, produced a ſtrong ſenſation in the literary world, and though well and agreeably written, involved its author in diſgrace; he had, by his good ſenſe, and freedom of diſcuſſion, long provoked a numerous hoſt, who thought it a good opportunity for reviling a man of ſuperior merit; on this, as on other occaſions, the arrows of criticiſm were ſharpened by eccleſiaſtic rancour and party zeal, and Julius Scaliger, the firſt of his aſſailants, attacked him without regard to decency, good manners, or moderation; he called him a ſot, a poltroon, a parricide, a monſter, *a ſecond Porphyry*, and what, in his opinion, comprehended every thing that was baſe and odious, an encourager of Lutheraniſm; this exaſperated opponent, concluded with obſerving, that having attacked God the Father, and endeavoured to diſhonour God the Son, he was now trying to undermine the eſtabliſhed reputation of the great maſter of Roman eloquence, and to lower the eſteem in which his works were deſervedly held, in the mean hope of ſubſtituting his own crude and injudicious productions in their place.

Theſe ſcurrilous and unfounded charges, were followed by the rude attacks of Julius Camillus, Paul Jovius, Doletus, and Tuſan, an obſcure writer of epigrams; it is lamented by the reſpectable Gilbert Couſin, the friend and aſſociate of Eraſmus, that this controverſy, derived from ſo trifling an origin, deprived him of many of his friends, and diſturbed the repoſe of his declining life.

He was not, however, without able defenders; Floridus Sabinus, and Ludovicus Vivez, entered the liſts againſt the antagoniſts

niſts of Eraſmus, and Joſeph Scaliger, the ſon of Julius, endeavoured, by every means in his power, to ſoften the aſperity of his father; he apologized for the warmth of his temper, and, after a certain time, ſo effectually wrought on the good ſenſe of Julius, in his cooler moments, that he confeſſed his error, but, like other late repenters, lamented that the object of his invective did not live long enough to hear his recantation; on this occaſion, the opinions of Eraſmus were ſupported by Muretus, and approved by the excellent De Thou.

Time, the great decider of all differences, hath alſo gradually confirmed the juſtice of their ſentiments; without extravagantly praiſing, or malignantly degrading, the fame of this illuſtrious Roman lawyer, he has found, and will always retain, his due rank as a writer, and occupy his proper place on the ſhelf of a modern library; he helps to form that endleſs variety, without which, the pleaſures of literature, like thoſe derived from good eating, will frequently languiſh, and often loſe their reliſh.

Cicero's article was prepared and depoſited for the preſs, when I met with a *ſort of apology* for the orator's vanity, in the work of a modern writer, who appears to be a ſevere judge of human nature, as well as of himſelf; he inſiſts, that we are all vain, and as vain to the full as Cicero, and that the only difference is, ſome men have more dexterity in concealing it than others.

Without waiting to examine, whether a ſenſe of ſuperior abilities, where they actually and confeſſedly exiſt, ought, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be called vanity, I will only obſerve, that we meet with numerous inſtances of weak men paſſing ſafely and pleaſantly through life, and who owe both their ſafety and enjoyments, wholly to a conſciouſneſs of mental imbecility, which induces them not to venture out of their depth; this retreat of inſignificance from contempt, is certainly a moſt uſeful ſpecies of wiſdom.

The foibles of Cicero, as a magiſtrate, a lawyer, a writer, and a private man, were induſtriouſly, and it is ſaid, humourouſly collected, by one of his good-natured cotemporaries, Largius Licinius, in a thick volume, no longer extant; this book is ſaid to have been imprudently quoted, by a gueſt at the table of Cicero's ſon, ſome years after the orator's death; provoked at ſo groſs a violation of propriety, the

the maſter of the houſe immediately and ſeverely horſe-whipped the fooliſh man, and drove him out of his houſe.

CIMON, an eminent and public ſpirited Athenian; the ſon of Miltiades, and a political adverſary of Pericles, by whoſe preponderating influence, or ſuperior talents, after a long and violent ſtruggle, he was at laſt baniſhed from his country.

The military exploits of Cimon, and his ineffectual attempts to reſtore the ariſtocratic branch to its cuſtomary ſhare in the government of his country, are familiar to moſt readers; he is praiſed by Thucydides and Juſtin; his life has been written by Cornelius Nepos, and Plutarch, and his name is introduced in this place, in conſequence of certain peculiarities in his ſtory.

He was re-called from exile, by the ſame victorious opponent who had driven him into diſgrace; a maſterly ſtroke of generalſhip, which, while it confirmed the authority of Pericles, beyond controul, diſarmed an antagoniſt, ſtill powerful and reſpectable, though abſent.

This proceeding is ſaid to have humiliated Cimon more than any circumſtance of his life, and forced from him the following emphatic exclamation, when he returned; "NOW, PERICLES, INDEED, YOU HAVE CONQUERED ME."

Another remarkable circumſtance occurs in the hiſtory of Cimon; having married his ſiſter Elpinice, and being afterwards impriſoned for a debt contracted by his father, he was prevailed on, at the expreſs deſire, and urgent entreaties of his wife, to part with her to Callias, a wealthy man, on condition, that he advanced money to liberate him.

I leave female caſuiſts to decide, how, under ſuch circumſtances, Elpinice would moſt effectually have demonſtrated her love: "To have lived," ſays a lady, ſitting at my elbow, "and, if neceſſary, to have died with him, and for him, in ſickneſs, poverty, and diſtreſs, was clearly the duty, and would certainly have been the choice of an ardent, a ſincere, and affectionate wife."

Some perſons have been of opinion, that, in the inſtance before us, matrimonial love was mutually on the decline, and that Callias, beſides being a favourite of fortune, was young, handſome, pleaſant, and aſſiduous; and that the opportunity afforded to Elpinice, was peculiarly favourable for gratifying the ſecret wiſhes of her heart, and at the ſame

ſame time, maintaining the reputation of a tender and faithful wife.

As this is one of the numerous caſes, in which *opinions only* can be given, we may be permitted to obſerve, in favor of the wife of Cimon, that ten thouſand inſtances are upon record, and daily occur, in which women have diſtinguiſhed themſelves, by the moſt noble, heroic, and diſintereſted affection; and, if Elpinice was really and ſincerely attached to her huſband, which we have no authority for doubting, we cannot deny that it was a great and painful ſacrifice.

It is not ſo eaſy to account for another part of the tranſaction, I mean the motives which could induce Callias *to buy a wife*: if a writer on this ſubject be correct in his obſervation, that at the time, in which the bargain took place, ſhe was neither young nor beautiful; her mental accompliſhments and attractions, in that caſe, *muſt* have been conſiderable, or, contrary to the aſſertions of another author, Callias muſt have arrived at that period of life, in which the attentions of women are rather a duty than a delight.

But, whatever were the merits, or the motives of Callias, or of Elpinice, ſhe was not without ſevere trials and mortifications: it was during the baniſhment of her huſband, that ſhe waited on Pericles to intercede in his favour.

On this occaſion, the victorious ſtateſman, probably exaſperated by political reſentment, and, it is ſaid, irritated by the previous intemperate exerciſe of her tongue, which every good wife, particularly in defence of her huſband, has an undoubted right to make uſe of, it was on this occaſion, that Pericles made the following reply, which I once heard a lady ſay, no woman *ever* could forgive: "I am ſurprized," ſaid the ungallant Athenian, "that with *your* acknowledged good ſenſe, you ſhould, in the preſent application, have ſo egregiouſly erred; it is only young and agreeable women that ſucceed in embaſſies like theſe."

CLIVE, LORD, a ſucceſsful warrior, who, at a period of general defeat and diſmay, recovered and preſerved the territories, occupied in Aſia, by the Eaſt-India-Company; the victory of Plaſſey, attached to his title as a peer, has immortalized his name, and eſtabliſhed the wealth of his family.

My

My reaſon for aſſigning a ſhort article to this noble lord, is ſolely with a view of reminding the editors of the new, and in many reſpects, the excellent edition, of the Biographia Britannica, that the panegyric beſtowed on this nobleman, ought not to have been *indiſcriminate*, and without a *certain* portion of alloy.

Notwithſtanding the warm, and well-founded admiration of his relations and acquaintance, for he was an affectionate ſon, a good father, and a zealous friend; his name will, and muſt be, handed down to poſterity, with a long liſt of India delinquents, who, dazzled by gold, and commanding that powerful engine, military power, have converted public authority to private emolument, and raiſed immenſe ſums on the hopes or the fears of the natives, under the ſpecious denomination of voluntary preſents.

I am aware that it is a faſhion in the preſent day to place great public ſervices as a *ſet-off* againſt offence, but ſuch a mode of proceeding is neither calculated to attach the natives of our diſtant colonies, nor to ſtimulate future commanders to an honeſt performance of their duty: if acting right, in nine inſtances, be conſidered as a ſufficient excuſe for fraud and oppreſſion in the tenth, Verres, after plundering the Sicilians for many years, might have pleaded that he had deſtroyed a fleet of pirates, and ſuppreſſed an inſurrection of the ſlaves.

Having been called upon by a reſpectable writer, to point out a ſpecific charge againſt Lord Clive, I will produce ſeveral; one of them puzzled the acute verſatility of his able defender, Mr. Wedderburne, now Earl of Roſſelyn, to whom, as a young man, at that time *getting on* in the law, his lordſhip's fee, both on the ſcore of money and reputation, was a conſiderable help.

Firſt charge.——By fraud, or by compulſion, real or implied, for on that minute difference, much depends in theſe oriental diſcuſſions, by fraud or by violence, and in conſequence of the depoſition of Rajah Dowlah, his lordſhip became poſſeſſed of more than twenty lacks of rupees, amounting, in Engliſh currency, to nearly two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds, a ſum of money, ſufficient of itſelf to condemn him, as it was impoſſible, in the time and ſituation in which Lord Clive was placed, for him to have amaſſed ſuch a fortune, without a breach of private confidence, or public faith.

Second

Second charge.——By an unwarrantable and pernicious monopoly of ſalt, tobacco and beetle nut; he ſecured an enormous profit on theſe neceſſaries of life, at the expence and diſtreſs of many thouſand miſerable natives.

Third charge.——Lord Clive firſt corrupted the faith of Omichund, a native merchant, and after tempting him to be guilty of the blackeſt treachery, left him to ruin and diſgrace.

Fourth charge.——By menaces and violence, he compelled Admiral Watſon, who, in every other inſtance, was a worthy man, he actually compelled him to ſign an iniquitous treaty, for which that ſucceſsful, honeſt, and public-ſpirited naval commander, never forgave Lord Clive nor himſelf; obſerving, at the time of writing their names, "*Now* both our heads ought to be cut off."

Theſe, and other accuſations, I know were anſwered on the plea of political neceſſity, ſtate policy, voluntary gifts, official perquiſites, &c. &c. but the defence ſet up, in my opinion, clearly eſtabliſhed the guilt of the party concerned.

Yet, where perſonal aggrandizement was out of the queſtion, Lord Clive often ſpoke the language of moderation and good ſenſe: "Confine yourſelves," he ſaid, on a particular occaſion, addreſſing himſelf to the Directors of the Eaſt-India-Company, "confine yourſelves to the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixa, and you will proſper; but if you ſeek further acquiſitions, and remote conqueſts, *the expence of ſupporting your armies will exceed the revenue of your territories, and the profits of your trade.*

It has been ſaid, on the other hand, and in defence of our modern conqueſts in Aſia, that if you had not extinguiſhed the power and name of the proud, the bloody tyrant of Seringapatam, you would have been deſtroyed yourſelves; that the Mahrattas, whoſe defeat is announced at the moment I write, had inherited his policy, and inveterate hatred of the Engliſh.

I cannot cloſe this article, without naming, in terms of exultation and praiſe, the names of Welleſley and Lake; nor without a tear, the gallant and generous Maxwell, who evidently turned the ſcale of victory againſt Scindia.

It was obſerved by a military veteran, on reading the diſpatches I refer to, that there was more *hard fighting* in the battle in which

which poor Maxwell was killed, than in *all* Lord Clive's campaigns.

There is either a greater proportion of Europeans among them, or we have beat them into ſoldiers.

COAL, a bituminous foſſil, and the general fuel of the inhabitants of London, firſt introduced into the metropolis towards the middle of the thirteenth century, but conſidered as a noxious material, by the cautious citizens, who, in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of King Edward the firſt, petitioned that the uſe of it might be prohibited.

The anſwer given to this application is not recorded, but had it been literally complied with, had the bowels of the earth been prepoſterouſly cloſed againſt this prodigious branch of human induſtry, I am of opinion, that the ſurface of the globe would not have afforded a ſucceſſion of fire-wood, ſufficiently rapid for the immenſe and increaſing conſumption of manufactures, luxury, and trade.

Its uſe has, however, been regularly continued, not only without injury, but rather, as ſome think, with chemical advantage, to the unelaſtic denſity of a London atmoſphere.

But, as an article of commerce, highly advantageous, as a collateral ſecurity to the Britiſh Navigation Act, a nurſery for, and a ſupporter of, our great national bulwark, the navy; the vaſt importance of the coal trade is beſt appreciated by the ſtateſman, and becomes moſt intereſting to every Engliſhman.

It employs five hundred veſſels, of various ſize and tonnage; theſe are navigated by fifty thouſand ſeamen and ſtout boys; to this we may add, that in the year ſeventeen hundred and eighty-eight, ſeven hundred and ſixty-ſix thouſand eight hundred chaldrons of coals, were imported at the port of London, which, beſides a comfortable addition to the Duke of Richmond's fortune, a perquiſite of one ſhilling per chaldron, purchaſed I believe, by government, ſince my former impreſſion, put into the public exchequer, more than three hundred thouſand pounds, without the expence of one additional revenue officer.

COACHES IN BOND-STREET.

A late eminent writer, while he was trimming his midnight lamp, or devoting his mornings to intenſe application, was ſometimes diſturbed in his ſtudies,

dies, by the noiſe of the coaches in Bond-ſtreet; but theſe and the thouſand interruptions of a wealthy luxurious metropolis, of execrable irreſiſtible London, did not ſeduce him from literary labour.

Secure in philoſophy, and properly eſtimating real pleaſure, he continued his dignified and triumphant march to independence and renown; he honorably cloſed his proſperous career, and what is of conſiderable importance, heard kind nature's ſignal of releaſe, before age and infirmity came on.

Rewards ſo deſirable, it muſt be confeſſed, are often procured at the expence of health, animal ſpirits, eaſe, and the common amuſements of mankind; but authors and compilers of an inferior rank, in the republic of letters, content with a minuter portion of profit and reputation, enjoy other advantages.

While their purſuits, however light and ſuperficial, ſhut out the inſupportable liſtleſſneſs of an unoccupied morning, *that bane of riſing manhood*; they are not prevented from attending occaſionally to the calls of friendſhip and affection, to the duties, the pleaſures, and ſometimes the follies, of ſocial life.

Theſe writers, whom in another place I have called *of the ſecond order*, have been ſometimes thought more uſeful in diffuſing information, and exciting public attention, than ſuperior authors, of deep learning, and ſolid attainment, who, ſatisfied with the poſſeſſion of their treaſure, are neither ſo anxious nor ſo charitable as thoſe, who, following them *at an humble diſtance*, deal out their *ſmall change* to the neighbourhood.

It cannot be denied, that they ſometimes excite the ſmiles, and ſometimes the frowns of their readers, by giving way to egotiſm and trifling, and by wandering from the ſubjects they announce to a degree, which would be inconſiſtent and culpable in graver and more important productions.

Uſing or abuſing this literary licentiouſneſs, one of theſe authors ſtops to deſcribe the wanton tranſports of *ſparrows* perched near the window of his chamber; a ſecond deſcribes the midnight freaks and muſic of cats; a third details the narrative of a goſſiping old woman; a fourth the miſhaps and adventures of juvenile gallantry; and a fifth the early hours, keen razor, and manual dexterity, of a chattering barber.

COBDEN,

COBDEN, EDWARD, a court chaplain, and archdeacon of London, in the reign of King George the second, who had the raſhneſs, the imprudence, or the honeſty, while baſking in the ſunſhine of miniſterial patronage, and in the full career of eccleſiaſtic promotion, to pronounce an animated declamation againſt adultery and fornication, at the chapel of St. James's palace, in the royal preſence, and before a crowded congregation.

The text on which he preached was the excellent and emphatic reply made by Joſeph to the perfidious Egyptian queen, when ſhe ſo notoriouſly departed from her own duty, and attempted to ſeduce him from his: "*How can I do this great wickedneſs, and ſin againſt God?*"

It was the opinion of all impartial and ſenſible perſons, that there was nothing in his ſermon diſreſpectful to his royal maſter, nor indeed any thing but what it was proper, right, and even his duty to ſay.

But buſy miſchievous people, who abound in courts as well as in other places, repreſented it as an indecorous and perſonal attack on his majeſty, who, with many good qualities, indulged, to a culpable latitude, his paſſion for women; this proceeding of Dr. Cobden, they added, was particularly ungrateful, as he enjoyed at the time an income from the church of more than a thouſand pounds a-year.

It was ſuggeſted by others, that the diſappointment of certain epiſcopal proſpects had ſtimulated the doctor to pour forth his obnoxious philippic; but the principles and manners of the worthy archdeacon, as he was deſcribed to the editor eight and twenty years ago, by an eminent clerical veteran, who knew him well, did not juſtify the invidious aſſertion.

The king, who at firſt thought little or nothing of the circumſtance, was gradually perſuaded by artful, intereſted, and officious people, to reſent the diſcourſe as a deſigned affront; and the preacher, perceiving that he was treated with marked negligence and diſreſpect, waited on his patron with the manuſcript ſermon, in order to juſtify himſelf, but the noble lord, from political prudence, refuſed to ſee him.

To defend, what he conſidered and deſigned as an act of indiſpenſable duty, from malicious miſrepreſentation, Dr. Cobden publiſhed the ſermon, calling it, "A Perſuaſive to Chaſtity, preached before the king, &c." in which, without the moſt remote

mote perſonal alluſion, he inveighs, with conſiderable force of argument, againſt ſeduction, as well as indiſcriminate vicious indulgence; and more particularly attacks what it is the faſhion of the age to defend, under the name of *ſimple fornication*; inſiſting, that the term *ſimple* cannot, with propriety, be applied to a ſin, productive of ſo much complicated wretchedneſs.

As a Chriſtian, a moraliſt, a ſcholar, and a divine, the compoſition was creditable to his head and heart; and it was impoſſible for prejudice or malignity to point out a paſſage which could be conſtrued into perſonal ſatire, or temporary alluſion; in all probability, had the doctor poſſeſſed a little more worldly prudence, he would not have preached exactly ſuch a ſermon, before an amorous king, and a licentious court.

Finding that he could not pacify reſentment, however palpably ill-founded, and being convinced that the world never forgives the man, although in the right, whom it has groſſly ill-uſed; the honeſt archdeacon waited on the king, lamented that his intentions had been miſunderſtood, humbly thanked his majeſty for paſt favors, and reſigned his appointment as a court chaplain.

The whole of this unjuſt buſineſs, a few years after, *came out*; it was occaſioned by the violent reſentments of the licentious favorite of a great perſonage; ſhe would not allow that a crime, *to her a ſource of ſplendid ſubſiſtence*, ſhould be thus publicly and pointedly attacked in the purlieus of her demeſne.

The office of a king's, or any great man's chaplain, is, after all we can ſay, difficult and nice; if his patron be notoriouſly guilty of actions, contradictory to the expreſs tenets of the religion he profeſſes, he muſt, by a baſe dereliction of integrity and principle, forfeit his ordination vow, become abject and time-ſerving, and ſhut his eyes to folly and crime; or, by following the ſtern dictates of goſpel-conſiſtency, riſk the loſs of worldly emolument, and bar the gates of preferment againſt himſelf in a profeſſion to which he has devoted the better half of his days, and a good part of his fortune, and to which a wife and family are probably looking up for ſupport.

I agree that an honeſt man, and a ſincere Chriſtian, in ſuch a ſituation, ought not to heſitate between his intereſt and his duty; but let us not forget that clergymen are creatures of like paſſions, and of infirmities, ſimilar to our own; if we ſometimes find them back-

backſliding, in paths where *we* have ſtumbled ourſelves, let us not be too acrimoniouſly intent on remarking it; if eccleſiaſtics cannot, or do not, imitate the example of Dr. Cobden, let us make ſome allowance for circumſtance, and agree with a modern writer, that, when placed in ſuch ſituations, THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.

The archdeacon publiſhed an octavo volume of poems in ſeventeen hundred and forty-eight; and in ſeventeen hundred and fifty-five, an eſſay tending to promote religion, to which he added, after his name in the title, chaplain *above twenty-two years* to his majeſty.

The deſign of this pamphlet was to render the emoluments of the church ſerviceable to the cauſe of religion; and the author converted, like other diſappointed perſons, into a reformer, propoſes, that the diſpoſal of eccleſiaſtical preferments ſhall be taken out of the hands of courtiers, and that a ſelect committee of the worthieſt and greateſt perſons of the church be appointed to diſpoſe of them, as was practiſed in the reign of King William.

The doctor does not forget to call his reader's attention to the circumſtance of his having been a chaplain twenty-two years without advancement, and introduces a ſatirical poem on the methods neceſſary to be practiſed by a divine to gain court favors; in the ſame publication, he has introduced an ode in praiſe of the notorious Elizabeth Canning, the ſubject of an article in this collection.

The archdeacon publiſhed, in ſeventeen hundred and fifty-ſix, a poem, ſacred to the memory of Queen Anne, as a patroneſs and faſt friend of the church, and takes occaſion, in a note, to mention the reſpectful regard with which ſhe always treated her chaplains, hearing them in public with remarkable attention, and, in her private apartments, favouring them with her preſence.

On this occaſion, he relates the following ſtory of Dr. Maningham, a court chaplain in waiting; during an indiſpoſition which confined her majeſty to her chamber, preſenting himſelf at the cuſtomary time to read prayers, he was deſired, by the ladies who attended the queen, to perform that ſervice in an adjoining room: the doctor immediately replied, in his peculiar way, "I will never whiſtle the prayers of the church through a key-hole." "The anſwer was jocoſe," added Dr. Cobden, "but reaſon and decency juſtified his refuſal, and he was admitted into the

the preſence of his gracious ſovereign: the circumſtance did not prevent his afterwards becoming a biſhop, "indeed," concludes the diſappointed archdeacon, ſtill ſore from neglect, "the chaplain in waiting, if without preferment, was conſtantly promoted when a dignity became vacant."

COFFEE, the ſeed of a tree or ſhrub of the jeſſamine ſpecies, originally a native of Arabia, but now thriving in the Weſt Indies, where it is become an important article of Engliſh commerce.

The flower is yellow, and the berry juicy, containing two ſeeds; theſe when gathered, have a farinaceous bitter taſte, but are wholly without that peculiar ſmell and flavour, imparted to them by fire, and for which, an infuſion or decoction of them is ſo generally admired.

This faſhionable beveridge, almoſt a neceſſary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its firſt introduction in Aſia, cauſed a violent religious ſchiſm among the mahometan doctors, almoſt as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not 'till towards the middle of the ſixteenth, that a coffee-houſe, properly ſo called, was eſtabliſhed at Conſtantinople: its diſcovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each ſect relates in its own way.

"A derviſe," ſays a certain heterodox rational Muſſulman, if ſuch there can be, "a derviſe, overflowing with zeal or with bile, was ſorely troubled, on obſerving, that his brethren were not animated by a ſpirit active as his own: he ſaw, with concern, that they were liſtleſs and drowſy in the performance of their religious exercieſes, their ecſtacies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings and laborious breathings," in which, at a certain period, the Turkiſh prieſts equalled, or ſurpaſſed, the moſt enthuſiaſtic of the followers of Barclay and of Fox.

"The diſſatisfied derviſe, taking a ſolitary walk, to ſoothe his diſturbed ſpirits, or cool his heated imagination, obſerved that the cattle became ſuddenly and remarkably playſome and lively, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the ſame effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a ſtrong infuſion of it; their heavineſs and torpor were almoſt inſtantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity

activity and vigour; the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee-berries afterwards were gathered."

"Listen not to such profane heresies," says an orthodox doctor of Mecca, "it was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian æra) that Abouhasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him:

"'Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me; cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, 'till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties: farewell, sometimes think of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:' he would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

"Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, 'till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which raising into the air, the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

"Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him: almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to the Allah.

"An angel of light immediately stood before him, waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid

limpid ſtream ſuddenly guſhed from the ground, and a luxuriant ſhrub ſprung forth from the barren ſand of the deſert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreſhing fluid, the cœleſtial meſſenger diſappeared.

"The cool ſtream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, ſoon recovered the ſinking man; he poured forth his ſoul in thankſgiving, and ſunk into a deep ſleep, from which he awoke in full vigour and ſpirits.

"Omar, with renewed ſtrength, ſoon rejoined the caravan, and relating the ſupernatural circumſtance, a moſque was erected on the ſpot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful ſhrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favoured country, ſtill continues the ſolace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers."

This ſingular ſpecimen of Turkiſh ſuperſtition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the vatican, is taken from a curious book, which, previous to the Gallic Revolution, was in the library of the King of France, and preſented to Lewis the fifteenth, by Said, an ambaſſador from the Porte to the court of Verſailles.

It is called in the title page, Dgihan Numa, that is, a deſcription of the world, and was printed at Conſtantinople, in ſeventeen hundred and thirty-one, adorned with plates, and illuſtrated by maps; the author, or rather the compiler, was Kiatib Cheleli, a learned doctor of the Turkiſh law.

"Coffee," ſays this enlightened muſſulman, who, ſhaking off the ſtupidity and indolence of his countrymen, aſſumes the character of a medical enquirer, after he has quitted that of an implicit believer, "coffee is a rejoicer of the heart, an enlivener of converſation, a ſovereign reſtorative, after the fatigues of ſtudy, of labor, or of love; its peculiar characteriſtic is, to comfort the ſtomach, nouriſh the nerves, and to protect the frame againſt the debilitating effects of a hot climate and a fiery atmoſphere.

"Taken an hour after dinner, it prevents an accumulation of crudities in the firſt paſſages, is an infallible remedy for the horrors of digeſtion, and the *megrims*."

It was not probable that ſo wholeſome, and agreeable an article of diet, would be long confined

fined to Aſia; it is ſaid to have been introduced to the faſhionable circles of Paris, by Thevenot, in ſixteen hundred and ſixty-nine, but had been made uſe of in London as an exotic luxury, before that time.

The firſt coffee-houſe opened in the Britiſh metropolis, was in George Yard, Lombard-ſtreet, by Roſqua, the Greek ſervant of a Turkey merchant, in the year ſixteen hundred and fifty-two; its flavour was conſidered ſo delicate, and it was thought by the ſtateſmen of thoſe days, (no very reputable characters) to promote ſociety and political converſation ſo much, that a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and ſold.

But, Anthony Wood earneſtly inſiſts, that there was a houſe, for ſelling coffee, at Oxford, two years before Roſqua commenced the trade in London; "that thoſe who delighted in *novelty*, drank it at the ſign of the angel, in that univerſity, a houſe kept by an *outlandiſh* Jew."

In another part of his works, he ſays, that Nathaniel Conopius, a native of Crete, and a fugitive from Conſtantinople, but reſiding in the year ſixteen hundred and forty-eight, at Baliol college, Oxford, made, and drank every morning, a drink called *coffey*, the firſt ever made uſe of in that ancient univerſity.

This popular beverage is mentioned in a tract publiſhed by judge Rumſey, in ſixteen hundred and fifty-nine, entitled "Organum Salutis, or an inſtrument to cleanſe the ſtomach; together with divers new experiments on the virtues of tobacco and coffee."

It is obſerved in this work, by a correſpondent of the author, "that apprentices, clerks, and others, formerly uſed to take their morning draught, in ale, beer, or wine, which, by the dizzineſs they cauſe in the brain, make many unfit for buſineſs; but that now they may ſafely play the good fellow, in this wakeful civil drink, for the introduction of which, firſt in London, the reſpect of the whole nation is due to Mrs. Muddiford."

A lively female, often mentioned in this collection, with eyes and lips, meant for other uſes than mere ſeeing and ſpeaking, after peruſing the articles on tea and on coffee, tells me that ſomething *muſt* be ſaid on the ſubject of chocolate; to arguments from ſuch a quarter, what *can* a creature made of nerves, fleſh, and blood, *for goodneſs ſake*, what *can* he ſay?

Chocolate, *then*, is a preparation from the ſeeds of a ſmall American tree, called, by botaniſts, Cacao Guatimalenſis, bearing

ing a large red fruit, in the ſhape of a cucumber, which generally contains twenty or thirty of the nuts, boiled and prepared according to art.

This highly nutritious, agreeable, and, to many, wholeſome drink, became, on its firſt introduction, a ſubject of ſtrong agitation, and warm conteſt, with many conſcientious and ſcrupulous catholics.

Approaching in its original form, and in its alimentary properties, ſo nearly to ſolid diet, it was doubted, by the timid and the devout, whether enjoying ſo delicious and invigorating a luxury in Lent, and other ſeaſons appointed by the church for faſts, was not violating, or eluding a ſacred and indiſpenſible ordinance.

That party which was unwilling to reſign their chocolate, quoted the words of Saint Thomas, who repeatedly aſſerts, that it is by ſolid food only, that a faſt can be properly ſaid to be broken; that if it is unlawful to drink this liquor on faſt days, becauſe of the portion of ſolid cocoa contained in it; by the ſame rule, wine and beer, which on theſe occaſions have never been interdicted, might be forbidden; as the firſt contains a large proportion of the ſaccharine ſubſtance of the grape, and the latter, ſuſpends rather than diſſolves the whole of the farina of the grain.

The chocolate drinkers were oppoſed by a powerful party of rigid diſciplinarians, and auſtere devotees; a Spaniſh phyſician wrote a Latin treatiſe, expreſſly againſt what appeared to him ſo impious a practice on a faſt day; his book, entitled Tribunal Medico-Magicum, exhibits much zeal and ſome learning; that he was ſtrongly attached to the luxury againſt which he declaims, is a ſtrong preſumption in favor of his ſincerity.

The Spaniard's book was anſwered, by a cardinal of the catholic church, in a candid and agreeable way; it was the opinion of the eccleſiaſtic, ſupported, indeed, by reaſon and experience, that neither chocolate nor wine, *taken in moderation*, could, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be conſtrued into breaking a faſt; yet, he hoped, that ſuch a conceſſion, would not be made a pretext, by ſenſuality and wickedneſs, for uſing them to exceſs, by which ſome of our greateſt bleſſings are converted into curſes; as, whatever tempts or occaſions us to overſtep the bounds of nature and of temperance, can never be defended by the canons of the church.

The Roman prelate concludes

his rational and truly pious book, written in Latin, not unworthy of the Auguſtan age, with the following words, which ought to be written in letters of gold, in ſome conſpicuous part of every eating room in Europe.

The infidel and voluptuary may ridicule the idea of the Almighty Creator of the univerſe, being pleaſed, or diſpleaſed, with a man for having a full or an empty ſtomach; but whatever tends, directly or remotely, to ſubdue rebellious paſſions, and ſubject a creature like man to the reſtraints of reaſon and religion, cannot fail being a matter of the higheſt importance to our well-doing here, and our everlaſting deſtiny hereafter.

This is a comment, if not a literal tranſlation of a celebrated paſſage, often quoted from one of the fathers of the primitive church: "Non quod Deus omnipotens, inanitate ventriculi, aut rugitu inteſtinorum placeatur, ſed quia caſtitas aliter ſalva non eſſe poteſt."

The arguments of the cardinal were ſo convincing, or the Spaniard Don Juan de Caldera, ſo open to conviction, that he publiſhed a recantation, in which he warmly thanked his eminence for the information and inſtruction he had received; this triumph was thought too important not to be noticed, and the phyſician's letter was added to all future copies of the cardinal's work.

COMMITTEES ABOVE STAIRS.

It was frequently lamented, by a late worthy baronet, that the buſineſs of a certain aſſembly, which falls more immediately under the care of thoſe who are the ſubject of this article, was often hurried over inattentively; and that private bills ſometimes paſſed, in which the property of thouſands was at ſtake, without the perſons in queſtion, being at all aware of their importance.

"I was witneſs to an inſtance of this kind," ſaid my authority, the late Sir George Savile, "it was in the committee which ſat on the Ilmington Incloſure Bill. I obſerved that an elderly man, attended regularly every day, and that he ſeemed to obſerve what paſſed with more than ordinary attention; when the bill was gone through, and read for the laſt time, he ſeemed to liſten with increaſed anxiety.

"I thought it my duy to aſk the ſtranger, if he was at all concerned in the buſineſs before the committee. 'If I underſtood rightly what the gentleman has juſt been reading,' ſaid the old man, 'it will ruin me and my family.'

Sir

Sir George felt himſelf ſtrongly intereſted, enquired particularly into the circumſtances of the caſe, and finding that what he had heard was ſtrictly true, took care to move an amendment, which prevented the impending miſchief, and the countryman, who had no money to fee counſel, returned home with lively impreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude.

The honorable member, whenever he mentioned the circumſtance, always concluded with adviſing his aſſociates, *to watch all private bills very narrowly.*

COMMON LAW OF ENGLAND; the following ſtrictures on it, are extracted from a ſenſible political work, publiſhed at an early period of the French Revolution, and *ſaid* to be tranſlated from the German. But it is not poſſible for a reader of common ſagacity to be deceived; the ſentiments, idiom, and minute local knowledge of our conſtitution; of the practice of our courts, our provincial cuſtoms and manners, evidently prove the work to be wholly and originally Engliſh, by the hand of a maſterly but home manufacturer.

"The Common Law of England," ſays this acute writer, who, from humility, pride, or policy, hath written under the diſguiſe of a foreign name, "the Common Law of England, as it exiſts only by tradition and uſage, is not corroborated by the evidence of any original text, and he who wants to know what the law is on any point, muſt look to the particular caſes which have been decided, and obſerve what the judges *remember the law to be.*

"In moſt nations, ancient and modern, it hath been, and is the cuſtom, to apply general rules to particular caſes; but AN ENGLISH BARRISTER, MUST EXTRACT A GENERAL RULE FROM PARTICULAR CASES AND DECISIONS.

"Theſe precedents, to uſe a technical phraſe, if they do not exactly tally, are frequently overruled, by which means an Engliſh judge is converted into a legiſlator, without conſulting or aſking for the aſſent of the three legitimate branches of the conſtitution.

"Laws ſo made, and ſo eaſily repealed, muſt neceſſarily be attended with obſcurity and uncertainty, and although, for ſeveral hundred years, the courts of juſtice have been perpetually employed, in publiſhing fragments of this tradition, queſtions of law are perpetually ariſing; every term begets a volume of deciſions,

ſions, and there ſtill remain innumerable points which the lawyers admit have been never yet decided.

"The moſt ſurprizing and vexatious part of the buſineſs is, that the greater part of theſe unexplained, and undecided queſtions, productive of long and expenſive ſuits, ariſe not from private wrongs, or public rights, or from the points themſelves in diſpute, but from mere matters of form, from errors in the mode of proceeding, from doubts concerning the juriſdiction and practice of different courts; ſo that the time and talents of the judges, counſellors, and ſolicitors, are employed, not in deciding the differences which had ariſen between the parties before the proceſs had began, but which have ariſen ſince, and been wholly occaſioned by the proceedings:" ſo that it is frequently in the power of a ſpecial attorney, or a deep-headed barriſter, in a ſuit of forty ſhillings, to ſet afloat opinions, and rouze diſcuſſions, re-hearings, demurrers, and appeals, which will coſt the plaintiff and defendant two or three hundred pounds.

"It alſo often happens, that the court, bound down and chained to exact and ſpecific modes, is obliged to non-ſuit a plaintiff, whom at the ſame time it knows to be right, on account of errors, not of his producing, but his lawyers, and for which he muſt ſuffer; he alſo muſt pay the coſts of an adverſary who hath injured him."

There is much truth and good ſenſe in the ſtrictures of this author, many of which I have ſuppreſſed on account of his evident aſperity againſt the Engliſh conſtitution, and all its inſtitutions; but that paſſage in a preceding part of this article, which I have printed in ſmall capitals, I conſider as a ſtrong and well-founded panegyric on the common law of this realm; general rules drawn from particular caſes, theory founded on good ſenſe, ſupported by practice, and adapted to the wants, wiſhes, and occaſions of a creature like man, *and modelled according to the occaſions which ariſe*, I conſider as the acme of moral as well as political wiſdom.

But as it is not amiſs ſometimes to receive inſtructions, even from an enemy, it would be well worthy of the attention OF THOSE WHOM IT CONCERNS, to hear what is, and hath been often alledged, againſt the common law on the ſcore of uncertainty, delay, and expence.

Yet, it hath been obſerved, that theſe evils are not wholly with-

without advantage: What man, poſſeſſed of hereditary or acquired property, will regret, that it is and muſt be a work of time, labor, expence, and conſideration, to diſpoſſeſs him of that which is the ſupport of himſelf and family? And that the proceſs neceſſary to accompliſh ſo ſerious a purpoſe, is cautiouſly marked out and guarded by preciſe forms, which prevent all poſſibility of undue influence, erroneous judgment or caprice; that the queſtion is in fact decided, rather by the eſtabliſhed law of precedents and previous opinions, *by the dead letter*, rather than warped by the prejudices, and expoſed to the fallible conceptions of *living men*.

Another advantage to be deduced from the dearneſs and perplexity of law, is, that the good ſenſe of mankind, will in a few years ſee, that without abſolute and urgent neceſſity, no prudent man ſhould go to law; and inſtead of running to the attorney on every occaſion of paſſion, outrage, or diſpute, follow the old faſhioned, but excellent cuſtom, of ſubmitting it to the arbitration of ſome diſintereſted and intelligent neighbour. I rejoice to hear from a profeſſional friend, that this rational and amicable mode of avoiding law-ſuits, ſince the expence of ſtamps has been ſo enormous, is again returning; a conſideration of the condition of a man, who having gained his cauſe, was in rags, and the perſon who was defeated, without any clothes, exemplified in other places than on ſigns, may alſo help to confirm the ſalutary practice.

CONINGSMARK, CHARLES JOHN, a Swediſh count, who procured three foreign aſſaſſins to murder Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of good family and large fortune, in the reign of King Charles the ſecond.

This atrocious deed, to which Coningſmark was ſtimulated, by the hope of obtaining the hand of the Counteſs of Ogle, a beautiful and wealthy heireſs, to whom Mr. Thynne had been contracted, was perpetrated in Pall Mall, near the bottom of Saint Alban's-ſtreet, as the unfortunate young man was returning from the houſe of his mother-in-law, Lady Northumberland, who lived in St. James's ſtreet.

At the hour of eight, on a Sunday evening, in a conſiderable thoroughfare, in the heart of a great city, almoſt within ſight of a royal palace, and notwithſtanding a running footman, with a blazing flambeau, preceded

ceded the equipage, the villains having ſtopped the coach, Charles Boratzi, a native of Poland, diſcharged a blunderbuſs, loaded with bullets, at Mr. Thynne, which penetrating and dreadfully lacerating his body, after languiſhing a few hours he died.

So flagrant, and in England, ſo unuſual an enormity, as waylaying a man in order to murder him, naturally raiſed the indignation of the public, and excited the vigilance of the magiſtrates.

A few days after, the count was apprehended near Graveſend, in diſguiſe, and attempting to prevail on the captain of an outward bound ſhip to take him on board; the three deſperadoes whom he had employed, were alſo taken into cuſtody, indicted, and with their infamous employer Coningſmark, tried at the Old Bailey.

Three of the murderers were convicted, but, ſtrange to tell, the abominable propoſer and cauſe of all the miſchief, was acquitted; while the three wretched men he had corrupted, were executed, under circumſtances of popular fury and deteſtation.

The contriver of ſo foul an act, at which the feelings of an Engliſhman revolt, thus eſcaping a puniſhment he ſo eminently deſerved, was a national diſappointment, and naturally exaſperated the friends and family of the deceaſed: a writer of that period, in the warmth of honeſt, but, perhaps, miſtaken zeal, throws out a raſh charge of corruption, againſt the preſiding judge, (Pemberton) and the majority of the jury.

An accuſation, which if ſubſtantiated, would brand with infamy a great law-officer, is not to be haſtily admitted; it does not ſeem probable that any douceur, a profligate adventurer could offer, would have induced a chief juſtice to riſque his fame, his fortune, and his life.

Yet, it would be difficult to aſcertain, the grounds on which the judge and jury founded his acquittal; previous circumſtances afforded ſtrong preſumption of Coningſmark's guilt; he had had frequent intercourſe with the murderers, purchaſed clothes for one, and weapons for another; and long before the bloody tranſaction, had been often heard to ſpeak of Mr. Thynne in virulent and violent language.

It alſo appeared in evidence, that he had directed a certain perſon to aſk the Swediſh envoy, whether a perſon's killing Mr. Thynne in a duel, would make it unlawful for him to marry Lady Ogle: he had perpetually changed his lodgings, aſſumed a feigned

feigned name, and when he quitted London in diſguiſe, after the perpetration of the murder, had ſaid he was going to Windſor, but repaired immediately to Graveſend.

Yet, after incurring ſo much guilt, and ſhedding innocent blood, he was not able to accompliſh his purpoſe: abhorring his crime, and deteſting the murderer, Lady Ogle would never admit him into her preſence, and was afterwards married to the Duke of Somerſet, who, although ſhe was a virgin bride, was, in fact, her third huſband; the lady had been bethrothed in her infancy to Henry, Earl of Ogle, only ſon of Cavendiſh, Duke of Newcaſtle, who died in his childhood.

Having thus eſcaped puniſhment for a crime he *had* committed, he was afterwads put to death for one of which he was innocent.

Wandering reſtleſs and ſelf-tormented, over various parts of Europe, he viſited the court of (at that time) the Duke of Hanover, whoſe ſon, the Prince of Zell, was afterwards George the firſt, King of England.

In the indiſcriminate ardor of vicious paſſion, and hoping to take advantage of domeſtic diſcord, he preſumed to caſt unhallowed looks on the Princeſs of Zell, who had for ſeveral years lived in a comfortleſs ſtate of eſtranged nuptial affection; the prince indulging a culpable latitude in his amours, whilſt his wife lived almoſt in a ſtate of ſeclusion in her own apartments.

The princeſs had not given the Swede the leaſt encouragement in his illicit hopes, but one of the *frail* court favourites, having recently diſpleaſed the unfaithful huſband, and being fearful that it might lead to a reconciliation with his wife, ſaw with pleaſure, and privately encouraged the inſolent pretenſions of the count, aſſuring him, that a man of his accompliſhments and merit, could not fail ſucceeding.

This artful creature, at the ſame time excited the jealouſy of the prince, by apt emiſſaries and diſtant ſuggeſtions, concerning the marked attentions, and known character of Coningſmark; for, generally ſpeaking, huſbands, however negligent or guilty themſelves, are not fond of being, in this manner, rendered ridiculous by others.

Having thus paved the way for making her own peace at the expence of another, this abominable woman, by means of a bribe, prevailed on a court valet of

of Herenhauſen, who attended the princeſs, to go on a certain occaſion, to the Swede's lodgings, and inform him that the Princeſs of Zell wiſhed to ſee him immediately, at her apartments, on an affair of importance.

Coningſmark flattering himſelf that the lady's reſerve had relaxed, hurried to what he conſidered as an appointment; while the inſidious contriver of the miſchief, repairing without delay to the prince, and affecting a concern for the honour of his family, told him ſhe could no longer be a ſilent obſerver of the flagitious conduct of his wife; that if any doubts remained of her infidelity, his highneſs had now an opportunity of being an eye-witneſs of his own diſgrace; for, the favoured lover was, at the moment ſhe ſpoke, with the princeſs in her bedchamber, to which room ſhe had ordered the Swede to be conducted.

The irritated and jealous huſband, conſtitutionally and ungovernably paſſionate, ruſhed ſword in hand to the bed-chamber, and meeting the count at the door, without uttering a word, plunged the weapon into his heart: bitterly reproaching his unfortunate wife, and refuſing to liſten to any explanation, the unhappy princeſs paſſed the remainder of her life in a ſolitary caſtle.

CONGRATULATION, a punning one, recorded by Fuller, and addreſſed, a few days after her birth, to the infant daughter of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

" See this little miſtreſs here,
Did never ſit in Peter's chair,
Nor a triple crown did wear,
And yet ſhe is a Pope.
No beneſice ſhe ever ſold,
Nor did diſpenſe with ſins for gold,
She hardly is a fortnight old,
And yet ſhe is a Pope.
No king her feet did ever kiſs,
Or had from her worſe look than this;
Nor did ſhe ever vainly hope,
To ſaint poor mortals with a rope,
And yet ſhe is a Pope.
A female Pope you ſay, a ſecond Joan,
Ah no, ſhe is Pope Innocent, or none.

CONTESTED ELECTION, for a curious circumſtance which occurred on one of theſe occaſions, ſee SCAURUS.

CON-

CONTESTED TITLE OF AN ESTATE; an unanſwerable argument, offered in ſupport of one, by the Earl of Warren, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and ſince my former impreſſion, the ſubject of a good picture.

During the reign of Edward the firſt, who, though a conqueror, with ſome of the faults of that character, was a good king, the ſtatute of *Quo Warranto* paſſed into a law, which, although firſt drawn up for the laudable purpoſe of ſettling diſputed titles, putting an end to long vexatious ſuits, and *quieting poſſeſſions*, was converted into a meaſure of tyranny and extortion; as all who held lands under the crown, if they could not produce their original deeds, were obliged to pay the king a heavy fine.

The Earl of Warren being ſummoned before the commiſſioners, they demanded of him, by what right he held the eſtate he poſſeſſed: "By virtue of this inſtrument," replied the intrepid peer, drawing his ſword and placing it on the table before them, "by this my anceſtors gained their eſtate, and by this I will defend it."

He was left undiſturbed in the poſſeſſion of his property, and the ſtatute of *Quo Warranto* remained for a long period dormant, 'till quickened into vegetation, three hundred years after, by the foſtering propenſities of the Steuarts; this unpopular mode of proceeding, aſſiſted by other cauſes, conſiderably aggravated public diſcontent, and was inſtrumental in expelling the hateful race.

CONVERTS, RELIGIOUS, a zeal for making, frequently originating from an amiable motive, but often productive of evil, and ſometimes of abſurdity; on this ſubject, the following well authenticated anecdote was related by the late General Oglethorpe, a military veteran full of information.

An induſtrious miſſionary had taken great pains to impart a knowledge of the principles of the Chriſtian religion, to an American ſavage, and exulted in the probable hope of ſucceſs; the holy father flattered himſelf that the aſſent of this child of nature, was the effect of rational conviction, and thought it his duty to confirm the good work by adminiſtering the ſacrament.

After receiving it, the catholic prieſt, in the honeſt triumph of his heart, demanded of the proſelyte whether he did not receive a mental comfort, and an inward refreſhment, from the ſacramental

tal cup; "Yes," ſaid the Indian, "it was very good, *but I like rum better.*"

COPPER, a poiſonous metal, of which many culinary utenſils are made, for the preparation of our food; by which means, as fact and experience long have proved, we are frequently expoſed to death in its moſt excruciating form, at the table of friendſhip and hoſpitality.

Perhaps it will be ſaid by good houſewives, who are not content with the duration of other materials, that tinning copper veſſels with grain tin will effectually ſecure us from their noxious effects; but, I intreat my readers to recollect, that this ſimple, obvious, and ſalutary preeaution, is attended with a degree of expence, to ſave which, letters of lodgings, inn-keepers, confectioners, brewers, cooks, paſtry-cooks, oilmen, pickle-makers, &c. will and often *do* incur the moſt dangerous riſques; beſides, to preciſely aſcertain the time when it becomes neceſſary, requires a minuteneſs of frequent inſpection, and a portion of diſintereſted trouble, which perſons, paid for their ſervices, will ſeldom be at the trouble of taking.

Prudence and ſelf-preſervation we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe would induce us to ſhut up, as far as is poſſible, the avenues to miſchief; but in the caſe before us, they do not ſeem to put mankind ſufficiently on their guard; and I inſert the preſent article to excite uſeful ſuſpicion and ſalutary alarm in the minds of my readers, on a ſubject, productive in a thouſand inſtances, of diſeaſe, where the ſource of it is not ſuſpected, and of a diſmal train of ſtomach complaints, which phyſicians are puzzled to relieve, or even to give them a name.

I adviſe the maſter of every family to turn a deaf ear to the ſuggeſtions of economy or convenience, and poſitively to forbid the uſe of copper, in any form, or for any purpoſe, in his kitchen, cellar, or brewhouſe: I am convinced, that under the vigilant inſpection of ſcrupulous cleanlineſs, many of the dangers here pointed out, may be evaded or diminiſhed; but, would any ſober-minded man, retain in his court-yard, or his paddock, a mad dog, or a wild bull, ſatisfied with the aſſurance that the furious animals were muzzled and ſafely tied up; would it not be far more prudent entirely to rid his premiſes of ſuch unwelcome and dangerous inmates?

The diſeaſes and accidents which beſet us on every ſide, are ſufficiently numerous, without wantonly

wantonly expoſing ourſelves to the poiſonous neglects of indolence, the filth of impurity, or the intereſted omiſſions of avarice; tin and caſt-iron afford ſubſtitutes ſo ſafe, and in every reſpect ſo preferable, that I ſhould hope they would be univerſally adopted; if, through careleſſneſs, utenſils formed of theſe materials, ſhould at any time be enveloped in a nine-inch coat of ruſt and greaſe, theſe, however offenſive to the eye and palate, contain no particles deſtructive to the ſtomach, as is clearly the caſe with copper, whoſe ruſt is verdigris, a virulent and violent poiſon.

I have been accuſed of exaggerating miſrepreſentation, in this article, by a man, to whom I, many years ago, affixed the *nick-name* of Alexander the copper-ſmith, the former being his Chriſtian name, and the ſubject I am now treating of, a branch of commerce in which he is deeply engaged.

It may excite a ſmile that a man ſhould be angry at our not encouraging his trade at the expence of our health; and although I might ſay with truth, "Alexander the copperſmith hath done me much evil," I will not add with the apoſtle, "The Lord reward him according to his works;" as he might, in that caſe, follow ſome of his copper bolts and ſheathing to the bottom of the ſea.

I conclude the preſent article with a hint to the proprietors of ſugar plantations in the Weſt-Indies, and to the ſugar-bakers of England: of the preciſe mode and exact proceſs of preparing and refining ſugar, from cutting the cane, till it ſweetens tea, or decorates our deſerts, I confeſs my ignorance; but I underſtand from the eroſive nature of ſome of the ingredients employed, that they are calculated, in a high degree, to act inſtantaneouſly and powerfully on copper.

It is therefore my wiſh, I hope without offence, to impreſs on the minds of theſe gentlemen, the abſolute and urgent neceſſity of giving to their overſeers, boilers, and other perſons concerned, repeated and ſtrict injunctions on the ſubject of cleanlineſs, for which, workmen in ſugar-houſes, *are not very remarkable.*

It has been ſaid by an intereſted criticiſer on theſe obſervations, that *cleanlineſs in the proceſs of ſugar-baking, is wholly unneceſſary*, for that in refining ſugar, every adventitious impurity is ſkimmed off and depurated.

But, in a ſubſtance which abounds in acidity, ſhould one particle of the ruſt of copper have been

been diſſolved, boiling down and refining for a century, would never get rid of the miſchievous addition.

The preſent ſubject has more peculiarly called the attention of the editor, from the circumſtance of ſugar ſo frequently diſagreeing with the ſtomachs of many perſons; this may poſſibly ariſe more from the mode of preparation, than the ſugar itſelf, which, taken moderately, is certainly a wholeſome article of domeſtic conſumption.

On this occaſion, by inveſtigating too minutely, the pleaſures of the table, perhaps I ſhall be told, that, as is the caſe with *other pleaſures*, the refinements of wiſdom, diminiſh the bliſs of enjoyment.

CORBETT, Mrs. a female, celebrated in an epitaph by Pope, whoſe praiſe of a worthy woman is ably ſupported by the judicious and appropriate comment of Dr. Johnſon: it affords me conſiderable pleaſure to find, by collateral information, that in this ſepulchral inſcription, there is neither fiction nor exaggeration.

"Mrs. Corbett was not diſtinguiſhed by any ſhining or eminent peculiarities; yet, ſhe was a character that makes the felicity, though not the ſplendor of life, and ſuch a one as every wiſe man will chuſe for his final and laſting companion, in the quiet of privacy, and the languor of age, when he departs weary and diſguſted from the oſtentatious, the volatile, and the vain.

"Of ſuch women, whom the dull overlook, and the gay deſpiſe, it was proper that the value ſhould be made known, and the dignity eſtabliſhed; domeſtic virtue as it is exerted without great occaſions, or conſpicuous conſequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope, to diſplay it in ſuch a manner, as might attract regard, and enforce reverence."

It is common with the praiſers of *other times*, to lament the increaſing number of batchelors, and to cry out againſt the young men of the preſent day, who, preferring an unſettled life and licentious amours, to the duties, the comforts, and the cares of a family, ſink into old age and inſignificance, without that beſt ſolace for infirmity, a tender wife; and fall into the ſnares and management of inſolent favorites, or ſelfiſh relations, who mould their paſſions 'till they make their will.

God forbid that I ſhould be the advocate of illicit love; the general tendency of this compilation, and *other proofs I could produce*

produce, will, I hope, exculpate me from the charge; but, as things are now conducted, is not he a bold man, in a buſineſs, a profeſſion, or even with a tolerable fortune, who ventures to marry?

Educated ſolely with a view to accompliſhment, to exterior appearance, or to pleaſure, is a woman capable, even if ſhe were inclined, to form a rational companion, and to inſpect or ſuperintend the concerns of a family?

Depoſited in a boarding-ſchool, which ſtill further to recommend it, is called a *French* boarding-ſchool, that ſpecies of ſeminary calculated to form any character but that of a good wife or a good mother, and from which half the nuptial infelicity of the age originates, a young lady able to draw, talk bad French, and thrum her piano in all the high-wrought evolutions of difficulty, but without attempting one ſtrain of harmony, is conſidered as completely educated.

If indeed, dreſs and amuſement were the principal buſineſs of life, this deciſion might be right; but the unceaſing bankruptcies, ſuits at Doctors Commons, and journies to the continent or the king's bench priſon, prove the ſyſtem of my fair countrywomen to be radically wrong.

This part of my collection having been cenſured as partial, ſevere, and ungenerous, I beg leave to ſay that I do not attribute the evils I have enumerated *wholly* to women, as I know numbers, and conſiderable numbers, as greatly good, and conſpicuouſly exemplary in their conduct, as they are fair; yet, I ſtill am of opinion that the expenſive turn for dreſs and diſſipation, univerſally exhibited by the daughter of the peer, the tradeſman, and the peaſant, is the ſource of the preſent faſhionable celibacy.

We cannot expect this national, this ſerious evil to be remedied, 'till parents will perform their duty, and devote ſome portion of their miſ-ſpent time, to inſpecting, if not managing, the education of their offſpring.

Every purpoſe of emulation may be anſwered by ſending our children TO A WELL REGULATED DAY SCHOOL; but in their vacant hours, ſons, and more particularly daughters, ſhould be under a parental roof, that the budding forth of vice may be early obſerved, and inſtantly corrected, before it degenerates into habit.

We have no right to expect that a mercenary motive will act ſufficiently powerful on a preceptor, to fulfil duties which

we

we neglect; and young people left together uncontrouled and undirected, will inevitably corrupt each other.

Let not women therefore imagine that the number of bachelors they every where see, live single by choice, let them be assured, that every man of them has a favourite fair whom he loves with genuine and disinterested affection, but placed out of his reach by the insurmountable obstacles of birth, fortune, or improper habits.

It is utterly impossible that any man in his senses can prefer obscene and bought embraces, tainted with the loathsome effluvia of hospitals and jails, the deceitful joys and permanent pains of vice, to the blissful enjoyment of beauty, virtue, health and tranquillity; if the temple of Hymen, had not, like Milton's Eden, a flaming sword at every corner.

In the last edition of this collection, mention was made of the spirited conduct of an American wife, whose misfortune it was to have that contradictory, but not uncommon character, a fond, but with respect to the interest of his family, a negligent husband: as a proof of, and in compliment to the wishes of genuine worth, which always avoids the panegyric it deserves, I reluctantly suppress the name in my present page.

This amiable woman and excellent wife, being under the necessity of quitting her house, retired with her infant to reside with a near relation; her thoughtless partner, finding life without his companion joyless and uncomfortable, irritated by some real or imaginary affront, and mortified by the apparent neglect and dereliction of one whom, notwithstanding his vicious propensities and follies, he still loved, the unhappy husband, in a moment of discontent, published an angry but absurd advertisement, in which he cautioned persons against trusting his wife.

Naturally vexed at such indecorum and want of feeling, as well as truth, and resolved that misfortunes notoriously brought on by her infatuated yoke-fellow should no longer be attributed to her, she answered the advertisement by the same channel, and in the following words:

"Whereas, my husband has cautioned tradesmen against trusting me, and spoke of my quitting him as if it arose from any fault of mine; it would be unjust to myself, as well as my sex, to submit in silence to so cruel and unjust an accusation: I therefore beg leave to inform the public, that by his idleness and

and perpetual abſence from home, he compelled me to ſeek ſupport for myſelf and a helpleſs infant, from the kindneſs of my relations; his aſſumed fear leſt I ſhould *run* HIM in debt, is ridiculous, as he well knows that nobody will truſt him.

"But, notwithſtanding what has paſſed, I am ſtill ready to forget and to forgive, and will immediately receive him as a tender and faithful wife, if he thinks he has ſufficient reſolution to forſake the expenſive licentiouſneſs of his manners, and will endeavour to regain his loſt credit as a father and a maſter of a family: in the mean time I think it neceſſary to caution all perſons againſt truſting *him* on my account while we are ſeparate."

This fair vindicator of her reputation as a wife and a mother, happily recovered her wanderer, and reſtored him to that domeſtic peace and ſatisfaction, which ever attends a correct and conſcientious diſcharge of our ſocial duties.

CORNELIUS GALLUS, a Roman general and a poet, a native of Forum Julii, a ſpot not preciſely aſcertained, as this appellation has been given ſometimes to the city of Frejus, in Provence, and ſometimes to a town in Iſtria, now called Frioul.

A modern critic and grammarian, who imagines he has cleared this geographic doubt by local etymology, decides the country of Gallus to have been in the Narbonneſe Gaul, by producing words from the remaining fragments of his works, only made uſe of in that province.

Gallus was the favorite companion of Auguſtus, and is generally conſidered as the original patron of Virgil, whoſe laſt eclogue is a pleaſing monument of the gratitude and genius of the poet: he accompanied his maſter into Egypt, in the campaign againſt Anthony and Cleopatra, and acted as a confidential meſſenger to that extraordinary woman, who ſaw the concealed wiſh of Auguſtus to grace his triumph with the exhibition of an Egyptian queen, but placed herſelf out of his power.

Being appointed lieutenant of Egypt, with three legions and ample authority, he is ſaid, in the giddineſs of proſperity, to have abuſed his power, ſpoken diſreſpectfully of his friend and benefactor, and to have affected the manners, dreſs, and accompaniments of royalty.

Theſe and other inſtances of prepoſterous conduct laid to his charge,

charge, I impute to the intoxication of vanity or of wine; he was re-called, baniſhed, and his property confiſcated.

An exclamation of Auguſtus, when he ſigned the ſentence, is recorded, and produced by a modern writer, ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed againſt him, as an inſtance of deep diſſimulation; but I humbly conceive it may equally prove the ſincerity of his attachment to Gallus: "How hard is my fate," ſaid the Emperor with tears in his eyes, "that the moſt atrocious conſpirators againſt me, ſhould be found among thoſe who were once my deareſt, and ought to have been my moſt faithful, friends."

As impartial juſtice is *one of the rights of man*, and as, according to the democratic hypotheſis of liberty and equality, kings are entitled to a candid conſtruction of their words and actions, as well as other perſons; I am of opinion that Auguſtus really loved Gallus, and that the latter was actually guilty of the alledged crimes; had there been any thing to conceal or ſuppreſs, the favorite would have been privately put to death, on the odious but ſafe principle that dead men tell no tales.

It has been obſerved, that if the emperor had ſincerely eſteemed Gallus, he might eaſily have pardoned him; his peculiar poſition ſhould be conſidered, as well as his *diſpoſition*, rendered timid and ſuſpicious by repeated treaſons, which rendered active precaution and deciſive meaſures abſolutely neceſſary: Auguſtus was certainly attached to Gallus, but he loved himſelf, he loved the purple, he loved ſupreme authority better.

I ſhould venerate, and almoſt adore the man, who, placed in *his* circumſtances, would have acted otherwiſe, but ſuch a one it is not eaſy to find; Auguſtus, like other characters, has been miſunderſtood or miſrepreſented; he was a conſummate courtier, a deep diſſimulator, and poſſeſſed many bad qualities; but it does not follow, either from reaſon or every day's experience, that he was wholly without good ones. It cannot be doubted that he had his intervals of feelings; if we are none of us faultleſs, if there are few untainted with depravity, it is ſome conſolation to a repining declaimer, as the editor of this collection has been called, that we are none of us wholly and altogether devils, a point on which many *vital Chriſtians*, and many ſcepties and philoſophers, have groſſly erred.

Reſolving not to ſurvive the

loſs

loſs of fortune, friends, and fame, Gallus periſhed by a voluntary death: his memory was defended and his misfortunes lamented by Ovid, his cotemporary and aſſociate.

They both were poets, poſſeſſing more imagination than judgment; ſprightly, joyous, and lively, and united with theſe animating propenſities, what is ſingularly united in ſeveral modern literary characters, a delicate turn for elegy and pathetic poetry; their fate was alſo ſimilar, they both ſuffered for indiſcrete words, thoughtleſſly and without ill-deſign, ſpoken in the unguarded moments of convivial hoſpitality.

The following apoſtrophe occurred in my laſt edition, and may now appear unneceſſary, FOR ALAS IT WAS WRITTEN IN VAIN.

Take example, my dear friend *********, and although mountains and ſeas divide us, and we never may meet again; you have the ſoft ſenſibility and gentle ſpirit of an Ovid, the favors and the ſmiles of an Auguſtus; recollect in your merry moments, that the ſame vivacity and ſatirical humour, which enlivens every circle you appear in, may create a deadly foe.

And as it is more than probable that this page may approach a ſpot to which its author muſt not come, be aſſured that the perſons by whom you are ſurrounded, the times and circumſtances in which you are placed, are a ſource of conſiderable uneaſineſs to thoſe friends, who admire the ingenuous openneſs of your diſpoſition, and have been ſo often charmed with your converſation, and exhilirated by your wit and fine ſpirits; but dread your incurring the reſentment, and ſuffering from the malignity of men of a very different deſcription.

(This was preciſely the event.)

Gallus has been deſcribed, I think without ſufficient authority, as the unſucceſsful rival of Mark Anthony, with the beautiful Cytheris, who makes ſo conſpicuous a figure in an overcharged picture, or rather a caricature, which Cicero draws of the ſhameleſs effrontery of Anthony; but on referring to the conſular liſts, and other authenticated dates, this little anecdote which would prove that Gallus was a man of taſte, wants the ſtamp of chronologic coincidence.

If, however, the attachment of Gallus to his fair favorites, was, in the ſame proportion ardent, as his ſorrow was acute and inconſolable, he muſt have been, what women are ſaid to

reliſh,

reliſh, a moſt violent and romantic lover; of all the elegies he wrote, a few mutilated fragments only remain; ſome have been attributed to him, which are evidently fabricated by an artiſt of the middle age.

Having been called on, and what is remarkable, *by a lady*, to produce any paſſage of Cicero, in which Cytheris is mentioned as *preceding* a wife, and as the lady has hunted in vain *all over* his works; I point out for her ſatisfaction two or three, and congratulate the times on poſſeſſing a female who can taſte and *ſelect* from Tully; ſuperintend domeſtic arrangements; *do* the honors of a table; and cut *out* a ſhirt; but whilſt I am chatting with, or of women, I muſt not forget the paſſages in queſtion, which prove that Cytheris was not without company.

"Cytheridem ſecum lectica aperta portabat, altera uxorem; ſeptem præterea conjunctæ lecticæ amicarum." Epiſt. ad Atticum. 16.

The picture or the caricature, drawn by the Roman orator, is in the following words:

"Vehebatur in eſſedo Tribunus plebis, lictores laureati antecedebant, inter quos aperta lectica mima portabatur: ſequebatur rheda, cum lenonibus (not leonibus as a commentator would read it, for how does that agree with the next words) comites nequiſſimi; rejecta mater, amicam impuri filii, tanquam nutrix ſequebatur. Philippic. 2.

What ſay you, Mr. Laurence, would it make a bad painting? if you turn your thoughts to it, conſult Kemble on claſſical coſtume; he underſtands that a great deal better than *buying a bargain* of Mr. Harris. In this inſtance, I agree that he was fighting with a *warrenner*, but the warrenner beat him.

CORONER, an officer of juſtice, choſen by the freeholders of a county, appointed for the purpoſe of inſpecting, and, aſſiſted by a jury, to decide on the circumſtances, condition, and mode of interment of perſons whoſe death has been attended with violence, ſuſpicion of violence, or uncertainty; and to detain for trial ſuch offenders as ſhall appear to have been inſtrumental in violating the law.

The preſent ſhort article was occaſioned by the editor's being accidentally preſent at the public diſcuſſion of a county rate, which conſiderably exceeding its uſual amount, excited general attention; on further examination, the

the coroner's bill was found to occaſion the augmented expence.

It was on the ſea-coaſt, and after a ſeaſon remarkably tempeſtuous and deſtructive to ſhips, that the bodies of a great number of ſhipwrecked ſeamen had been thrown on ſhore; to theſe, although the mode of their death did not admit of doubt, the coroner had been called, charging for each the cuſtomary fee of twenty ſhillings, beſides travelling expences; this amounting to a round ſum, created ſome altercation, on the neceſſity of an inqueſt being taken in caſes where the cauſe of death was ſo palpably evident: after a pauſe, the judge ordered the bill to be paid.

Coroners have been accuſed of acting in many inſtances from mercenary and corrupt motives with reſpect to ſuicides; of evading the law in wealthy families, by regularly producing, or *procuring*, a verdict of lunacy, which ſecures to the deceaſed, Chriſtian burial, and to his family the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of his property; while the moneyleſs and friendleſs *felo de ſe*, is conſigned to a hole dug in the highway, with other circumſtances of indecency and diſgrace.

The law which deprives the deſcendants of a ſelf-murderer of his property, was enacted with good deſign, but with little knowledge of the human heart; like other puniſhments, which excite more horror than the crime they were meant to prevent, it is generally evaded, and is one of the numerous inſtances in which nature and reaſon correct legiſlative errors.

If, as appears to be the caſe, if this precautionary regulation, not only militates againſt humanity, expediency, and integrity, but is generally defeated, why not expunge it altogether?

Suſpend the body of every ſuicide, without exception, in chains on a gibbet, and revoke every penalty that affects their families and heirs; thus the coroner and his aſſociates will not be expoſed to the temptation of perjury by bribes, or the ſtill more powerful appeal of the widow and the orphan.

The more I conſider the ſubject of ſelf-murder, and I have had ſtrong reaſons, reaſons which touched me cloſely, for reflecting on it, I am daily, I am hourly convinced, that in nine inſtances out of ten, it is not produced by madneſs, but by a regular chain of reaſoning, rightly, logically, and ſoundly conducted, but founded on depraved and impious principles; moſt of the ſuicides

cides I have been acquainted with, have argued in the following manner.

There is no ſtate of exiſtence after this life.

I have formed habits which make it impoſſible for me to live happy but in one particular mode.

By folly and by vice, I have exhauſted thoſe reſources which enabled me to ſupport myſelf in that particular way.

I therefore prefer a ſtate of annihilation, to a life of mean expedients, penury, and diſtreſs.

At the moment of plunging the poignard into his boſom, I am of opinion, that the ſelf-deſtroyer, ſtruggling with that love of life, ſo wiſely planted in the human heart, addreſſes himſelf in words to the purport and effect of the following ſtrong paſſage in a Roman poet, which as I quote from memory, I am not certain they are minutely and verbally correct.

Tune vero dubitabis obire,
————cui munera vitæ,
Verbera, carnifices, robur, pix,
lamina, tædæ;
————*cujus denique vita,*
Orco deterior, ſtimulat torretque
flagellis.

CORYATE, THOMAS, an Engliſh traveller, during the reign of King James the firſt, born at Odcombe, near Hamhill, in the county of Somerſet, his father being rector of the pariſh.

He publiſhed an account of part of his travels in ſixteen hundred and eleven, they were principally on foot, and under circumſtances and appearances which occaſioned Coryate to be conſidered as little better than a mendicant in many of the countries he viſited; he appears to have been in every reſpect an oddity, and gave to his book the ſtrange inelegant title of "CRUDITIES GOBBLED UP."

This curious compoſition, like the writer of it, exhibits conſiderable learning without taſte or judgment, and a great deal of information without due ſelection; for theſe reaſons, his volumes, with all the helps of good paper and an excellent type (new edition, London, 1776) are heavy and unpleaſant reading; his pages, like other books of travels I *could* mention, are filled with more of what the voyager has *read*, than what he ſaw or did.

If an author were permitted to indulge the induſtrious indiſcriminate reſearch and copious quotation of Coryate, and *his imi-*

imitators, it would be no great difficulty to compile a decent octavo on the incidents and objects of an eighteen-penny ride to Hammerſmith and Turnham Green.

According to the cuſtom of that age, his "CRUDITIES" are accompanied by the recommendatory verſes and panegyrics of his friends, in which they evidently ridicule while they tickle the vanity of our knight-errant, for he conſidered himſelf as a knight, in conſequence of ſome laughable ceremony which had taken place (while he travelled in Aſia) on a ſpot highly intereſting to a claſſical enthuſiaſt, and where he inſiſted the ruins of Troy *ſtill exiſted*.

Sir John Harrington, Ben Jonſon, Inigo Jones, Epigram Owen, called by his cotemporaries Little Owen, Dr. Donne, Michael Drayton, and others, contributed, by their preliminary poetry, to augment the ſelf-conceit of Coryate, who, with all his learning, did not ſee that the rogues were making a joke of him; he peruſed their laviſh encomiums with the ſolemnity of pedantic pride, and ſwallowed their flatteries with avidity.

Theſe pieces of Latin poetry, and, if I recollect right, ſome of them Greek, and one, Hebrew, occupy nearly a third part of the firſt volume; they add conſiderably to the price, but probably will not be peruſed by more than one in fifty of modern readers; and although Coryate, 'of praiſe a mere glutton, who ſwallowed what came,' eagerly publiſhed, what is, in fact, a ſevere ſatire on himſelf, it by no means follows, that we, *who do not reliſh the joke*, ſhould be obliged to pay for it: on every principle of juſtice, policy, and good taſte, they ought, *at this time of day*, to have been ſuppreſſed.

He commenced his travels in May, ſixteen hundred and eight, and, after paſſing through part of France and Savoy, reached Vercelli, in Piedmont, where he made the following remark: "I obſerved in this and other Italian towns and cities through which I paſſed, a cuſtom that I believe is not uſed in any nation beſide; they, at their meals, uſe a little fork, holding with it, in one hand, the meat on the diſh, and cutting it with the knife in the other, ſo that if any one of the company at table ſhould unadviſedly touch with his fingers that which is provided for dinner, he will give occaſion of offence, and tranſgreſs the laws of good manners.

"This form of feeding, I underſtand, is generally uſed in Italy, their forks being for the moſt

moſt part of iron or ſteel, and ſometimes of ſilver for gentlemen; the reaſon of this their curioſity is, becauſe the Italian cannot endure to have that which he eateth touched with fingers, ſeeing that all men's hands are not alike clean.

"After my return to England, I alſo thought it right to imitate the Italian faſhion in this forked cutting of meat, which occaſioned a learned gentleman, and familiar friend of mine, in a merry humour, to call me *furcifer*."

A culverin was ſhewn to Coryate at Milan, which he was told would carry a ball *eight miles*, "But this" he obſerves, "I can *hardly* believe to be true."

After perils by land, and dangers by ſea, he reached a remote country rendered memorable by an Engliſh victory dearly bought, but ſplendid and glorious, of which, at the moment I was preparing this article for the preſs, intelligence arrived; he remained in Aſia ſeveral months, and addreſſed the following letter to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER,

"The place from which I write this letter is Agra, the metropolis of the great Mogul; my abode in his dominions hath been twelve months and ſixty days, which, though too long to remain in one place, was requiſite in order to learn the languages of the countries through which I am to paſs, Perſia, Turkey, and Arabia, theſe I have competently attained, and have procured money and acceſs to the king.

"During the whole time, my habitation hath been in the houſe of the Engliſh merchants, free of all expence in diet, waſhing, and lodging. I made an oration to the king of the country, with reaſonable ſkill and readineſs.

Coryate gives the ſpeech as he delivered it in the original Perſian, and the Engliſh of it in words to the following effect.

"PROTECTOR AND LORD OF THE WORLD, ALL HAIL!

"I am a poor travelling world-ſeeer from England, a far diſtant country in the weſt, and the queen of iſlands.

"The cauſes of my coming hither are four; firſt, to behold the bleſſed face of your majeſty, whoſe fame doth reſound over all Europe; ſecondly, to ſee your majeſty's elephants, which kind of beaſt I have not met with in any other country; thirdly, to feaſt mine eyes with a view of your famous Ganges, which is the captain of rivers; fourthly, to entreat that your majeſty would graciouſly grant me your paſs,

paſs, that I may travel to the city of Sarmacand, in order that I may viſit the bleſſed ſepulchre of the lord of the corners of the world (*the name by which Tamerlane is known among the Perſians.)*

"For theſe reaſons, O king, have I travelled thus far on foot through Turkey and Perſia, a journey of three thouſand miles, wherein I have experienced many dangers, and ſuſtained conſiderable toil."

"Having ended my ſpeech," continues Coryate, ſtill addreſſing his mother, "I had ſome further ſhort diſcourſe with his majeſty, who told me, he could render no ſervice, concerning my journey to Sarmacand, becauſe there was no great amity between himſelf and the Tartar princes, who did hate all Chriſtians, and would certainly kill any of that perſuaſion who ſhould venture into their country; his majeſty earneſtly diſſuaded me from going thither, and concluded, by throwing me, tied up in a napkin, a hundred pieces of ſilver, equal to ten pounds ſterling of Engliſh money.

"The whole of this buſineſs I carried on ſecretly, for, if our Engliſh ambaſſador had had the leaſt *inckling* of it, he would have barricadoed all my proceeding, as, indeed, he afterwards ſignified unto me; alledging, that it was diſhonorable to the Engliſh nation that I ſhould preſent myſelf in that poor and beggarly faſhion before a foreign potentate in order to obtain money.

"I anſwered in a ſtout and reſolute manner, that I had ended my buſineſs, and that he would do well to ceaſe *nibbling* at me, for that I never had more occaſion for money in all my life, having been robbed of nearly all that I poſſeſſed by a miſcreant Turk in Meſopotamia.

"Ten days after, I departed from the Mogul's court, having in my poſſeſſion, at this preſent time, to the value of twelve pounds ſterling, by the king's bounty, and other helps from Lady Shirley, and our ambaſſador; this ſum, according to my manner of living, which is at the rate of two pence per day, will maintain me competently three years in meat, drink, and clothes; ſuch is the cheapneſs of all eatable things in Aſia, and for drink, I uſe no other than pure water, during the whole of my pilgrimage."

(It is to be feared, in ſpeaking of what he drank, that Coryate's memory failed him; if I miſtake not, he regularly mentions, and frequently gives his opinion of the ſtrength and flavour of the wines in the different countries through which

which he paſſed; perhaps he meant to ſay that he never drank wine but at other people's coſt, a cuſtom frequently practiſed in other countries, and by perſons who have never travelled into Perſia, yet profeſs to be water drinkers AT HOME.)

"I propoſe ſhortly," concludes Thomas, "to viſit the banks of the Ganges, which is about five days journey from this city, in order to be preſent at a memorable meeting of a caſt of people called Banyans, who, to the number of four hundred thouſand, go on purpoſe to bathe, and ſhave themſelves in that famous river, and, at the ſame time, ſacrifice large quantities of gold, both in money, lump, and wedges, by throwing them into the water, with other ſtrange ceremonies, and this they do once in every year, reſorting to the ſpot from places at a thouſand miles diſtance, conſidering the river as their protector and their god.

Your dutiful, loving, and obedient ſon, now a deſolate pilgrim in the world,
THOMAS CORYATE."

The following anecdote occurs in his book: Acbar Sha was remarkable for piety, and a moſt affectionate attachment to his mother; that princeſs being on a certain occaſion conveyed from Lahor to Agra, he inſiſted on being one of the bearers of her palanquin, commanding, at the ſame time, the principal officers of his court to aſſiſt him in this filial occupation.

He is ſaid to have exemplified his conviction of the duty of filial obedience, in many trying inſtances, and never to have denied her more than one requeſt; this was on an occaſion creditable to his abilities as a legiſlator, and his feelings as a man.

The Portugueſe, in the infuriate deſpotiſm of intolerant ſuperſtition, had lately expoſed a copy of the Coran of Mahomet to the deriſion and contempt of the city, fixed to an aſs's neck; the queen-mother, naturally irritated at ſo indecorous and impolitic a proceeding, demanded of the king, her ſon, that our Holy Bible, the foundation of Chriſtian conſolation, our preſent hope, and our future reward, ſhould be treated with ſimilar indignity; the reply of Acbar is well worthy of recording, and ought to be remembered by ſovereigns and eccleſiaſtics of all countries, and of all religions.

"The conduct of the Portugueſe was highly criminal, and ſhall be puniſhed, but it ill becomes a king to imitate ſo impious

pious and unſeemly a proceeding; TO DESPISE ANY RELIGION, IS TO DESPISE GOD."

A copious account is given of Coryate and his travels in Purchas's Pilgrims, a curious work publiſhed in five volumes folio, ſixteen hundred and twenty-five; he alſo appears to have afforded ample diverſion for the frolickſome and ſatirical muſe of a man famous in his day, John Taylor, *the water poet*, who derived this addition to his name, from the circumſtance of uniting the occupation of a waterman, with that of a verſe-maker; this genius, *in his way*, ſeems to have entertained a good opinion of his abilities, by the following words; they remind me of a paſſage in a modern writer, who deſires his reader to obſerve, that whenever he is dull it is by deſign.

" If any where my lines do fall out lame,
I made them ſo, in merriment and game;
For, be they wide or ſide, or long, or ſhort,
All's one to me, I writ them but in ſport;
Yet I would have the reader thus much know,
That when I liſt my ſimple ſkill to ſhew;
In poeſy I can both read and ſpell;
I know my dactyls, and my ſpondees well;
My true proportion and my equal meaſure,
What accents muſt be ſhort, and what at leiſure;
How to tranſpoſe my words from place to place,
To give my poeſy the better grace;
Either in paſtoral or comic ſtrain,
Either in Greek or any other vein,
In nipping ſatires or in epigrams;
In odes, in elegies, or anagrams;
In ear-bewitching rare Hexameters,
Or in Iambic or Pentameters;
I know theſe like a *ſculler*, not a ſcholar,
And therefore reader pray aſſuage your choler.

An account of Coryate's death is given by Mr. Edward Terry, who was chaplain to Sir Thomas Rowe, ambaſſador from England to the great Mogul, in an account of a voyage he publiſhed in ſixteen hundred and fifty-five: " Coryate," ſays Terry, " *was a man of a very covetous eye*, he never could be ſatisfied with ſeeing, although he had ſeen ſo much; he was maſter of many hard languages, but with all his knowledge, *was ignorant of himſelf*; ſo ambitious of

of praiſe, that he would hear and endure more of it by far than he deſerved, or any well-meaning perſon may beſtow; he was like a ſhip with too much ſail and little ballaſt; yet, if he had not fallen into the ſmart hands of the wits of the age, he might have paſſed better.

"It ſeemed ever to be his chief trouble, that ſufficient notice would not be taken of his voyages, and the hardſhips he had undergone; the hope of poſthumous fame and repute was his chief food, which upheld him under all difficulties.

"Hearing, on a certain occaſion, that King James ſpoke ſlightingly of him, and fearing at the ſame time that he ſhould not reach home to give an account of his ſecond wanderings, he actually ſunk down in a ſwoon, and being not long after at Surat, which is three hundred miles from the Mogul's reſidence, he was hoſpitably entertained by the Engliſh there, and indulging too freely, I mean not immoderately, but too freely for an abſtemious man, in drinking ſack, it increaſed a flux under which he already laboured, and death at length overtook this traveller in December, ſixteen hundred and ſeventeen."

Coryate was thus memoralized by his old friend Taylor, a punſter as well as a poet.

He was a Babel of confuſed tongues,
All the world's language unto him belongs.
Unto what place ſo ever he did walk,
He did loſe nothing for the want of talk;
For he cou'd kiſs his hand, and make a leg,
And cunningly in any language beg.
His rags oft ſav'd the cutting of his throat,
No thief could ever rob him of a groat.
Each kitchen where he came, he had a cook,
And eke a butler in each running brook.
In all the world he ſaw whatever ſtrange is,
Tigris, Euphrates, and the river Ganges.
If Jews thought thee a Gentile, they were mad,
Thou ever wert of the true tribe of *Gad*.
Paul's church-yard now is fill'd with melancholy,
For want of thee, thy learning and thy folly.
Hadſt thou but liv'd, thou in a merry Q.
Hadſt ſeen Ameri K. and eke Peru.

Still

Still might thy volumes with thy travels swell,
Thy fame ring louder, than St. Pulcher's bell;
And Odcome then might much more money get,
Than Mecca gains by frauds of Mahomet.
So Coryate wrote, that still it was his lot,
Men lik'd it, though they understood it not.
And he who dares deny thy fame in Europe,
I wish he may be hang'd up in a new rope:
O valiant Hector, noble son of Priam,
I wish thou wert alive and drunk as I am.

CORNISH BOROUGH, ANECDOTE OF.

A laughable story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms; this nobleman with many good points, and described by a popular cotemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments, but, it was his tendency to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, *by well-applied arguments*, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman *he* recommended, gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke *for his kindness*, and told him "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of

of the old man's death, he ſhould think himſelf and his family bound to render government every aſſiſtance in his power, on any future occaſion."

"My dear friend, why do you aſk for ſuch a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation ſhall have it at a word ſpeaking the moment it is vacant." "But how ſhall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I underſtand, it is a very difficult buſineſs to get a ſight of you great folks, though you are ſo kind and complaiſant to us in the country." "The inſtant the man dies," replied the premier, uſed to, and prepared for the freedom of a conteſted election, "the moment he dies, ſet out poſt-haſte for London; drive directly to my houſe, by night or by day, ſleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to ſhew you up ſtairs directly, and the employment ſhall be diſpoſed of according to your wiſhes."

The parties ſeparated; the duke drove to a friend's houſe in the neighbourhood, where he was viſiting, without a wiſh or a deſign of ſeeing his new acquaintance 'till that day ſeven years; but the memory of a Corniſh elector, not being loaded with ſuch a variety of objects, was more retentive; the ſupervifor died a few months after, and the miniſterial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London poſt-haſte, and aſcended with alacrity the ſteps of a large houſe, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, at the corner of Great Queen-ſtreet.

The reader ſhould be informed, that preciſely at the moment when the expectations of a conſiderable party of a borough in Cornwall, were rouzed by the death of a ſupervifor, no leſs a perſon than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the miniſter of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcaſtle, on the very night that the proprietor of the deciſive vote was at his door, had ſat up anxiouſly expecting diſpatches from Madrid: wearied by official buſineſs and agitated ſpirits, he retired to reſt, having previouſly given particular inſtructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a meſſenger with advices of the greateſt importance, and deſired he might be ſhewn up ſtairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was found aſleep; for

for with a thouſand ſingularities, of which the raſcals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worſt enemies could not deny him the merit of good deſign, that beſt ſolace in a ſolitary hour; the porter, ſettled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a ſonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Corniſh voter rouzed him from his ſlumbers.

To his firſt queſtion, "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bleſs him, a worthy and honeſt gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant poſt, ſmiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime miniſters ſo accurately keeping his promiſe; "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honeſt, and mean as well as any other folks, but I can't always ſay the ſame of thoſe who are about them;" repeating theſe words as he aſcended the ſtairs, the burgeſs of ******* was uſhered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and ſcarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promiſe, with all its circumſtances, was ſo freſh in the miniſter's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yeſterday, exactly at half paſt one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctors' ſtuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my ſon-in-law ſucceed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was ſtaggered at the impoſſibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, and perplexed at the abſurdity of a king's meſſenger applying for his ſon-in-law to ſucceed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk or mad; Where are your diſpatches?" exclaimed his grace, haſtily drawing back his curtain; when inſtead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed ſide, the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promiſe he was ſo good as to make in favor of his ſon-in-law, at the laſt election at *******."

Vexed at ſo untimely a diſturbance, and diſappointed of news

news from Spain, he frowned for a few ſeconds, but chagrin ſoon gave way to mirth, at ſo ſingular and ridiculous a combination of appoſite circumſtances; yielding to the irritation, he ſunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes with obſerving, "Although the Duke of Newcaſtle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his catholic majeſty, he advanced him to a poſt, *not leſs honorable*, he made him an exciſeman."

COWPER, WILLIAM, author of that excellent poem, The Taſk, and a tranſlator of Homer into blank verſe, in which he has endeavoured to give the Engliſh reader a *fac ſimile* of that intereſting picture of ancient life, religion, and manners, by adhering cloſely, and ſometimes offenſively, to the ſimplicity of his rugged original.

"The matter found in my book," ſays Mr. Cowper, "whether the Engliſh reader like it or not, is to be found in Homer, I have omitted nothing, I have invented nothing;" on this point the critics have not wholly agreed with him.

It has been obſerved, that if the verſion of his rhyming predeceſſors in the ſame path, were placed on the ſhelf with Mr. Cowper's tranſlation, the faſcinating volumes of Pope would be moſt frequently taken down; and if Homer himſelf were to reviſit the earth, it is probable, that he would think his fame more ſecurely extended, by the ſplendid and elaborate ſuperſtructure of Pope, than by the rough counterpart of the ſubject of our preſent article; this teſt, in matters of taſte may be deciſive, but proves nothing againſt his fidelity and accuracy.

It is to be lamented, that the ſubject of our preſent article, one of the few poets who has, in every inſtance, controuled imagination by duty, and always rendered his muſe ſubſervient to the cauſe of religion and virtue; it is to be lamented, that ſuch a man was ſometimes loſt to his friends and the world, through mental depreſſion and poignancy of feelings, occaſioned, as I have been informed, by ſurveying men and things, our preſent tendencies and our future deſtiny, through the melancholy and hopeleſs medium of the Calviniſtic ſyſtem; a ſyſtem which I have often oppoſed in this collection, yet, truth and impartiality oblige me *reluctantly* to confeſs, that many ſtrong

ſtrong paſſages in favor of it occur in the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Cowper, to uſe his own words, appears to have poſſeſſed

An honeſt heart, cloſe button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm breaſt within;

to theſe were added, a fund of genuine benevolence, and a characteriſtic unaſſuming plainneſs of manners.

In ſpite of Luther, or of Calvin, of Geneva or of Rome, had *I* rendered mankind one hundredth part of the ſervice Mr. Cowper has done, by well-directed literary exertion, and, what is far more important, by the example of a blameleſs well-ſpent life, I ſhould be ready, without fear, but without preſumption, to meet my Creator, *here*, in devotional intercourſe, or in the world of ſpirits, in the humble but calm confidence of well-founded hope.

Having ſpoken of Mr. Cowper's portrait, as drawn by himſelf, the editor of this collection has ſometimes thought the following lines of the ſame worthy writer, deſcriptive of his own feelings and ſituation.

'Tis pleaſant through the loop-holes of retreat
To view the world———
To ſee the ſtir, but not to feel the crowd,
To ſigh, but never tremble at the ſound;
To run in fancy the great circuit
———
——and be ſtill at home:
In ſcenes ſo thorny, and where none
Find happineſs unblighted,——
———
It ſeems the part of wiſdom, and no ſin
Againſt the law of love, to meaſure lots,
With leſs diſtinguiſh'd perſons than ourſelves;
——— To bear with patience moderated ills,
And ſympathize with thoſe who ſuffer more.

Yet, after all we can ſay of retirement, and although a recorded offender myſelf, I am inclined to regard this receſſion from the cares, the duties, and the buſtle of life, as an offence unpardonable in the individual, highly injurious to the public, founded, however we may deceive ourſelves or others, as to its motives, founded on unwarrantable miſanthropy and ſelfiſh unconcern for the welfare of others, on a querulous unmanly diſpoſition, and a morbid irritability of body and mind, which ought to be vigorouſly reſiſted at its firſt

approach, and, in my opinion, requires medical as well as moral aid.

COWPER, SPENCER, a barriſter at law, of fair character and honorable family, in the reign of King William the third, who, in the full career of a profitable practice, was accuſed of murdering the daughter of a wealthy quaker at Hertford; a charge on which he was tried, eleven years after the revolution.

And it muſt be confeſſed, that there were circumſtances in the conduct and behaviour of Mr. Cowper, and other perſons aſſociated with him in the indictment, which, although not ſufficient abſolutely to fix and bring home the crime upon them, certainly required explanation.

Repairing to Hertford, as was his cuſtom at the aſſizes, he had been prevailed on by preſſing and repeated invitations, from the fair quaker, to dine and paſs a good part of the afternoon and evening, at the houſe of her mother, a reſpectable widow with whom ſhe lived; he had been with her almoſt the whole of the time without a third perſon, was the laſt who had been ſeen in her company, and at a late hour of the night, they had both gone out of doors, while the ſervant was warming the bed, as ſhe ſuppoſed, for Mr. Cowper.

The unhappy female returned no more; and the firſt news her miſerable mother heard, after a night of agitation, ſuſpenſe, and anxiety, was, that the corpſe of her daughter was found in a river not far from their houſe.

It is not neceſſary to deſcribe the acute ſufferings of a parent, nor the ſilent mortification of the fraternity of quakers, who have ſometimes been accuſed of overvaluing themſelves for correct conduct and purity of manners, and of conſidering theſe eſtimable qualities as a ſufficient *ſet-off* for artifice and cunning.

A jury, called together on this occaſion by the coroner, after a fair and impartial enquiry, pronounced it a caſe of lunacy, and the family followed their unfortunate relation to the grave, with that hopeleſs regret which ſuch deaths generally produce.

But reports, unfavorable to the chaſtity of the deceaſed, were quickly circulated; certain prejudiced by-ſtanders aſſerted, that they ſaw a dark circular mark round her neck as they drew the body from the water, and that the diſtenſion which generally takes place in drowned bodies, was not obſerved; from theſe and other circumſtances, haſtily taken up, they

they raſhly concluded, that ſhe had by no means deſtroyed herſelf; but that ſome unwarrantable method, probably ſtrangling, had been made uſe of to ſhorten her life, *before* ſhe was thrown into the water.

It was alſo proved, that a party of gentlemen, friends and acquaintance of Mr. Cowper, and ſome of them attendants on the judges of aſſize, had arrived at Hertford the night the deceaſed was miſſing; that they were heard to make her the ſubject of their converſation, and to uſe the following remarkable expreſſion; "*Her* courting days will *ſoon* be over; a friend of our's will *quickly* be even with her."

It ought further to be mentioned that party politics for many years *ran high* at this place, that Mr. Cowper's father, and I believe his brother, were, at the moment, ſitting members for the town of Hertford, after a conteſted election; for theſe and other reaſons, it is probable that many circumſtances were exaggerated, and that the opportunity was thought favourable, and eagerly ſeized by an exaſperated minority, to caſt an odium on the family, and to injure the intereſt of a ſucceſsful candidate; the quakers were alſo anxious to remove the diſgrace of ſuicide and amorous intrigue from a member of their ſociety.

Whatever were the motives of the different perſons concerned, the public mind was ſtrongly agitated, and the populous inflamed; the body was diſinterred, particularly and accurately examined by profeſſional men, and after a long diſcuſſion, Mr. Cowper and his friends were taken into cuſtody, and arraigned at the aſſizes which took place ſhortly after.

A man of unblemiſhed reputation, liberally educated; by his connexions and profeſſion generally known and reſpected, thus at once accuſed of murder, attended, as was ſuppoſed, with circumſtances of peculiar foulneſs and aggravation, naturally excited general attention and produced a crowded court.

After reading the indictment, the relation I have juſt given was brought forward, with many minute additions, which however neceſſary in a court of juſtice, would occupy a ſpace inconſiſtent with the limits of this collection.

To remove, not only from himſelf, but his companions, the danger and infamy of ſo ſhocking a charge, Mr. Cowper called a number of phyſicians, ſurgeons, and anatomiſts, eminent in their

day; Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Garth, and a nameſake, but no relation of the barriſter, a diligent and accurate diſſector, who ought never to be named without praiſe.

Theſe, and many other gentlemen, were of opinion, that the circumſtance of the dead body having little or no water in the ſtomach, did not originate from its being dead previous to immerſion, but that it frequently occurred with ſuicides, who plunge in determined reſolutely to die, and with the lungs expanded with air, a circumſtance which generally takes place on all occaſions where firmneſs and force are exerted.

Theſe gentlemen and other witneſſes obſerved, that the caſe was very different with thoſe drowned by accident, who, in their efforts to ſave themſelves, generally ſtruggle 'till their ſtrength is exhauſted, often call for aſſiſtance, and ſwallow a conſiderable quantity of water.

It ought not to be ſuppreſſed that a different opinion was maintained by ſeveral medical men, produced in behalf of the proſecution; among whom I recognize an anceſtor of Baron Dimſdale, a reſpectable ſurgeon then reſiding at Hertford.

This and much more of ſcientific theory, abſtruſe reaſoning, and anatomical explanation, in which judges, jurymen, and all unprofeſſional men muſt be governed by the deciſions of others, and which I have neither inclination nor ability to repeat, was long and fully urged on both ſides; the whole concluded in favor of the opinion, that the young woman had thrown herſelf into the river.

In anſwer to what had been ſaid of a mark *round* the neck of the deceaſed, it was denied by ſeveral credible witneſſes, that *ſuch* a mark appeared; they agreed that there was a diſcolored ſpot below the ear, and another near the collar bone, but neither of them *circular*, or ſuch as a cord drawn tight on the neck would have left; they appeared to be accidental bruiſes, produced by the body falling againſt piles near the place in which it was found, or an effuſion of blood among the integuments, not uncommon in ſuch caſes.

A long examination of many witneſſes being finiſhed, Mr. Cowper was aſked what he had to ſay in his defence: the eyes of all preſent were now fixed on this gentleman, ſtanding as a culprit at that bar, where as an able advocate he had often pleaded.

After

After an evident, a laudable ſtruggle between the urgency of his caſe, and that delicacy which has been generally obſerved in decent ſociety, in every thing that relates to the intercourſe between the ſexes, he began with obſerving, that it was with extreme reluctance he felt himſelf compelled thus publicly to make a confeſſion of that which he meant to have remained a ſecret buried in his own breaſt.

He truſted that the world would ſee that he was obliged by ſelf-preſervation, and what was ſtill dearer, the preſervation of his friends and reputation, to own that the unhappy young woman, of whoſe death he was that day accuſed, had long ſecretly nouriſhed, and at length by letter, as well as by word of mouth, unequivocally declared a ſtrong attachment to him; an attachment which, as a married man, and as the father of a family, he had diſſuaded her from giving way to, by every means in his power.

The letters, in juſtice to himſelf and the gentlemen, who by ſome ſtrange concurrence of circumſtance, or wilful miſrepreſentation, had been implicated in the charge, he would preſently ſubmit to the inſpection of the court: but he wiſhed firſt to give a plain unvarniſhed tale of the whole of his conduct with reſpect to the deceaſed.

"When this unhappy woman," ſaid Mr. Cowper, "ſaw no probability of her paſſion meeting with ſuitable returns, ſhe became low-ſpirited, melancholy, negligent of her dreſs, and was heard, in different places, and by various perſons, to drop expreſſions of diſcontent and deſpair, purporting that her abode in this world would be of ſhort duration; of theſe facts, in due time, ſufficient evidence ſhall be produced.

"The very evening we ſpent together," continued the barriſter, "the laſt evening of her life, and the converſation of it, which I little thought of ever repeating in public, was paſſed in ſoothing, and I truſt, ſalutary advice on my part; in tears and tender reproaches on her's; and I throw myſelf on the mercy of the court, to ſpare my entering into minute details on the ſubject, when I ſolemnly declare, that no alternative remained but my quitting the houſe peremptorily and abruptly, with a female ſtruggling to retain me, or my forgetting my duty, and violating the laws of hoſpitality.

"The circumſtance of the ſervant warming a bed, which I did not return to make uſe of, has been thought to require ex-

pla-

planation; this I believe is not neceſſary after what I have ſaid, when it is conſidered, *that I was not to ſleep alone.*"

Mr. Cowper then appealed to the general tenor of his life and converſation, of which he believed few perſons preſent were ignorant, but to which, as was cuſtomary, reſpectable witneſſes ſhould be called; he aſked if any reaſonable motive could be adduced for his atrociouſly murdering one, who had long been his client, the object of his moſt friendly regard and of his pity; and who, without any encouragement from him, had yielded to a fatal infatuation which deprived her of peace, mental purity, and at laſt, of her life; one, who but for this fatal weakneſs, might have been a credit and a comfort to her family?

After having entered into a long, circumſtantial, and ſatisfactory account of the whole of the tranſaction and intercourſe between them, and producing evidence of the leading facts, he drew, with conſiderable emotion, he drew forth from his port-folio, two letters, which the unhappy and culpable young woman had addreſſed to him.

Theſe ſtrongly corroborated every thing that Mr. Cowper had advanced; in one of them ſhe accuſes him in a mingled ſtrain of fondneſs, chiding and deſpair, of being cruel and hard-hearted; and deſcribing in another, diſtantly but not delicately, the point ſhe was aiming at, clearly proved that her views and wiſhes were by no means Platonic.

As far as I am able to comprehend, the complaints and unexplained alluſions in her letter, and the becoming reſerve of Mr. Cowper on the ſubject, the preſſing invitation he received to her mother's houſe, was made for the expreſs purpoſe of paſſing the night in his arms, was the ſubject of diſpute a good part of the evening, and occaſioned his hurrying out of the room while the ſervant was warming the bed.

Diſappointed in what appeared to her through the medium of appetite, paſſion, or imagination, ſupreme felicity, and ceaſing to value life, unleſs ſhe could poſſeſs with it the man ſhe loved; in a moment of guilty rage, deſpair, and falſe reaſoning, but I think not of madneſs, ſhe ruſhed into eternity; with impulſes, which, if the ſoul is to exhibit to our great Judge, the tainted and corrupt impreſſions under which the body expires, muſt have made a parent ſhudder, and a Chriſtian ſigh.

The letters, ſingular, as being written by an amorous female quaker, whoſe general deportment, in other reſpects, had been

been for the moſt part prudent, raiſed the curioſity of the court, and excited the attention of the judge, Mr. Baron Hatſell, who deſired to look at them.

Having peruſed them as a literary novelty, and ſeeing a brother of the deceaſed, he demanded of him what he thought of the writing? "It is like my ſiſter's," replied the honeſt ſectary, ſtruggling between his love of truth and fraternal affection, "but the ſentiments avowed are ſo contradictory and inconſiſtent with the character and opinion I entertained of my ſiſter, that I heſitate in believing them her's."

The ſame queſtion being put to the mother, ſhe replied in the ſavage aſperity of a parent bereft of a daughter under circumſtances of guilt, ſuſpicion, and diſhonour: "Nothing ſhall perſuade me that theſe *abominations* proceeded from the heart or the pen of *Sarah*; I believe not a word of all that hath been ſaid:" but many of the intimate friends of the deceaſed, and ſeveral perſons unbiaſſed by the ties of nature or intereſt, and not inflated with ſectarian pride, were reluctantly compelled to confeſs that the hand-writing was indiſputably her's.

The other perſons indicted being called upon to explain their ſingular converſation, before alluded to, on the night of their arrival at Hertford, replied, that Mr. Marſhal, a common friend of themſelves and Mr. Cowper, had formerly paid his addreſſes to the deceaſed; that for a certain time ſhe encouraged, but at length refuſed his offers; and that when they underſtood Mr. Cowper was at her houſe, their chat over their cups was wanton and unguarded, having often joked with Mr. Marſhal on the ſubject.

The words produced againſt them, they remembered to have made uſe of, but they only meant, perhaps in an improper and indelicate ſenſe, that the barriſter neither would, nor ought to be very ſcrupulous in his treatment of a woman who had behaved like a jilt and a coquette to a former lover.

When this circumſtance was mentioned, it occaſioned Mr. Cowper to recollect and repeat a declaration the young woman once made to him, at the time Mr. Marſhal courted her: "I did not think you had been ſo dull of comprehenſion, as to imagine that I ever intended to marry Mr. Marſhal; I only thought it might ſerve to divert the cenſure of the world, and favour my acquaintance with you."

The

The accuſed parties were honorably acquitted.

I know not if it be worthy of remark, that the mother of the author of Thelypthora, was a daughter of the ſubject of our preſent article; in her day, a beautiful woman, elegant in her manners, and poſſeſſing conſiderable literary abilities.

A knight of the quill, once preſuming to inſult her father's memory by an invidious retroſpect to the buſineſs here recorded, in "An Epiſtle from Sarah, the Quaker, to Lothario," the cowardly attack was anſwered in a lively and ſatisfactory way, by Miſs Cowper, who alſo wrote a pretty copy of verſes in her brother's Coke upon Lyttleton: this lady was alſo the ſubject of that pleaſant and once popular ſong,

When firſt by fond Damon Flavilla was ſeen.

Moſt readers of this little narrative, will probably agree with me in opinion, that by the letters, the evidence, and other circumſtances, Mr. Cowper and his aſſociates were exonerated from the imputed murder; yet I think that the barriſter acted a culpable part.

From the moment that the fatal, the guilty ſecret was revealed, he ſhould have gradually dropped all intercourſe with the unfortunate woman; his paſſing the whole of an evening, 'till a late hour, without a third perſon, with a woman burning with fierce deſire, and at a time when there is good reaſon for believing that he was himſelf 'hot with the Tuſcan grape and high in blood;' however it might afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his ſingular and exemplary forbearance, was certainly wrong, inexpedient, and ſubjecting frailty to a temptation, which every day's experience proves human nature is not calculated to withſtand.

I am inclined to think that there *had been* an improper connection, but from diſtaſte, prudence, or better motives on the part of Mr. Cowper, that he had reſolved to conclude it; and that although he would not, or could not, continue to gratify her exactly in the way ſhe wiſhed, yet as a profeſſional man, and a man of the world, he thought there could be no great harm in occaſionally viſiting his *client*, and if he could happily prevail on her to make a compromiſe with her feelings, and convert love into friendſhip, it might, as ſhe poſſeſſed conſiderable property, occaſion a favourable remembrance of him or his family in her will.

This

This ſpecies of convenient coquetry, occaſionally practiſed by both ſexes, this ſeductive half-way complaiſance, which ſays to a wealthy widow or a rich bachelor, I will do *all but* ——— to pleaſe you, frequently occurs, but ought always to be cenſured; beſides the unprincipled turpitude of the proceeding, it is arrogantly aſſuming a power which few of us poſſeſs; it is ſaying to inflamed deſire and guilty love, thus far ſhalt thou go and no farther; in moſt inſtances the tide of rebellious paſſion will ariſe, inundate this proud, this *reaſoning* lord of the creation, and with all his powers and reſolves, overwhelm him in ruin and diſgrace.

CROMWELL, RICHARD, the ſon and ſucceſſor of Oliver, by no means inferior to him in abilities, but unwilling to ſecure power and eminence by thoſe perfidious and bloody arts, which had been too ſucceſsfully practiſed by his father.

"I poſitively forbid," ſaid Richard to one of his adherents, who reproached him for not exerting himſelf with more vigour againſt the royaliſts, "I poſitively forbid the ſhedding the blood of a ſingle man in my cauſe; I would rather relinquiſh the poſt I hold than proceed to ſuch unwarrantable extremities; I wiſh to retain my ſituation no longer than ſhall be conſiſtent with the public good, and the wiſhes of thoſe I govern."

This, I own, is not the language of a thorough-paced politician, of a riſing ſtateſman, reſolved to go *all* lengths, and to gain his point at *any* riſque, but it by no means follows, that it is the language of incapacity; it is the language of good ſenſe and humanity, of nature and of nature's God.

During the ſhort time that he was Protector, the fanatic preachers, who enjoyed, or believed that they had enjoyed, the confidence of Oliver, accuſed Richard of neglecting the godly and keeping company with the profane; firſt reproving them for their intolerancy, he clapped his hand on the ſhoulder of an aſſociate, and thus obſerved: "And here is Dick Ingoldſby, who can neither preach nor pray, yet I would rather truſt him than the holieſt man of your tribe." Such frankneſs was not calculated to ſupport, nor likely to pleaſe, impoſture and uſurpation.

In the decline of life, he exhibited an afflicting inſtance of the reverſe of fortune; being compelled, by the unnatural conduct of his daughters, to appear in the Court of Chancery, be-

before Sir John Holt, who at a certain time, during the reign of Queen Anne, was chief juſtice, and firſt commiſſioner of the ſeal.

On this occaſion, that worthy judge felt for the unhappy parent, whoſe domeſtic affliction muſt have been aggravated by recollecting that he once poſſeſſed ſupreme power: Sir John placed the old gentleman at his right hand on the bench, inſiſted that his hat ſhould remain on his head, and after ſeverely reprimanding the ingratitude of his children, who had endeavoured to diſpoſſeſs their father of his property, he made a decree in Richard's favour, to the ſatisfaction of every one preſent, as well as the queen, to whom the matter had been miſrepreſented, but who highly approved of Sir John's behaviour, on his properly explaining it.

Richard Cromwell carefully preſerved, to the day of his death, two large trunks full of addreſſes, preſented to him when protector, a ſhort time only before he was depoſed; theſe, from the cuſtomary expreſſions uſed in ſuch compoſitions, he called *the lives and fortunes of the people of England.*

Yet it by no means follows that the addreſſers of the protector were wholly void of ſincerity; in this, as in other inſtances of revolution and revolt, the voice and opinions of the people, however numerous and reſpectable, are often of little weight, the queſtion being frequently determined among a few military leaders, at the head of a diſciplined force, by the deciſive and irreſiſtible logic of power, *arms in their hands.*

A ſhort article is aſſigned to Richard Cromwell, with a view of proving that he was by no means deficient in acuteneſs of intellect, although he hath been ſo deſcribed.

This may appear a trifling point to decide, but I think it of importance to reſiſt a theory often propagated and too readily believed, that good people are generally fools, and that a villain muſt of courſe be a man of abilities.

CRUSADES, warlike expeditions ſo called, firſt commenced by the Chriſtians of the eleventh century, who exhauſted the blood and treaſures of Europe in their endeavours to drive the infidels from the holy land.

It is the faſhion with modern writers, to ſpeak of the cruſades as cruel and unjuſtifiable invaſions of a country which had been long and quietly poſſeſſed by the Muſſulmen; they ſeem to forget

forget the manner and the principles on which the disciples of Mahomet first made themselves masters of so considerable a portion of the earth; and I see no greater hardship or injustice, in attempting to dislodge them, than in resisting a housebreaker or a highwayman.

I readily confess the folly and madness, the total want of military or political knowledge, of the enthusiastic thousands and hundreds of thousands, who, in the first crusades, rushed on their enemies, undisciplined and often unarmed; their bones whitened for several centuries the plains of Hungary, they paid the penalty of their rashness, but the injustice of their conduct I cannot discover.

Indeed the whole of the Turkish system, civil and religious, moral, military, and political, is so foreign to every thing good, enlightening, learned, moral, and scientific; so bloody, morose, despotic, and unsocial, that I have often breathed a warm wish that the whole fabric of pride, fanaticism, cruelty, lust, and imposture, was irretrievably demolished, could a guarantee be provided against the enormous, and if her population equalled her territory, the dangerous power of Russia.

In answer to this part of the present article in my last impression, it has been observed, that it is happy for Europe and the world, that Russia *has* ascended so rapidly and so highly in the scale of nations; that she has been found able to cope with, and to produce a salutary influence on the conduct and views of France.

Still I consider Russia and our neighbour, the *fraternal* republic, as objects of jealousy and fear; the present quiescent state of the Russians, depends on the life, disposition, and political opinions of the Emperor Alexander and his counsellors. Had not a kind Providence decreed that his Imperial Majesty Paul should *suddenly* depart to another world, my apprehensions on this subject were rapidly hastening to a demonstration; and we might, at the moment I write, have had an army from the banks of the Volga, combined with a horde of savages from the Seine, encamped on Barham Downs.

I have spoken of the destruction of the Turkish empire, its religion and its institutions, as a consummation devoutly to be wished for; a wish apparently inconsistent with philosophy, philanthropy, and toleration, which teach us to encourage every mode of faith and national worship, that promises to diffuse happiness and impress moral truth:

truth: but the ſuperſtition of Mahomet, as tending to exaſperate bad paſſions, check intellectual energy, and cramp ſocial utility, I would endeavour, by every means in my power, to reſiſt and proſcribe.

Were I a warrior or a monarch, at the head of a victorious army, and put in poſſeſſion of the treaſures and dominions of the Turkiſh empire, I would firſt ſecure the ſubmiſſive obedience of my new ſubjects, by diſarming every individual.

Secure in life and property, the adult and the aged ſhould continue in the practice of that religion, and thoſe inſtitutions, in which they had been educated; but juſtified by the long practice of the Muſſulmen themſelves, and violating for the general good of mankind, for the peace and ſafety of poſterity, a firſt great law of nature; I would, without a ſingle exception, remove every child before it could ſpeak or learn, from the arms of its reluctant parents.

In a foreign language, and in ſome diſtant region, where the Turkiſh banner never waved, I would educate the infant race, the future poſſeſſors of the country and property of their parents, in the lap of ſcience, Chriſtianity and freedom.

As the antient ſtock of Turkiſh inhabitants diminiſhed by diſeaſe and old age; I would, from my ſtore-houſe of new men, from my colony enlightened by learning, improved by arts, and ſoftened by ſocial intercourſe, I would introduce a thriving race of ſtrangers to the language and manners of their native land.

A plan, beſet with obſtacles, apparently inſurmountable, may, perhaps, excite a ſmile as an impracticable viſion; but if ſucceſsful, its glorious effects would place the projector and executor of it in veneration and renown, only a few degrees below the Saviour of the world.

CURE, FRENCH, the ſenſible addreſs of one, to the national convention, a revolution anecdote, which, whether founded on fact or benevolent fabrication, deſerves to be recorded.

"A venerable veteran," ſays the writer I quote, "lately preſented himſelf at the bar of the convention, and after depoſiting a conſiderable preſent in ſilver and gold, thus addreſſed the members:

"I have, for more than thirty years, been pariſh prieſt in a ſmall village on the banks of the Rhone, and the only good build-

ing

ing in it is the church, which my parishioners desire may be converted into an hospital for the sick and wounded; it is also their wish that the bells may be cast into cannon, for repelling foreign invaders: I resign my letters of ordination, I discontinue my pastoral functions, I claim no compensation for the stoppage of my salary, as I am still able to support myself by manual labor."

He was interrupted by the applauses of part of the assembly, and a well-known free-thinker, advancing towards him to shake hands, exclaimed, "You are an honest man, and a brave fellow, you do not believe there is a God?" "Before you applaud my sentiments," replied the stranger, "permit me to explain them; I rejoice at our present circumstances, not because I wish to have religion degraded but purified; if, hereafter, I join with my fellow-creatures in returning thanks to our Almighty Creator, I shall not be suspected of mercenary motives, I shall not be told that I am exhibiting ceremonious mummery.

"We resign, without reluctance, our treasures, our images, and embroidered vests, because we have never found that they amended the heart or enlightened the understanding; our churches also we can spare, for a mind impressed with gratitude to heaven, can never be at a loss for a place in which to pour forth prayer and thanksgiving.

"As priests, we have been accused of misleading the people, by inculcating interested falsehoods, but I wish you to recollect, that, till the present day, we were not allowed to seek for truth, we were compelled to preach the same doctrines which we had received from others; as the spirit of the times now affords a favorable opportunity, let us separate the wheat from the tares, the true from the false; if we are not successful, we shall be, what is of more consequence, sincere.

"If we can produce a peasantry honest, laborious, sober, docile, temperate, and compassionate, our labour will not be vain. Having resigned the name, I shall discontinue the official dress of a minister; but it is impossible that you can object to the ignorant applying for instruction, and the unhappy for hope and consolation, and my affording them all in my power.

"When the villagers, assembled in their holiday clothes, shall be looking round them on the vineyards, the orchards, and the flocks, and ask me to whom they are indebted for the numerous blessings they enjoy? I shall naturally

naturally raiſe my hands to that omnipotent and benevolent Being who is the parent and protector of all.

"When they return from depoſiting in the earth their deceaſed companions, and demand of me, with anxious looks, Is he gone for ever? You cannot object to my carrying their views to a ſtate of future exiſtence, a world beyond the grave.

"When they ſee, on every ſide, the lamentable effects of corrupt and malignant paſſions, may I not venture to ſpeak of an advocate and interceder with the Almighty? Should they repine at the rewards and triumphs of vice even in this world, may I not point out to them a future ſtate of retribution."

Without ſolaces like theſe, exiſtence would be a burthen; they are independent of, and unconnected with, popes, with councils, with ſynods; they are founded on principles which exiſted long before altars; they are coeval with the creation of man; they are calculated for all meridians; they ſympathize with our natural feelings, and are acceptable to every honeſt heart; they will act with power unſubdued, when London, Geneva, Pekin, Paris, and Rome, are crumbled into duſt.

"Legiſlators! will you pardon an obſcure individual, if he preſumes to give you a caution; while you are deſtroying one ſuperſtition, which undoubtedly had numerous errors, beware leſt you plant the ſeeds of another ſtill more irrational and diſguſting: what emotions of anguiſh and ſorrow would it excite in your breaſts, as philoſophers, ſtateſmen, and patriots, ſhould the people on whom you have conferred civil and religious liberty, hereafter worſhip ſome clumſy idol, the work of men's hands, with the bloody rites of a Moloch, or the laſcivious celebrations of a Thamuz."

An individual, bold and honeſt enough to have made ſuch a ſpeech to the gallic convention, and an aſſembly ſufficiently candid and enlightened to give it a patient hearing, would deſerve our praiſe.

The difficulty, in encouraging religion, morality, and learning, is to correct the power and influence of thoſe who teach them; a power, which experience proves, has been often exerted for the ſelfiſh purpoſes of avarice and ambition; to expect abſolute perfection on theſe points, is perhaps, a reſpectable error: the firſt ſtep towards it would be an abolition of religious eſtabliſhments,

ments, which hold out rewards to the ſupporters of one particular ſet of ſpeculative opinions, while they kindle irritation and reſentment in the breaſts of all who differ from them.

But ſo important a proceeding cannot, muſt not take place, 'till moral and religious inſtruction has intimately pervaded, and circulated through every rank of ſociety.

Without this neceſſary precaution, we ſhould only be ſhaking off a gentle tyrant, the church of England, for the galling yoke of rigid intolerant diſciplinarians, enthuſiaſts, modern prophets, myſtics, and madmen.

DADE, GEORGE, a Nottinghamſhire peaſant, who, after paſſing through the different gradations of domeſtic ſervitude, in which ſo many acquire habits of diſhoneſty, ſelfiſhneſs, and cunning, gave a ſtriking proof of ſcrupulous honor and delicate diſintereſtedneſs, which for precept, as well as example, deſerves to be recorded.

This is more particularly the caſe, as it was an opportunity which moſt men would have thought themſelves juſtified in ſeizing on, for ſecuring independence; and under circumſtances, in which the peace of a thouſand families is daily and irreparably injured, by a perverſe combination of folly and indecorum, with fraud and impudence.

The ſubject of our preſent article had, for many years, ſecured the eſteem and confidence of his maſter, by integrity, diligence, and affability; theſe deſirable qualities were ſet off and improved by a well-proportioned form, a manly and pleaſing countenance.

Thus enjoying general regard, and that firſt of ſatisfactions, the approbation of his own heart; his tranquillity was ſuddenly interrupted, by diſcovering that he had unintentionally won the affections of a young lady in the family; rich, handſome, and accompliſhed; the ſiſter of his maſter, whom, of all women on earth, he would have preferred, had *his* ſtation been more exalted, or *her's* leſs elevated.

Agitated and alarmed, and under the deep impreſſions of gratitude, propriety, and honor, which, in the war of intereſts, are found to have ſo little weight with his ſuperiors; and from the impoſſibility of entering on an explanation, without mentioning a name, which he reſolved to run all riſks, rather than bring into queſtion, he inſtantly, without

out communicating any reaſon, quitted his poſt, and repaired to the metropolis.

His employer was naturally ſurprized as well as concerned at ſo precipitate a ſtep; his accounts, and the valuable property committed to his charge, being left, with his keys, carefully ſealed, and accurately arranged: ſeveral years elapſed before the honorable motives of his abrupt departure were known; but the lady's attachment to, and perpetual repetition of tunes which George was known to have daily played on his flute, and her copying, in needle-work, a little drawing of his ſketching, which had been left in the butler's pantry, firſt excited ſuſpicion, and with other little circumſtances, particularly the ſtate of her health and ſpirits from the time of Dade's departure, at length convinced her brother of the generous and highly meritorious conduct of his faithful and excellent domeſtic.

Loſt in aſtoniſhment, ſympathizing with the ſtruggle in his ſiſter's boſom, and convinced, by infallible evidence, of the worth of the man ſhe loved; he could not reſt 'till he had diſcovered the retreat of one who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſo extraordinary an act of ſelf-denial; he recommended him effectually to a powerful patron, who procured for him a lucrative employment, in which he gradually acquired wealth.

Accident, or the impulſe of unconquerable attachment, produced a meeting with his former miſtreſs, and marriage, (I am not writing a novel) marriage ſpeedily enſued.

Mr. Dade, at the moment I write (1793) is in the enjoyment of that domeſtic happineſs, which worth like his deſerves: I hope and believe his good ſenſe will excuſe my holding forth his honorable conduct as an exception to the baſe obliquities of the common herd of ſordid and profligate menials, and frequently maſters, *who marry for bread*, and are perpetually on the watch to take advantage of youthful folly, or age without wiſdom.

Theſe inauſpicious unions, uſually commencing in improper advances on one ſide, carried on in obſcene obſcurity, and generally terminating in diſcord, ruin, and diſgrace, are deſcribed *in his manner*, by Swift; I cannot refer to the title or the volume of his works, but I recollect, that in his uſual delicate way, he concludes the adventures of a fond couple of this deſcription, with the following couplet:

At

At Staines they keep the Old
Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog and rogue and
whore.

D'AIGUILLON, DUKE, Commandant of Brittany, in France, during the ſeven years war with England.

While this nobleman preſided in that province, an ill-concerted and worſe executed deſcent of Britiſh forces took place, in which every man who landed was killed or taken priſoner; while the troops were engaged, the duke, for the benefit of reconnoitering, or for ſome other purpoſe, poſted himſelf in a windmill, which ſtood on an eminence, within ſight of the place of action, but at a reſpectable diſtance.

This circumſtance would have paſſed unnoticed, as it is by no means neceſſary, and is often improper for a commander in chief to accompany a detachment, or to be actually preſent in every ſkirmiſh.

But the Engliſh expedition being a topic of general converſation, a young man, expecting advancement at court, took occaſion, at the houſe of a gentleman of Rennes, to extol the conduct of the duke, obſerving "that on that day he was covered with glory;" "and with flour," added an unlucky rogue, on the oppoſite ſide of the table.

This reply produced a hearty laugh, and was generally circulated, but unfortunately for the perſon who uttered it, Mr. Chalotais, the bon mot reached the ears of the duke, who never forgave it, and is accuſed of ultimately deſtroying the object of his vengeance by the moſt treacherous and execrable means.

He wrote, or cauſed to be written, ſatirical verſes and ſcandalous lampoons on the king, which were induſtriouſly diſperſed, and a formal charge was brought againſt Chalotais, as the author of them.

A commiſſion being appointed to examine into the buſineſs, the unhappy man was found guilty, and ſoon after executed.

This ſhort but melancholy narrative, after a long interval, became the ſubject of a violent paper-war between certain conſtitutional *emigrés*, and ſome of their countrymen, who *call themſelves* fideles, ſince ſo many French exiles have taken ſhelter among us.

A certain eminent foreigner, reſident at that time in England, is poſitively named as one of the commiſſioners, and as *the only one* who voted for the death of poor Chalotais, a man of amiable

ble manners, and univerſally reſpected in the country where he reſided.

"All this you did and much more," ſaid a certain intrepid conſtitutionaliſt, "to obtain favor with the duke, and in this reſpect it anſwered your purpoſe, for you were ſoon after made *maitre des requetes*, then intendant of a province, and finally comptroller-general of the finances; what followed, Europe and the world have ſeen."

DALE, Mr. a merchant of Glaſgow, who has a fair and honorable claim to be mentioned in every work which profeſſes to do juſtice to philanthropy and public ſpirit.

This gentleman built a village, and eſtabliſhed a manufactory, which employed and fed fifteen hundred men, women, and children; a ſervice highly important in Scotland, where, in conſequence of ſo many hundred farms being conſolidated and thrown into ſheep-walks, thouſands have been obliged to emigrate or ſtarve, and thouſands are ſtill emigrating.

But eminent merit, however it may afford internal ſatisfaction, or enable us to act as well as ſuffer with fortitude, cannot ward off the ſtrokes of calamity; the building, utenſils, complicated machinery, and expenſive apparatus of Mr. Dale, in one night were conſumed by fire.

A crowd of young people aſſembled the next morning to ſurvey the ſmoking ruins; when they ſaw the whole of their dependence for ſupport deſtroyed, and reflected on the precarioufneſs of future ſubſiſtence, they ſuddenly, one and all, burſt into tears, and bewailed their hopeleſs ſituation.

But Providence, which by ordaining, for the wiſeſt purpoſes, undeviating laws of nature, ſeems to have permitted ſuch misfortunes, has alſo happily reſerved in its ſtores of conſolation, a race of men, with hearts to pity, and with hands to bleſs.

The worthy maſter of theſe weeping children clearly of this deſcription, and moved by their cries, ſoothed them by the following words, in which generous promiſe was followed by actual performance: "My good children, do not cry, your ſituation is better than it was before, for, till the houſes are re-built, you will have nothing to do but play, and ſhall ſtill receive the ſame wages."

DALRYMPLE, HEW, a gentleman of North Berwick in Scotland, poſſeſſing a conſiderable portion of perſonal intrepidity

intrepidity and diſintereſted benevolence.

It was in the early part of the year 1790, that he was rouſed at midnight, by a tremendous ſtorm, and cries from the crew of a veſſel wrecked near his houſe; inſtantly ruſhing forth from ſafety, warmth, and comfort, he found the unfortunate ſeamen ſtruggling with the fury of the tempeſt, and the danger of their ſituation much increaſed by lawleſs banditti aſſembled on the beach for plunder, and, as I fear is too often the caſe, for murder, in caſe of reſiſtance.

Having vainly entreated them to aſſiſt in his humane purpoſe, he procured fire-arms, and declared, notwithſtanding their ſuperior numbers, that he would ſhoot the firſt man who offered violence.

Arreſted by fear, for bad men are generally cowards; at length convinced by precept, which would not ſo often fail were it inculcated by example; and touched by a conduct ſo glorioufly oppoſite to their own; they relinquiſhed their abominable purpoſe, vigorouſly co-operated with their humane and ſpirited director, and after conſiderable difficulty, danger, and fatigue, ſaved the ſailors, ſhip, and cargo.

The converted marauders were rewarded for this animated exertion, and Mr. Dalrymple received the public thanks of his country.

His behaviour on this and other occaſions, has alſo produced an influence highly ſalutary on the inhabitants of that and the adjoining coaſts, who had long been notorious for their unwarrantable treatment of ſhipwrecked ſeamen; the worſt ſpecies of robbers are become hoſpitable and enterprizing relievers of marine diſtreſs.

DANGERS FROM FALSE BRETHREN; in diſcourſing on theſe words, a modern divine thus expreſſed himſelf, and, as was thought at the time, very much to the ſatisfaction of his audience.

"The purpoſes of Chriſtianity have been as effectually defeated by corrupting its doctrines, as by endeavouring to undermine its evidence; when natural religion could not be ſupported in oppoſition to divine revelation, it was artfully ſaid to be the ſame, and the goſpel was aſſerted to be nothing more than a new edition of the law of nature.

"Every thing peculiar to the Chriſtian diſpenſation, as a new covenant, as a ſcheme for reconciling

conciling ſinful creatures to their offended Creator, is exploded by many who pretend to receive the Bible; forced and falſe reaſonings are applied to the plain language and expreſs letter of ſcripture, as well as the common ſenſe of every impartial reader of it, in order to explain away whatever is ſaid upon, or implied by, the great doctrine of redemption.

"The foundation of it in the fall of man, and the corruption of his nature, is poſitively denied; the neceſſity of it is evaded by attempts to prove that repentance and amendment are a ſufficient expiation for paſt offences; the ſubſtitution of a vicarial ſacrifice is repreſented as injuſtice; the notion of any ſatisfaction to be made to the honor and juſtice of the divine lawgiver is ridiculed; and the efficacy of that which we are taught, and are to teach others, as a meritorious atonement offered by the eternal Son of God, is invalidated by denying his divinity.

"Thus our Saviour is deprived of every thing but an unmeaning name; his diſciples of every valuable hope IN AND THROUGH HIM; and his religion of every thing which diſtinguiſhes it from a good ſyſtem of ethics."

If I miſtake not, the paſſage from ſcripture, which ſtands at the head of our preſent article, was the text of Sacheverell's ſermon, which, in the reign of Queen Anne, ſet the kingdom in an uproar, and procured for its unworthy author the valuable living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, inſtead of a halter, which he richly deſerved.

D'ARANDA, a Spaniſh miniſter of ſtate. In conſequence of certain romantic traits in his character, the count has been called by a writer, who *attempted his life* (I mean biographically) a political Don Quixote, a mad ſtateſman; yet he was a patriot, a philoſopher, and, although born under the dark ſhade of the inquiſition, a friend to toleration.

He wiſhed to have the names of Jeſus Chriſt, Luther, Calvin, William Penn, and (I know not with what propriety) Mahomet, inſcribed on every church in Spain; he ſpoke, *as they deſerved*, of Torquemada, Ferdinand, and Iſabella.

At a certain time, when the public wants were urgent, and a general contribution was recommended, he propoſed a general ſale of catholic relics of every kind, church plate, croſſes, chalices, ſhrines, candleſticks, and other eccleſiaſtic treaſures; theſe

these materials, in a country like Spain, would have been very productive.

At a council, which was afterwards held to consult on the means of meliorating the state, augmenting public happiness, and stimulating the people to salutary energies, D'Aranda declared, that these desirable purposes could not be accomplished, unless two thirds of the nunneries and convents were suppressed, and their places supplied by inns, farm-houses, and manufactories; that the vast revenues of these monastic institutions ought to be applied in furnishing the poor with employment, paying schoolmasters, making roads, and building bridges. The king sat in silent restlessness on his seat, and this most faithful of all his servants was quickly dismissed.

A solemn procession, *royally attended*, having taken place, when one of his successors came into office, it happened that the exiled patriot met the ceremonious cavalcade as he quitted Madrid; it brought to my mind Pope's excellent prologue to Cato, and tempted me to parody a passage in it.

But when D'Aranda's injur'd hero past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears flow'd from ev'ry eye,
Spain's *little* monarch pass'd unheeded by;
Transfix'd with grief each honest Spaniard sat,
Envying not Godoy's but D'Aranda's fate.

That the count's projects, often vast, sometimes inexpedient, but always well-meant, rendered him not exactly the man for a minister of a country *like Spain*, I readily agree.

Yet, when I consider his genius and his attainments, the inexhaustible copiousness of his resources, the correct minuteness of his official details, his affable manners, and the facility of his explanatory comments; I cannot help lamenting that *such* a man should be superseded by pages and bed-chamber women.

Compared to his triumphant opponent, he was a soaring archangel occasionally resting on the earth after his empyreal flights, and stung by a worthless reptile creeping on the ground.

DARTINEUF, as, to save trouble, I generally write it, and as his name was, in fact, pronounced, though more elaborately spelt Dartiquenave; the favorite, the friend, and the dupe of Pope, who eat his *ham pie*, drank his wine, and made a joke of

of him behind his back, a return frequently experienced by thoſe who give good dinners.

This lover of dainties, himſelf a moſt hoſpitable and friendly man, was, on a certain occaſion, invited to dinner by the Duke of Montague, who poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of wicked wit, and a vein of humour of a peculiar caſt, which he ſometimes exerciſed at the expence of his friends; it ought, however, to be obſerved, in juſtice to his grace, that, in *one* reſpect, he differed from *ſome* perſons of this deſcription, he could endure, as well as inflict, a practical joke.

Darty, as the ſubject of this article uſed to be called by his aſſociates, preſented himſelf at the duke's door, with a keen appetite, exactly at four o'clock, the uſual hour of dining, with that kind of ſerious look, which a hungry man who is going to feaſt on good things ſometimes puts on.

His grace took care to meet his expected gueſt on the ſtairs, with a countenance of ſurprize and concern, and immediately exclaimed, "What have you been doing, and where have you been, you are a full hour after your time; dinner waited till our patience was exhauſted, and we at laſt ſat down, taking it for granted you were ill, or more agreeably engaged."

"My watch never yet deceived me," replied the epicure, applying a repeater to his ear.

"You are an hour and ten minutes after your time," ſaid the duke, pointing to a time-piece, which had been purpoſely altered; "it is a pity, for we had a nice dinner and a pleaſant party: but you muſt make the beſt of a bad matter, ſtep into this room, you can join us after you have dined; the cook muſt let us know *(ringing the bell)* what you can have. Word was brought, according to previous inſtruction, that ſome excellent beef-ſteaks were preparing for the ſecond table. "With a chalot, I prefer it to any thing you can give me; only let diſpatch be uſed, for I am as hungry as it is poſſible to be."

A ſteak, the toughſt and oldeſt that could be met with, had been provided; and after this luxurious feeder had been fatiguing the muſcles of his jaws for three quarters of an hour, in maſticating bull-beef, a pair of folding doors were thrown open, and a table covered with delicate viands, rich ragouts, rarities, and ham pies, was exhibited to his view, whilſt a large company immediately ſat down, and the duke

duke demanded of the mortified man if he would partake.

The circumſtance afforded food for merriment a long time, but Dartineuf muſt have been conſiderably chagrined; it was rendering him too pointedly ridiculous, and nothing could excuſe the duke but ſome previous act of aggreſſion, equally groſs on the part of the diſappointed epicure; this was one of thoſe practical jokes which are not eaſily forgiven.

I have heard an inſtance in which his grace exerted *his talent* in a more fair and legitimate way; the object of attack was one of thoſe troubleſome diſturbers of our dramatic amuſements, who had intruded himſelf into a ſtage-box at Drury-lane, during one of Mr. Garrick's performances, and of courſe a crowded night.

It was at a period, when the etiquette of dreſs, and general perſonal appearance, were more attended to, than in the preſent day of elegant diſhabille, careleſs eaſe, and unfettered freedom of manners.

In boots, ſpurs, and buckſkin, and covered with mud up to his neck; with the manners and exterior of a bear, he had teazed and perplexed every body near him, would take no hints of his having miſtaken his place, and increaſed his tyranny in proportion as he ſaw the diſtreſs of the females augmented, moleſting the company with ribaldry, ſoiling with his boots, and tearing with his ſpurs, the dreſs as well as legs of his neighbours.

The trembling box-keepers ſhrugged their ſhoulders, and whiſpered murmurs in the lobby, even the conſtable, at ſight of the ragged ſtaff, did not chuſe to encounter with the bear.

This odious diſturber of other people's pleaſure, who could enjoy no rational pleaſure himſelf, for ſome time reigned triumphant, defying both force and fineſſe, 'till the Duke of Montague accidentally dropping into the box, ſoon heard, ſaw, and felt what was going on.

Taking advantage of a ſhort pauſe between the acts, he made a low bow to the ruffian, obſerving at the ſame time, with great apparent politeneſs; "Sir, we are very much obliged to you." No notice being taken of the words by the perſon to whom they were addreſſed, they were ſeveral times repeated with augmented emphaſis.

The ſavage intruder at laſt replied; "Obliged to me, ſir, for what? "That you did not ride in," ſaid his grace, with the moſt immoveable ſerioufneſs, with an accompanying bow, and

one

one of thoſe looks, which are univerſally intelligible, but cannot be deſcribed.

This anſwer, apparently tame and pointleſs, produced an inſtantaneous laugh, which nothing could ſuppreſs, it ſpread by whiſpers, and ran like wild fire over that ſide of the houſe: being a ſort of weapon there is no ſtanding againſt, the bear with his ragged ſtaff ruſhed out of the houſe, muttering oaths and execrations.

Such was the fair triumph of a lucky hit over impudence and brutality, but theſe *lucky hits* are ſometimes victorious over good manners, and aimed againſt pleaſant men.

Mr. Garrick uſed to relate a little ſally of this kind, and conſiſting *only of three words*, which he often declared diſtreſſed and confuſed him at the moment, more than the moſt offenſive attack ever made on him.

Thoſe perſonally acquainted with this great Engliſh actor, cannot but recollect that he told a ſtory better than moſt men, and that his friends were never ſo happy as when they could entice him to tell one; as in one reſpect he differed very materially from moſt good ſtory-tellers, he did not watch for, and ſeize every opportunity of *pulling them in by the head and ſhoulders*.

The anecdote now recalled to my memory, related to ſome circumſtance not neceſſary to mention, but which occurred at a very early period of the manager's life, when his father, a captain in the army, was quartered in a country town; "but we did not ſtay long there," ſaid Mr. Garrick, continuing, and in the middle of what he thought a good ſtory; "I BELIEVE NOT" ſaid a country 'ſquire, who ſat at the bottom of the table.

"This ſhort but pithy ſentence," obſerved Roſcius, relating the circumſtance five and twenty years after, "ſet the whole room in a roar of unextinguiſhable laughter; I was paralyzed in a moment, and all the clever things I was going to ſay, cruſhed into a thouſand atoms.

"I was ſpoiled for the evening, confounded, and confuſed, though I knew that the creature who uttered the words, was an illiterate ſtupid dog, without a ſingle idea in his head beyond his gun, his girl, and his gelding, and at the time he ſpoke, ſo drunk, as to be ſcarcely able to ſit in his chair."

The reſpectable nobleman, mentioned in a former part of this article, united with his propenſity to mirth, a tendency not always found in humouriſts, and when they do poſſeſs it, ſeldom

able

able to gratify it in ſo ample and laudable a way as the munificent duke: the paſſion to which I allude was to ſurprize worth and depreſſed merit, by ſudden and unexpected acts of bounty, in a manner calculated to aſtoniſh the objects of it, and at the ſame time to highly amuſe his grace, who was thus *benevolent even in his fun*; a trait in his character which it would not be amiſs for certain modern jeſters occaſionally to remember, and ſometimes to imitate.

Several gentlemen in the army, navy, and in the church, ſtruggling with adverſity, experienced this peculiar turn in the duke's diſpoſition, with a mixture of ſurprize, gratitude, and joy, and it is hinted at in the following lines, written by a half-pay officer, who had experienced the peer's generoſity.

Peace, to the public cries rejoice,
Who then will hear *my* plaintive voice?
Peace pours her plenteous golden ſhow'rs,
On every *trade* except on our's.
This cruel peace more havoc here
Alas hath made, than all the war.
Behold the hero of his day,
Reduc'd to live on half his pay.
The mall I walk, a public jeſt,
Or on the lonely bench I reſt.
My hair now ſpoil'd of all its pride,
Unpowder'd, looſe on every ſide.
Farewell, gay military ſhew,
Farewell, the captain and the beau.
Vows that have reach'd a courtly ear,
Now ſcarce a chamber-maid will hear.
Nor coffee-houſe nor tavern willing
To give me credit for a ſhilling.
O grant me now, propitious fate,
Some patron ſtrangely good and great.
Thus did the anxious captain pray
——— ——— ——— ———
When fortunately came in view,
The good, the generous Montague.

DARWIN, ERASMUS, a man of genius, a botaniſt, a pleaſing poet, and a ſucceſsful phyſician, with a thouſand recommendatory qualifications on the ſcore of ſcholarſhip, fertile ingenuity, and medical acumen, but too often led aſtray by extravagant theory and vague hypotheſis.

Dr. Darwin was an impreſſive inſtance of the ſuperior claims and flattering triumphs of cultivated intellect; it was his fate to attend as a phyſician on the lovelieſt of her ſex, a woman whom it was impoſſible for any man to ſee without deſire, and to know, without wiſhing to make her his own.

In

In healing *her* he was wounded himſelf, he drank delicious poiſon from her eyes; but had to ſurmount conſiderable difficulties, moral as well as phyſical; ſhe was the wife of another, herſelf of unſpotted fame, and conſiderably younger than the doctor.

Time, which deſtroys all things, at length removed her huſband, and the charming widow was ſoon ſurrounded by youth, wealth, and accompliſhment, eagerly preſſing to conduct her to the altar; but mark the event; an old man, of perſon, manners, and utterance, not very attractive; a philoſopher, a democrate, and the father of a family by a former wife, whoſe principal fortune was his profeſſional and literary eminence, won the beauteous prize.

It was during the inquietude, the hopes and the fears of an early, and, at firſt, an *unencouraged* paſſion, that Dr. Darwin addreſſed to the ingenious Mr. Bolton of Birmingham, the following directions to make a tea-urn, which he ſent, *or intended to ſend*, to the lady:

Friend Bolton, take theſe ingots fine,
From rich Potoſi's ſparkling mine;
With niceſt art a tea-vaſe mould,
—— —— —— ——
And where proud Radburne's turrets riſe,
To bright Eliza ſend the prize.
I'll have no twiſting ſerpents hiſs,
—— —— —— ——
No tail-hung dolphins ſwim in air,
No dragons ſprawl, no ſphinxes ſtare.
Let leaves of myrtle round the rim,
And roſe-buds, twining, ſhade the brim.
Perch'd on the riſing lid above,
O place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wing, and ruffled plume,
And gaſping beak, and eye of gloom.
And when Eliza deigns to pour,
With ſnow-white hand the fragrant ſhow'r,
And chats, and ſmiles, and ſweetly ſips,
With *ſpeaking* eyes and roſy lips,
The poliſh'd vaſe ſhall then diſplay,
—— —— —— ——
To her reflected beauties true.
More charms than Titian ever drew.

It is to be lamented, that in his ZOONOMIA, the work of a ſtrong

ſtrong mind, and what is not always united with it, a highly creative fancy, it is to be lamented, that in a ſcientific volume, deſigned and calculated to tranſmit uſeful knowledge to future ages, Dr. Darwin has interwoven and diffuſed doctrines and opinions incompatible with human happineſs and moral expediency: not always connected with the ſubject he diſcuſſes, and ſome of which I have reaſon to think he did not believe himſelf.

This ſtrange inconſiſtency, this ſcepticiſm which does *not* diſbelieve, I attribute to the pride of human reaſon, and the vanity of modern philoſophy, which arrogantly rejects notions and maxims generally received by the vulgar and unenlightened: in ſome inſtances the doctor appears to have been hurried into the confines of infidelity, by a fervid imagination, and becauſe the deduction naturally followed ſome favorite poſition.

To have retracted the obnoxious opinion, to have damped the dazzling enthuſiaſm of a new-born idea, by cold reaſoning, was more than an author, more than a parent could ſubmit to; to have been bound by the dictates of ſevere judgment and unaccommodating orthodoxy, would have diſſipated in a moment the whole viſionary fabric, and have arreſted the author's Pegaſus in his riotous and unbounded career.

Dr. Darwin has been called a poetical man of ſcience; his Zoonomia, cenſured as a work of abundant conjecture and little fact, in which the phyſician too often loſes himſelf in whimſical reverie and metaphyſic ſubtlety; his taking no notice in his elaborate and highly finiſhed poem on *the Loves of the Plants*, of the Connubia Florum of Mr. De La Croix, has alſo been remarked.

This excellent phyſician, avowedly indulged certain democratic tendencies; I hope and believe without a wiſh to carry them into *radical* execution, though he could not have prevented it, had that immenſe machine, the people, once been ſet in motion; this expoſed him to the ſhafts of ſatire, and procured for him a place in the famous, and but for its malignity, that beſt of modern political caricatures, which exhibits a large groupe of ſtateſmen, warriors, divines, philoſophers, and poets, joining in proceſſion to pay their adoration to *the holy-hunchback, and theophilanthropiſt*, REVELLIERE L'EPAUX,

In this curious but diſtinguiſhed crowd, the doctor preſents a back view of himſelf; but

but is distinguished in a manner that it is impossible to mistake him, *by his wig*, an exact facsimile, and a large Covent-garden basket of vegetables on his head, labelled, *Jacobinic Plants*.

The subject of our present article, who died since my last edition, was not without considerable merit as a poet; his amplifications though too frequent, are elegant, and he possesses the talent of dignifying trivial incident and common circumstance, by refined expression and poetical phrase.

This metrical facility, his custom of placing the verb before the noun, and his incessantly personifying things inanimate, did not escape the notice of certain wicked wits, who have laughably parodied the doctor's manner.

Of these, the following humourous description of a boat passing, or to use the waterman's technical expression, *shooting* London-bridge, has been admired.

So thy dark arches, London-bridge bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide;
There, oft returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seat;
Where each spruce nymph, from city counters free,
Sips the froth'd syllabub or fragrant tea;
While with slic'd ham, scrap'd beef, and burnt champaign,
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;—
There oft in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along,
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glitt'ring throng;
Smells the tarr'd rope,—with undulation fine,
Flaps the loose sail, the silken awnings shine;
"Shoot we the bridge," the vent'rous boatmen cry,
"Shoot we the bridge," th' exulting fare reply.
Down the steep fall the headlong cocknies go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below;
With strong-clos'd eyes, clench'd hands, and quick drawn breath,
As at the centre arch they dart beneath,
Full 'gainst the pier th' unsteady timbers knock,
The thin planks starting own th' impetuous shock,
The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,
With angry surge the closing waters whelm.

Laughs

Laughs the glad Thames, and clafps each fair one's charms,
That fcreams and ftruggles in his oozy arms.

The *tremendous* rafts which at a certain time conſiderably agitated the hopes and fears of *ſome* of the public, afforded alſo a ſubject to the ſame unmerciful poet, who laughs with equal eaſe and admirable effect, at a learned phyſician, and the *great republic*.

If this ironical bard has a fault, it is, that his parodies and imitations have too much excellence; they are far ſuperior in poetry, imagery, and claſſical alluſion, to the pieces they ridicule, *materiam ſuperat opus*.

THE RAFTS.

Eager to graſp the wreath of naval fame,
The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the floating frame;
O'er the huge timbers ſurly terror ſtalks,
And counts with joy the ſtrong compacted balks;
Of young-ey'd maſſacres the cherub crew,
Round their grim chief the mimic taſk purſue;
Turn the ſtiff ſcrew, apply the ſtiff'ning clamp,
Drive the long bolt, or fix the ſtubborn cramp;
Laſh the reluctant beam, the cable ſplice,
Join the firm dove-tail with adjuſtment nice;
Through yawning fiſſures urge the willing wedge,
Or give the ſmoothing adze a ſharper edge.
Or group'd in fairy bands, with playful care,
Th' unconſcious bullet to the furnace bear;
Or gaily titt'ring, tip the match with fire.
Prime the big mortar, bid the ſhell ASPIRE:
Applaud with tiny hands and laughing eyes,
And watch the bright deſtruction as it flies.
"Ye ſoft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
And fraught with freedom, bear th' expected raft;
Perch'd on her back, behold the rebel train;

Ye imps of murder guard her angel form,
Check the rude ſurge, and chace the hov'ring ſtorm;
Shield from contuſive knocks her timber limbs,
And guide *the ſweet enthuſiaſtic* as ſhe ſwims."

The following piece of kitchen fur-

furniture is evidently aimed at the doctor's head.

Lo! where the chimney's ſooty tube aſcends,
The fair Trochais from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd inceſſant mark
Th' eddying ſmoke, quick flame, and volant ſpark;
Mark with quick ken, where flaſhing in between
Her *much-lov'd ſmoke-jack* glimmers thro' the ſcene;
Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpoſe, in one object end:
The ſpiral grooves in ſmooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the poliſh'd axles glow,
While ſlowly circumvolves the beef below:
The conſcious fire with bick'ring radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roaſts it as it turns.
So youthful Horner roll'd the roguiſh eye,
Cull'd the dark plumb from out his Chriſtmas pye,
And cry'd, in ſelf-applauſe, "How good a boy am I."

With ſo many tempting plums, I cannot keep my fingers from this literary pye.

ODE

To Citizen Merlin,

One of the French Directory.

Who now from Naples, Rome, or Berlin,
Creeps to thy blood-ſtain'd den, O Merlin
With diplomatic gold, to whom
Doſt thou give audience *en costume?*
King Citizen! how ſure each ſtate,
That bribes thy love, ſhall feel thy hate;
Shall ſee the democratic ſtorm,
Her commerce, arts, and laws deform.
How credulous, to hope that bribes,
Can purchaſe peace from Gallic tribes;
Whom faithleſs as the waves or wind,
Nor oaths reſtrain, nor treaties bind.
For us beneath yon ſacred roof,
The naval flags and arms of proof,
By Britiſh valour nobly bought,
Shew how *true* ſafety muſt be ſought.

Citizen

CITIZEN MUSKEIN'S DEFEAT,
BY
Lieutenant Price.

O gentle gun-boats, whom the Seine
Sends down from Havre to the main;
O tempt the treach'rous ſea no more,
But gallantly keep cloſe to ſhore.
Children of Muſkein's anxious care,
Source of my hope and my deſpair,
Gun-boats, unleſs you mean hereafter
To furniſh food for Britiſh laughter—
Sweet gun-boats, with your gallant crew,
Tempt not the rocks of Saint Marcou;
Beware, the Badgers bloody pennant,
And that damn'd *invalid* Lieutenant.

(Suppoſed to be arrived in ſight of Havre de Grace.)

Faireſt of cities, Havre, hail!
How gladly with my tatter'd ſail,
And trembling from this ſad adventure,
Do I thy friendly harbour enter!
How pleaſing is the ſweet tranſition,
From this vile gun-boat expedition;
From winds and waves, and wounds and ſcars,
From Britiſh ſoldiers, Britiſh tars,
To his own houſe, where free from danger,
Muſkein may live at rack and manger.
Faireſt of cities, hail again,
O bid thy ſons, a jocund train,
Who under Chenier welcom'd in,
With dance and ſong the guillotine;
In long proceſſion ſeek the ſtrand,
For Muſkein now prepares to land;
'Scap'd, Heaven knows how, from that curſt crew,
Who haunt the rocks of Saint Marcou;
From the fell Badgers bloody pennant,
And that damn'd *invalid* Lieutenant.

D'AUBIGNY, THEODORE AGRIPPA, a faithful companion, and, as long as he continued uſeful, prudent, and pliant, a favorite of Henry the fourth, king of France and Navarre, to whom he was a gentleman of the bedchamber; D'Aubigny was alſo grandfather of Madam de Maintenon, and *ſaid* to be a *favorite* of the king's mother.

This

This unbending Hugonot, uniting in an extraordinary degree, military intrepidity, religious fervor, and literary acumen, attacked his catholic opponents with the ſword and pen, and has left an intereſting account of his own life, in the character of a parent ſinking under age and infirmity, who, at the concluſion of a bloody civil war, delivers to his children, aſſembled around him, a ſpirited outline of his adventures, accompanied with inſtructive comment, and pathetic exhortation.

If we make ſome allowance for national vanity, and the excuſable egotiſm of a man who had performed many gallant exploits, and who was an eye-witneſs, and a party concerned, in the tranſactions of that period; this little piece of biography is valuable, as an original picture of a tumultuous reign, drawn by a character of a peculiar caſt.

It was the ſtruggle of honeſt pride, independent opinion, and incorruptible integrity, with party perfidy, and ſuperſtitious rancour; it exhibits a ſingular inſtance of a courtier boldly attacking every meaſure, and every perſon, however exalted in church or ſtate, who attempted to fetter civil or religious liberty, impeach his honour as a ſoldier, or doubt his loyalty to his maſter; for he conſidered a ſtrong, an intolerant attachment to the reformed church, as fairly compatible with his duty as a military commander, and his fidelity as a ſubject.

He wrote a univerſal hiſtory, and ſeveral ſhort controverſial tracts, alſo the Baron of Fœneſte, and the confeſſion of Sancy, two curious ſatirical productions; the firſt in dialogue, containing many laughable ſarcaſtic deſcriptions of the faſhions, follies, and luxuries of the fine gentlemen of that age, which an Engliſhman, unacquainted with the gaſcon dialect, will find ſome difficulty in comprehending; of the catholic confeſſion of Sancy, an edition was publiſhed by Duchat, with notes, a uſeful and neceſſary addition to a modern reader.

At the age of ſix, he was able to read (a word capable of great latitude of explanation, for many boys read what they do not underſtand) he is ſaid to have been able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and at ſeven, to have tranſlated the Crito of Plato, to which he was incited by the promiſe of his father, that it ſhould be printed with an engraved portrait of the juvenile tranſlator prefixed; I am not able to ſay whether this agreement was obſerved; yet, D'Aubigny was not the kind of character

racter to suffer *any* promise to escape him unclaimed.

But his puerile studies were interrupted by a vision of sleep, *an apparition*; the image of a disordered imagination, or the effect of an undigested supper: "As I lay in bed," says this extraordinary man, "a tall female figure, dressed in white, entered my chamber, drew back the curtain of my bed, and impressing on my quivering lips, a clay-cold kiss, suddenly vanished from my sight."

This circumstance, considered by a schoolboy as supernatural, and related with the solemnity of implicit faith, like other wonderful stories, originally blended with real fact, was probably produced by the nocturnal visit of a doating nurse, a wanton servant, or some fond domestic, who, from early attachment, not uncommon in persons of that class, or from high spirits, might feel an inclination to kiss a beautiful boy in his sleep, an interesting object in the eye of friendship and affection.

Almost the only incident of childhood, which the compiler of the present article can recollect, and which still diffuses a ray of light through the dark clouds of his succeeding life, is, that of an affectionate and faithful mother, regularly paying a midnight visit to her children before retiring to rest, and kissing them in the ecstacy of maternal love.

A hatred of popery, and a spirit of devotion, appear always to have predominated in D'Aubigny's mind; whenever he gained a victory, it was his custom to fall on his knees and return thanks to the Almighty; the men under his command were also expected to do the same; in all articles of capitulation, he obliged his prisoners to make the following addition; "*renouncing for ever, and to all intents and purposes, the authority of the detestable council of Constance*;" probably from the severity of its enactments against the reformed religion, and its unwarrantable treatment of Huss.

"At thirteen," says D'Aubigny, "I became an orphan; the good old man, my father, recommended to me, on his death-bed, three things, which I hope I have not forgot; the love of truth, an unconquerable attachment to the reformed religion, and an unwearied pursuit of knowledge."

Being a dissenter from the established religion of his country, and a minor, he was plundered and oppressed, and escaping from a prison, in which he had been confined for rash zeal or juvenile

juvenile indiſcretion, he repaired to Geneva, where his calviniſtic principles were confirmed; he finiſhed his education at Lyons, where he improved himſelf in mathematics and *magic*, "*reſolving at the ſame time to take no advantage of his acquirements in this myſterious branch of ſcience;*" a ſcience, he might have added, dangerous in ſo many inſtances to its profeſſors, and harmleſs to all others.

But whatever were his powers, his convictions, or his attainments, they did not preſerve him from pecuniary embarraſſment, to which the diſhoneſty of others, and his own want of conduct, had reduced him.

Lively men, *when dejected*, are ſaid to be moſt melancholy animals; and the ſubject of our preſent article, who capered, coquetted, danced, ſung, and made more racket and noiſe than any mad-cap in the neighbourhood, reſolved, the inſtant adverſity frowned in his face; with bottle-companions, the general ſignal for deſertion, he reſolved to deſtroy himſelf.

But previous to taking this unjuſtifiable ſtep, and uniting, ſomewhat inconſiſtently, devotion with deſpair, he fell on his knees to aſk pardon for the crime he was going to commit; but, being diſturbed by the approach of a horſeman, he fortunately diſcovered that it was one of his relations, in the ſuite of Admiral Chatillon: from this gentleman he received money and good advice, neither of which he made a proper uſe of.

He frankly confeſſes, that in ſpite of early impreſſion, and a religious education, his induſtry and application relaxed, that he loſt his reliſh for books, and was not happy out of company; that he acquired the character of a facetious ſporter of epigram and repartee, in joyous circles; a mimic and a buffoon; accompliſhments which we are ſo ready to join in and admire at the convivial board, though we afterwards dread and avoid the perſons who poſſeſs them; probably from a fear that we ſhall ourſelves, at ſome future time, be a ſubject of merriment, and no man cordially reliſhes being laughed at, becauſe it is the firſt ſtep to contempt.

This axiom, confirmed by every days experience, I wiſh certain young men, of ſtrong animal ſpirits, in the glow of a ſecond bottle, and panting for diſtinction as wits and bon-vivants, to recollect and apply.

D'Aubigny afterwards ſerved as a volunteer in the army; Guyenne, Anjou, Touraine, Normandy, and Picardy, were the ſcenes

ſcenes of his firſt campaigns; the impetuoſity of youth, and the natural heat of his temperament, hurried him into many imminent dangers, while the flippancy of his tongue, and the eccentric livelineſs of his manners, attracted the notice and ſometimes the diſpleaſure of his ſuperiors.

On a field day, ridiculing and cenſuring, in his uſual way, the awkwardneſs of ſome of his aſſociates, in which, though correct as to the matter in queſtion, he had no authority to interfere, his loud talking was remarked by the Prince of Condé, who being told his name, recollected his family, and checking, in a good-natured way, his intemperate vivacity, demanded of his colonel, if he could ſpare the young volunteer: "I will make your royal highneſs a preſent of him with great pleaſure," replied the officer, glad to be *well rid* of an unmanageable ſtripling.

"A truce with your preſents, my good colonel," cried D'Aubigny, in a ſtrain of youthful levity, "a truce with your preſents, you may give away a dog, or a hawk, a valet, or even a miſtreſs, when you are tired of her, but a man of my metal is not to be diſpoſed of with ſo little ceremony:" thanking the prince for his kind intentions, he politely declined the offer, and retired.

At the age of nineteen, his imagination was inflamed, and his muſe inſpired by the charms of Diana Salviati, a beautiful catholic, but the ſmallneſs of his fortune, and his religious opinions, proved an inſurmountable bar to this his firſt love, which communicates a new bliſs on its approach, a lover only can deſcribe, and which it is ſaid *even a lover can feel but once.*

"This diſappointment," he obſerves, "was fatal to the unfortunate Diana; drooping like a flower nipped by an untimely froſt, ſhe died of a broken heart: in an old collection of French poetry, I have ſeen a ſong, called Le Printemps de D'Aubigny, ſtrongly marked with ardent deſire and violence of paſſion, ſuch as a man of his fiery temperament was likely to have felt.

In his twentieth year, he was introduced to King Henry the fourth, as a young man, whom neither difficulty, diſtreſs, danger, hunger, nor cold, could prevent from doing his duty; but as a drawback from theſe recommendations, it was added, that he could bear neither reſtraint nor oppoſition, and would on all occaſions, and at every riſk, ſpeak his mind without diſguiſe.

It may be recorded as one of the many miraculous eſcapes of

D'Aubigny, that he ſurvived the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew; having been called from Paris only a few hours before that volcano of popery and hell burſt forth.

This memorable tragedy is never mentioned without an obvious reflection directly preſenting itſelf to my mind; the circumſtance to which I refer, is the trifling and ineffectual reſiſtance made by the unfortunate victims, or the few of their relations and friends, who ſurvived.

That in almoſt every inſtance, they were ſlaughtered at an unguarded moment, without previous alarm, and for the moſt part without weapons in their hands, appears to be a ſufficient reaſon; but every individual who eſcaped, was deficient in duty, for not devoting the ſhort remains of a life, deprived by murderers of all his neareſt and deareſt ties, in deviſing means of ſweeping, in terrible and comprehenſive ruin, the perpetrators of ſo odious a butchery from the face of God's earth.

The ſame Being who hath pronounced that the department of vengeance is his, hath alſo emphatically decreed; THAT HE WHO SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED.

A cool, a premeditating cool murderer, walking the world, not only in credit, but, as was the caſe with the Bartholomew aſſaſſins, with glee and boaſting to his grave, is an outrage on morality, and, in the mouth of infidels, an argument againſt a ſuperintending Providence.

Had I been one of the miſerable ſurviving remnant of thoſe men whoſe infants, wives, parents, and relatives, had been butchered by the mercileſs ruffians, neither books, nor buſineſs, nor pleaſure, neither female ſmiles, nor royal frowns, ſhould have turned me aſide from the meaſure of a juſt revenge; by ſome ſignal and memorable cataſtrophe, I would have puniſhed the perpetrators of ſuch ſavage barbarities, as an example to future times, ſhould men, with ſimilar principles, again predominate.

For I again repeat, although my zeal on the ſubject has been called ſuperfluous, ill-timed, and unneceſſary, I again repeat, ſupported by evidence on every ſide, that the reſtleſs perturbed infidious ſpirit, THE HORRID PERSECUTING INQUISITORIAL SPIRIT OF POPERY IS NOT DEAD, IT ONLY SLUMBERS, OR TAUGHT NEW LESSONS BY ADVERSITY, PUTS ON THE CONVENIENT MASK OF FORBEARANCE AND TOLERATION.

The

The maſſacre of Saint Bartholomew appears to have made a deep impreſſion on the mind of D'Aubigny; after the peace of Paris, Henry, the French king, the third of that name, being deſirous of ſeeing a man, of whoſe religious zeal, and military intrepidity, he had heard ſo much, the royal wiſh was communicated to him, but no intreaties could prevail on the proteſtant ſoldier to wait on the catholic tyrant: "I will never bend my knee," he exclaimed, "to the abettor and approver of murder."

After D'Aubigny had accompanied Henry the fourth in ſeveral campaigns, and rendered him, as he thought, conſiderable ſervice, the king, as a mark of approbation, gave him his picture, probably at a time when he expected more ample remuneration; this drew from his pen, in a moment of irritation, a ſatirical epigram, of which the following is an indifferent tranſlation.

"Why for a thankleſs prince's good,
My brother ſoldiers toil?
When all he gives us for our blood,
Is canvas, paint, and oil."

For this rude ſally in return for an intended kindneſs, he would have been puniſhed, but ſaved himſelf by flight: previous to his departure, he rode without diſmay to the entrance of the royal tent, and addreſſed the offended king in the following words: "You do well, ſir, to meditate puniſhing inſtead of rewarding a man covered with wounds, and who has ſhed his beſt blood in your ſervice: had I diſgraced myſelf by flattery and *pimping*, I might have ſhared the favors you are laviſhing ſo profuſely among thoſe infamous paraſites."

For it ought to be recorded, to his honor, that he would never ſubmit to the degrading office of procuring proſtitutes, or ſeducing virtuous women, to gratify Henry's looſe deſires, and unbounded appetite for new faces.

"If he wants a female," ſaid D'Aubigny, on a certain occaſion, when the matter was hinted to him, "let him ſearch for one himſelf in the ſtews; it is a baſe buſineſs for a man of any ſpirit to be ſent on, and indeed what one gentleman ought not to expect from another."

With a few faithful followers, he quitted the camp, and ſent an offer of his ſervices to Caſimir, ſon of the Elector Palatine; but on his journey to join that prince, he was wounded by female glances from a window, as he paſſed through a country town.

The

The fair unknown, proved to be Suſannah de Zezay, of the family of Vivonne, and a celebrated provincial toaſt; a man, apparently made of very inflammatory materials, (j'etais *dans l' inſtant* eperduement amoreux, is his expreſſion) ſoon found means of introduction; the lady afterwards became his wife, and is often praiſed by him for her undeviating obedience, that firſt duty in a married woman: in the preſent inſtance it probably was, as oppoſition appears to have always rouzed him to an extravagant pitch of fury and reſentment. Perſons of ſuch a temperament ſhould endeavour *to be always in the right*; their friends and relations would alſo act a wiſe and amiable part, in irritable moments, to avoid diſcuſſing diſputable points, ill-timed appeals, and unavailing expoſtulation.

Letters were in the mean time delivered to D'Aubigny, from the king, which, affecting the pride of injured worth, he threw, unopened, into the fire; mixing, however, a little worldly policy with his reſentment, and after repeated invitations, he returned to his royal maſter, with whom the catholics had been buſy in his abſence, and Henry, ſoon after abjured the proteſtant religion.

In this buſineſs, Seguier, a corrupted favorite, and once a member of the reformed church, was actively inſtrumental, and, in order to confirm Henry in his new faith, recommended a journey to Paris; this ſtep D'Aubigny violently oppoſed, hoping that his maſter might be diſentangled from the ſnare he had fallen into, by an appeal to the honeſty of his heart, and his natural good ſenſe.

An altercation on the ſubject took place between the Hugonot and the Papiſt, as they ſtood at a window: "Do you perceive a precipice below," ſaid D'Aubigny, "I do," replied Seguier, the moſt timid of animals, "and a tremendous one it is; I am giddy only with looking at it," he added, drawing back as he ſpoke.

"I adviſe you then to make up your mind on the ſubject of our converſation; if the king goes to Paris (fixing his eyes ſternly on the miniſter) myſelf, and a ſcore or two of friends have reſolved that you ſhall take a leap from this identical window; (Seguier ſhrunk back) "You need not doubt what I ſay, it will as certainly be the caſe as that God made Moſes:" the journey to Paris was *poſtponed*.

By this and other extravagancies,

cies, Henry was again offended, and ſwore, in a tranſport of paſſion, that he would put him to death; moſt men, ſo ſituated, would have fled, but D'Aubigny, knowing whom he had to deal with, ruſhed, without previous notice, into the royal preſence, and pretending not to hear the king, who bitterly reproached him, and repeated his threats, he thus addreſſed him: "I wait on your majeſty to be informed what reward I am to receive for my paſt ſervices? Do you wiſh to be conſidered by poſterity as a good prince or a mercileſs tyrant?

After a pauſe, during which, ſenſibility and affection triumphed over anger, the king ſaid; "You know, D'Aubigny, that I love you; ſtill, you may preſume too far; but what are we to do with Seguier, whom you have offended beyond forgiveneſs; pray endeavour to make your peace with him."

"That ſhall be done in an inſtant," replied D'Aubigny, who had ſeen Seguier as he paſſed the anti-chamber. "Be ſo good, Mr. Seguier," opening at the ſame time the door, "Be ſo good as to inform his majeſty what you have to alledge againſt me," accompanying theſe words with a ſignificant look, and laying his hand gently on his ſword, unobſerved by Henry: "Nothing in nature," replied the miniſter, making a low bow as he entered the room. "I am convinced that the king has not a ſervant of equal fidelity, or a more valiant ſoldier, in his dominions."

Thus D'Aubigny, who ſoon after received a more ſubſtantial mark of royal favor, thus D'Aubigny, commencing like the late Edmund Burke, with outrageous invective, concluded, like the reformer of the civil liſt, in accepting a penſion.

Henry, having conformed to the catholic faith, was deſirous that the ſubject of our preſent article ſhould follow his example, but could not prevail: D'Aubigny alſo ſtrongly oppoſed a projected marriage of the king, with the enchanting Diana Dandoni, widow of the Count of Guiche and Grammont; on this ſubject, he had demanded the Hugonot's advice, but *like other conſultors*, had previouſly determined, and would certainly have led the bewitching Diana to the altar, had not the new face of Gabrielle d' Eſtrees, reſcued him from ſo improper a ſtep; thus caprice, and a love of variety, as hath been the caſe with many of us, ſaved him from an imprudent marriage.

Being ſo frequently *teazed* to change his religion, he determined

mined to devote ſome of the winter months ſpent in country quarters, to an impartial and diſpaſſionate examination of the merits of the queſtion. "I ſat down in good earneſt," he obſerves, "and diligently peruſed the works of Pangerole and Campion, I was pleaſed and almoſt convinced by the ſtrong arguments and methodic arrangements of Bellarmine; but the well prepared poiſon of the cardinal, was effectually counteracted by the powerful antidotes of Lambert and Whitaker."

A maſſy controverſial volume againſt popery, in good Latin, written by the latter, actually a maternal anceſtor of the editor of this collection, when an unmanageable boy, he has been often adviſed to read by the proprietor of a library he was *once* permitted to ranſack: the reply, in a culpable ſtrain of puerile levity, offended the old gentleman: "*I had rather turn papiſt than wade through ſo thick a book.*" ——Loaded with Rabelais and Montaigne, the ſaucy boy hurried to his table, taking care to avoid the gouty toe, and not to ſit *before* the fire:——little circumſtances often decide our fate, had he plunged into BELLARMINUS ENERVATUS inſtead of Rabelais, he might have been a SOMETHING inſtead of a *cypher*.

Neither the efforts of the catholics, nor his own ſedulous enquiry, produced any effect on the firm faith of our proteſtant hero, yet converts are ſometimes made: I have heard of two friends, each of a different religion, who commenced an amicable debate on the ſubject directly after dinner, purſued their queſtion undiſturbed to a late hour, reaſoned ſo fairly, and were, on both ſides, ſo open to conviction, that after a long continued chain of arguments, each man, on retiring to reſt, had altered his religious opinions.

It is worthy of remark, that however Henry might *profeſs* a different faith from D'Aubigny, he could not be ſatisfied, during his ſevere indiſpoſition, without his frequent viſits; he detained him, on one occaſion, four hours in converſation on ſpiritual and other ſerious ſubjects, and was particularly anxious to know his opinion concerning the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt; his anſwer to the king's enquiries on this ſubject is not recorded.

As a perſon of high conſideration among thoſe of the reformed church, he attended their ſynods as a deputy, and being, on a certain occaſion, interrupted by the preſident Canaye, in his reply to a virulent attack on the conduct

duct and tenets of the Hugonots, Canaye exclaimed: "Is the ſervice of the king, public buſineſs, and general tranquillity, to be for ever diſturbed?"—"And pray, ſir, who are you," cried the deputy, "that pretend to inſtruct *me* in my duty to the king? I both knew and practiſed it when you were a ſnivelling boy with a ſatchel at your back.

"Was it worthy of your maſter, or did he think it the only buſineſs for which *you* were fit, thus to ſet the province in a flame, by oppoſing a royal edict to the expreſs word of God? Learn, young man, to be ſilent and attentive to your ſuperiors both in age and abilities, who have an independent deliberative vote in this aſſembly, and poſſeſs an undiſputed right to give their opinions on any ſubject."

"Where, and what am I?" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Canaye; "What are you?" replied D'Aubigny, "you are a mouſe breaking your teeth againſt a file."

He was challenged to diſpute publicly with the Biſhop of Eureux, and readily agreed; the combatants exhibited their polemic talents *for five hours*, in the preſence of four hundred perſons of diſtinction, and *very much to my own ſatisfaction*, ſaid the Hugonot.

With all my partialities for the reformed church, I cannot perceive the force of a ſyllogiſm, with which D'Aubigny, in a triumphant ſtrain, ſays that he *poſed* the biſhop, who, I think, might fairly have accuſed his antagoniſt of what logicians call *petitio propoſiti*, in plain Engliſh begging the queſtion; but D'Aubigny, *like other people who tell their own ſtory*, appears to have enjoyed the triumph; his *wonderful* ſyllogiſm was this.

Whoever errs on a controverted ſubject, is incapacitated for judging that queſtion.

The fathers are in a palpable error.

Therefore the fathers cannot be competent judges.

"With this formidable weapon," he obſerves, "I cut down every argument of the prelate ſo effectually, that in the agonies of defeat, large drops fell from his forehead, on a Chryſoſtome he held in his hand, and were noticed by all preſent."

But, in ſpite of induſtry and zeal, the proteſtant cauſe declined, few, like D'Aubigny, could reſiſt the blandiſhments and gold of the court; yet, the majority of his party, conſcious of their own ſiniſter views, were jealous and fearful,

ful, that like themſelves, he only waited 'till he could get his price.

"What is the meaning," ſaid a preciſe artful Angevin, who had been bribed, but fancied it was not known, "what is the meaning of Madam La Varenne's making you ſo many viſits? I have ſeen her come out of your apartments at leaſt a dozen times."

"She has tried a dozen times to do that with *me*, which ſhe accompliſhed with *you* at one viſit, you raſcal."

He would never kneel to Henry the fourth; being reproached for this want of cuſtomary reſpect, by the Duke de Villeroy, he anſwered: "I conſider and treat his majeſty as a king, not pay him that adoration which is due only to God."

The Duke de Bouillon, whoſe eſteem D'Aubigny had enjoyed for more than thirty years, conſidered the firmneſs of his friend's religious principles as a tacit reflection on his own verſatility; for although a catholic, he had been originally a conſiderable and rigid Hugonot.

His grace adviſed the proteſtants to give up their fortified towns, adding, "That there was no reaſon to doubt royal clemency, but, that if it proved otherwiſe, *their's would be the merit and glory of martyrdom.*"

"We are infinitely obliged to the duke," replied D'Aubigny, "for his kind advice, and are well acquainted with the ſufferings of thoſe holy men, who, in perilous and perſecuting times, died in the cauſe of truth; but I am ſurprized that a perſon who has proved wholly void of religious faith and political ſincerity, ſhould venture to recommend ſo ruinous a meaſure.

"The man who, like Iſcariot, abandons his Saviour for twenty pieces of ſilver, is a reprobate and an outcaſt; and he who is inſtrumental in any way betraying his old aſſociates, to their treacherous and blood-thirſty enemies, or endeavours to deprive them of their only ſafeguard, I conſider as little better than a ſpy or a hangman." The duke bluſhed, hung his head, and retired.

The treaty of Loudun took place ſoon after, which D'Aubigny conſidered as the ſhipwreck of his party, and called a public auction of faith and principle; at a meeting held on this occaſion, happening to differ in opinion with Condé, the prince exclaimed: "Well, ſir, I thank God, we can do without your aſſiſtance; you may retire to your caſtle of Doignon whenever you pleaſe." "And you," ſaid D'Aubigny, quitting the room, will

will ſoon *retire to a caſtle,* not quite ſo far from Paris:" meaning the Baſtile, in which Condé was ſoon after impriſoned; thus fulfilling the prophecy.

Diſguſted with the treatment he experienced, and perceiving the general preponderancy of the catholics, D'Aubigny repaired to Geneva, where he was received with honor and reſpect, and died in the eightieth year of his age; Rochelle being previouſly diſmantled, and the two fortreſſes of Mallezais and Doignon, his private property, levelled to the ground; for theſe he received a pecuniary compenſation.

It would probably have diſturbed the tranquillity of his laſt moments, could he have foreſeen, that of two deſcendants from him, one (Madame de Maintenon) ſhould be the miſtreſs, the companion, or the unacknowledged wife of Louis fourteen, an abſolute monarch, and a popiſh bigot; and that another, Madame Villette, ſhould be married to Lord Bolingbroke, a profligate ſceptic, a diſbeliever, and a political turncoat.

When we conſider the life of D'Aubigny, and the ſpirit of the times in which he lived, it may perhaps be uſeful to aſk, if a man of ſo unbending a caſt, was juſtifiable in oppoſing himſelf and his followers, againſt the ſenſe, the prejudices, and opinions of the majority of his countrymen; and whether it was not the duty of a wife and good man, however well-founded his religious perſuaſions, to have kept them to himſelf, or to have retired to a foreign country.

To this obſervation it may be replied, that the Hugonots had no choice between having their throats cut, or their practiſing the degrading idolatries of popery, an ignominious compromiſe hateful to God and man; ſo ſituated, no ſincere Chriſtian, no man of conſiſtency, religious or political, could heſitate a moment.

DAUGHTERS: "I have daughters almoſt women, and am under the neceſſity of introducing them into life."

Such was the reaſon lately given by a ſilly woman for *launching out,* as ſhe called it, and plunging into expences far beyond the limits of her huſband's fortune; a reaſon I could not liſten to without evident marks of diſguſt and ſurprize.

It would hardly be credited, did not inſtances every day occur, that parents, for the *bare chance* of getting huſbands for their children, ſhould expoſe themſelves to the certainty of pecuniary embarraſſment, inſtead

ſtead of laying up an augmented reſerve of ſolace for age and infirmity.

I am ſick and tired of ſuch apologies for improvident abſurdity; beſides, that this ſame buſineſs of *launching out*, ſpoils nine in ten of the parties concerned for wives and for mothers; will any man, *worth having*, place his happineſs in the power of a woman, with whom, if ſhe follows the example of her own family, it is not probable he will live, on any decent terms, a month?

The proper poſt and purſuit of perſons in the ſituation, and under the circumſtances I have deſcribed, is in the boſom of retirement and domeſtic duty; if the young women do not get huſbands, (as times go, no great misfortune) they will be qualified to paſs through life with credit, tranquillity, and internal comfort; but, if their matrimonial hopes *ſhould* be crowned with ſucceſs, they will bring a man, what excels the moſt ſplendid fortune and accompliſhment; a pure mind, a healthy body, a cultivated underſtanding, well-formed habits, regulated paſſions, and A DISPOSITION TO SUBMIT; for this is what men *all* expect, however tender their tale, but will not all confeſs.

Without theſe moſt deſirable of all marriage portions, Hymen is a malignant dæmon, and marriage a ſtate of torment.

DAUPHIN EDITIONS of the Claſſics.

It deſerves repeating as a ſmall return for the aſſiſtance moſt literary men have received in early life from theſe uſeful labors; it deſerves repeating, that they were firſt undertaken at the ſuggeſtion of Huet, Biſhop of Avranches, for the inſtruction of his royal pupil, a ſon of Lewis the fourteenth, and more immediately under the direction of the French prelate Boſſue.

Virgil was *edited* (a word I diſlike, good Dr. M.) by De la Rue; Horace, Juvenal, and Perſius, by Deſprez; Livy was illuſtrated by Doujat, with the ſupplementary aid of Freinſhemius; Salluſt, by Creſpin; and Terence, by Nicholas Camus.

Colleſſon ſuperintended Martial, Claudian was aſſigned to Pyron, and Plautus to De L' Œuvre; Madame Dacier proved herſelf fully equal to the taſk of ſuperviſing Florus, Aurelius, Victor, and Eutropius; the editions of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, were by Philip du Bois.

Tacitus was publiſhed by Pichona; and we have an excellent edition of Pliny, in five volumes, by the learned jeſuit, John Harduin,

douin, who is always ingenious but sometimes extravagant in conjecture; a useful edition of the Orations of Cicero by the indefatigable jesuit, Merouville, ought not to be omitted in this article; the diligent Mattaire, though not a Dauphin editor, and whose only patron was a bookseller, deserves to be mentioned with praise.

DAVIS, HENRY EDWARDS, an Oxford divine, a learned polemic, and a furious assailant of the author of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; the only antagonist who appears to have irritated Mr. Gibbon; whether this effect is to be attributed to the degrading nature of some of his charges, or the unanswerable truth of others, it is not my business to determine.

Yet, many of the strictures and remarks of Mr. Davis, are so important, that the proprietors of the history, would render an essential service to the cause of Christianity, were they to annex them as notes to every future edition of that celebrated work, stripped of their petulance, and *some* of their unfounded assertions.

The subject of our present article, who, at the moment of his attack on a highly endowed writer, was only in his twenty-third year, accuses him of misrepresentation, inaccuracy, and plagiarism; asserts, that to prevent detection, he artfully adopts a mode of reference and quotation, loose, incorrect, and unsatisfactory; that for the sake of indulging a vein of splenetic wit, he imputes to the fathers, and other venerable writers, opinions, which cannot be deduced from their words without the most unwarrantable perversion; and lastly, that instead of perusing original works, he derives most of his authorities from French translations.

Such accusations affecting Mr. Gibbon's credit as a writer, and his honour as a gentleman, at length forced from him an unwilling reply; many of his opponent's observations, indeed the greater part, he has refuted, to others, it must be confessed, he has not given a satisfactory answer, particularly in the business of a passage from Gennadius, which the historian evidently misrepresented, or did not understand.

Davis, in most instances, is sensible, profound and acute, but quoting different editions from those referred to by the man he criticises, is evidently, at

at times, the origin of his cenſure; his ſtrictures and deductions are frequently unfair, his language and inſinuations groſs and unbecoming; he probably thought Luther an example ſufficiently reſpectable to authorize ſcurrility, and ſeems to have been of opinion, that no terms of decency or good manners ſhould be obſerved with the enemy of revelation.

In his anſwer, Mr. Gibbon having occaſion to mention Dr. Watſon's criticiſm, he calls it a keen weapon, but Davis's book a ruſtic cudgel; to an illiberal hint from the latter, of his not poſſeſſing a ſufficient number of proper books, he replies: "If Mr. Davis will call, at any time *when I am not at home*, my ſervant ſhall ſhew him the library."

In the courſe of this animated controverſy, it was remarked, that the tutor of Baliol received from the king a handſome pecuniary preſent, and that his majeſty, a few days after, ſigned the hiſtorian's appointment as a commiſſioner of the board of trade.

Of theſe apparently contradictory tranſactions, it may be ſaid, that the money given, two hundred guineas, was an honorable reward to the young ſcholar for defending Chriſtianity; but that the place was merely a treaſury bargain, between the member for a borough in Cornwall, and the great man in Downing-ſtreet, his patron and confidential friend.

Mr. Davis, as a ſcholar and a clergyman, appears to have poſſeſſed talents and acquirements requiſite for controverſy, in a very high degree, but feeling himſelf maſter of his weapons, and elated by the juſtice and importance of his cauſe, occaſionally departed from the meek ſpirit of that religion whoſe cauſe he defended.

Yet, the mild philanthrophy of our Saviour, on one occaſion, was rouzed to energy and reſiſtance, when he ſaw the temple of God polluted by worldly traffic.

Davis uſually gave as a reaſon and an excuſe for the undue heat and indecorum of his language, that his antagoniſt was an unfair enemy; an aſſaſſin, he would ſay, who ſtabbed religion in the dark; and it cannot be denied, that an open and profeſſed attack would have been more honorable in Mr. Gibbon, than proceeding by ſneer, ſarcaſm, and inſidious implication.

Being once warmly cenſured at a friend's table for ſuch unwarrantable conduct, he replied in the following words: "My adver-

adverſaries may dwell as much as they pleaſe on the generoſity and courage of fair fighting on open ground; but I cannot meet on equal terms opponents, who have more than two thirds of the civilized portion of mankind on *their* ſide.

"Whatever may be my convictions; and all that has been ſaid ſerves only to confirm them, I feel no inclination to challenge and defy a numerous, and, in many inſtances, a reſpectable body of men, an *imperium in imperio*, who live by the faith they defend, and are deeply intrenched in dignity, revenue, eſtabliſhment, authority, influence, and prejudice."

The ſubject of our preſent article had qualified himſelf for theological conteſt at the expence of his health; with a frame and conſtitution naturally delicate and tender, he died at an early age, of a complication of diſorders brought on by a ſtudious and ſedentary life.

DEBAUCHED NUN. The following animated addreſs to an unfortunate woman of this deſcription, caught my eye in haſtily turning over the works of Saint Ambroſe.

Many readers having expreſſed a wiſh to ſee the original of the extracts I make, as well as a verſion, I will firſt produce it in the emphatic words of the holy father, and then attempt a tranſlation.

Virgo nobilis, dicata Chriſto, ſapiens, erudita, ruit in foveam turpitudinis, ſe perdidit et eccleſiam maculavit; quod ſanctum fuit, datum eſt canibus, margaritæ miſſæ ſunt ad porcos.

Eras virgo, continues the ſaint, addreſſing himſelf more immediately to the offender, eras virgo in Paradiſo, ſponſa Chriſti, templum Dei; in eccleſia ſplendebas ut argentum et aurum.

Quæ iſta ſubitanea mutatio; facta es corruptio Sathanæ, tugurium diaboli; quæ incedebas ut columba nunc lates in tenebris ut ſtellio, quæ fueras ut ſtella, converſa es in carbonem.

Sed dictura es forſan, non potui ſuſtinere propter carnis fragilitatem; nolui hoc malum, ſed violentia paſſa ſum: reſpondebit tibi Suſannah: "Ego inter duos preſbyteros poſita, invicta manebam quia non voluntaria:" non poteſt carno corrumpi, niſi mens ante corrumpitur; remanebit in crimine anima, quæ carnem præcedit in voluptate. Tu ab uno ineptiſſimo adoleſcente, et in media civitate; quomodo vim potuiſti perferre? Quis tuas voces audivit?

Poſt illatam violentiam quare non

non hoſtem pudicitiæ tuæ in publicum deduxiſſes: erubuiſti forſan, ne multi cognoſcerent: quid autem dicis de ſecunda commixtione, quid de tertia, quid de frequenti commercio.

Te nec pater, nec mater compulit ut virginitatem profitereris; ultro et propria voluntate profeſſa es; multæ difficultates, et viæ arduæ virginitatis, monſtratæ erant; ſed pertinaciter perſtitiſti, et revelationes datas dixiſti.

Nonne memoras diem qua te altari obtuliſti, velandam in eccleſia Dei, inter lumina ſplendida; quaſi regi regina nuptura proceſſeras, et ſi fæmina nuptiis conjuncta mortali, non ſine magno periculo perpetrat adulterium, quid putas fore, ſi copula ſpirtualis cum deo immortali, teſtibus angelis hominibuſque ſolvitur?

Cupio prodeſſe ſed non poſſum; infirmitas tua omnem medicinam excluſit; lugubres accipe veſtes; membra et jejunio et punitione caſtiga, amputentur crines, defluant lacrymæ, palleſcat facies, macerctur corpus, cineres aſpergentur, cor liqueſcat; valde timendum eſt te futuras pœnas Gehenæ in hoc parvo vitæ ſpatio non poſſe effugere.

Quid autem arbitraris de te fili ſerpentis, miniſter diaboli, violator templi Dei, qui uno ſcelere duo crimina perpetraſti, adulterium et ſacrilegium; perdite et perditor qui vas conſecratum Chriſto impie temeraſti et polluiſti.

Melius fuerat te non eſſe natum; ve tibi miſerrime; blandiaris et dicas. 'Non ſolus egi, multos habeo ſocios; ſed recogita multitudinem ſociorum impunitatem non facere. Nam Sodoma et Gomorra in totis quinque civitatibus, innumerabiles habitabant populi, ſed omnes pariter igneis imbribus conflagrati ſunt.'

TRANSLATION.

A virgin of a noble family, accompliſhed, and, before her preſent diſhonourable lapſe, of unblemiſhed reputation, has ruſhed into the ſties of uncleanneſs, and diſgraced the ſociety of which ſhe was a member; that which was pronounced holy, is given unto dogs, a precious pearl is thrown before ſwine.

Thou wer't a virgin, continues the holy father, addreſſing himſelf more immediately to the deluded woman; thou wer't a virgin in Paradiſe, the ſpouſe of Chriſt, the temple of God, an ornament and bleſſing to his church: alas, how fallen; thou art become an outcaſt of ſatan, a dwelling place for the devil; thou who wer't beautiful and innocent

cent as a turtle dove, now ſecreteſt thyſelf in obſcene corners like a filthy reptile.

Perhaps thou wilt ſay, 'human nature is frail, that thou hadſt the inclination but neither power nor ſtrength to reſiſt;' recollect the example of Suſannah, who, although aſſaulted by two elders, preſerved herſelf inviolate, becauſe her will was unſubdued; it ſeldom happens that the body is debauched unleſs the mind is previouſly corrupted; imagination is often a more dangerous enemy than the ſeducer; but in this reſpect you have no excuſe; for the companion of your crime is a ſilly weak youth, and you were in the midſt of a populous city; if you had choſen to have exerted yourſelf and to have raiſed your voice, aſſiſtance might have been procured from various quarters; can you produce one perſon who heard you cry out?

But, allowing that you yielded to brutal force in the firſt inſtance, why did you not proſecute the offender? 'I was aſhamed,' you will ſay, 'to appear publicly on ſuch an occaſion;' alas, you are not aſhamed to live in the daily repetition of your ſin.

You cannot plead that you were obliged to take the veil againſt your will; you *profeſſed* voluntarily and of your own accord; the difficulties you had to encounter were repeatedly explained and pointed out to you; but you perſiſted in your reſolution, and pretended to tell of cœleſtial communications.

Is it poſſible that you can forget that awful day when you preſented yourſelf before God's altar, in the face of your country, your parents, and your friends, with the pomp and ſplendor of a royal bride; and if the adultery of a woman joined in holy wedlock with a mere mortal, be grievouſly puniſhed, what will be her lot who breaks a vow ſolemnly made to Almighty God before men and angels?

I would wiſh if poſſible to ſave you from perdition, but fear your crime cannot be expiated; one method of proceeding only remains: abandon your ſeducer, cut off your hair, and lay aſide all ornamental dreſs; put on ſackcloth and aſhes, retire to ſolitude and ſilence; mortify your paſſions by a ſpare diet and frequent faſtings; puniſh your body by wholſome chaſtiſement, and devote the remainder of your days to lamentation, tears, and repentance; it is not my wiſh to drive you to deſpair, but I much fear that the ſhort ſpace of life which remains, is inſufficient to

to enable you to propitiate the wrath of Heaven, and ſnatch you from the jaws of hell.

For thee, thou vile ſeducer, thou child of ſatan and ſervant of the devil, thou violater of God's temple, who by one act haſt perpetrated two crimes, adultery and ſacrilege; who haſt brought down everlaſting deſtruction on thyſelf, and rendered a fellow creature for ever miſerable; better had it been for thee that thou hadſt never been born; do not flatter and ſoothe thyſelf with ſaying, 'That thou art neither the firſt, nor the only man who has committed the ſame crime; that thou haſt numbers to keep thee in countenance.'

Remember the fate of Sodom, Gomorrah, and three other cities, involved in their abominations; they were wealthy, extenſive and populous; but numbers did not protect them; they were all alike deſtroyed by fire from heaven.

The immediate conſequence and effect of this impreſſive declaration is not recollected; nor am I able to determine, whether it was on this occaſion that Saint Ambroſe was attacked by ſome violent virago, who, irritated by reproof, and probably exaſperated by ſelf-accuſation, ruſhed into the pulpit or reading deſk, (αμβων) and actually attempted to drag down the holy father; in this indecorous outrage, from youth and ſuperior ſtrength, ſhe would probably have ſucceeded, but for the ſpeedy and effectual interference of the congregation, who ſeized and conveyed the *ſturdy polemic* out of the church.

This ſingular circumſtance I perfectly recollect reading an account of, but the cauſe which led to it, and the author by whom it is related, have wholly eſcaped my memory.

A lady *inſiſts* that the following poetical rhapſody of a proteſtant writer on the ſubject of monaſtic vows, ought to be annexed to the preſent article.

"I am not ſurprized that ſo many young women are tempted to take the habit of this order, (of our Lady of the Conception) for indeed it is bewitching; it is of the fineſt white woollen cloth, of a delicate texture, ſpotleſs and ſoft as ſwans' down; a thin tranſparent black veil, rather heightening than concealing the beauties of the face; a pompous and ſplendid ceremonial; muſic, lights, and a thouſand flattering and attractive circumſtances, are admirably calculated to ſoothe and gratify that pride, which,

under

under the garb of devotion, ſometimes takes ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the human heart.

"But turn thy eyes from the deception, loveliest of creatures, be not enticed by the charms of the ſpell, *there is magic in the web.*

"When once the fatal vow has paſſed thy lips, the bloſſoms of thy beauty will wither, thy roſes fade, and thy lilies loſe their fragrance; thoſe ringlets which now adorn the beauties of thy neck, muſt be torn from thy head; thoſe eyes, which *now* it is not ſafe to look at, will be drowned in tears; and that voice now breathing melody, and inſpiring ſoft deſire, will ſoon utter only ſighs and unpitied groans.

"What will then avail graceful motions, eaſy ſteps, faſcinating airs, love-darting eyes, and treſſes like the morn; ſtatues only, or men like ſtatues, ſhall behold thy beauties, and none but angels liſten to thy ſong."

DEBBIEG, COLONEL, an engineer in the Engliſh ſervice, involved in a diſpute with his commanding officer the Duke of Richmond, at that time maſter general of the ordnance; on this occaſion, making uſe of diſreſpectful language, he was tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and reprimanded.

The duke profeſſed himſelf ſatisfied, and obſerved, that the tranſaction ſhould never be mentioned, or thought of to his injury; he alſo ſpoke of favors which he had conferred, or meant to confer, on the military veteran.

But Debbieg, conceiving he had an inconteſtable right to deliver his opinion without ceremony, on the point at iſſue between himſelf and the maſter-general, immediately replied, "If I have at any time received benefits from his grace, they have, like certain bleſſings from heaven, *appeared in diſguiſe.*"

The ſubject on which he gave his opinion in that indecorous and offenſive tone with which practical men ſometimes treat viſionary theoriſts, was the formidable fortification ſyſtem, which at the time excited conſiderable attention and debate.

It was obſerved, that in an iſland like Great Britain, whoſe pride and ſafeguard are, and ever have been, its wooden walls, it was obſerved, that after ſecuring ninety-nine points, you are equally open to an attack at the hundredth, beſides, that you are providing a retreat and batteries for an enemy, which, if he once makes

makes a lodgment, he turns againſt yourſelf.

With our naval arſenals, ſufficiently fortified to prevent a ſudden deſcent, or a *coup de main*, and an active, well-diſciplined, *moveable* force kept up, we have little to fear; a powerful, a ſuperior navy will now more than ever be indiſpenſable to watch and to ſcourge the inſidious arrogance and boundleſs ambition of France.

In fact, the tremendous plans of the Duke of Richmond, however well-meant, and defeated only by Wolfran Cornwall's ſingle vote, would have involved us in an expence of money, and of men to man the works, wholly incompatible with our eſtabliſhment, our reſources, and our population; every other exertion would have been crippled, and the exhauſted country, at length, have been reduced to a condition not worth defending.

DEBTS OF THE PRINCE, a ſource of conſiderable regret to the friends, and of malignant triumph to the enemies of royalty, a ſubject on which much has been well and much indecorouſly ſaid.

I ſee neither truth, juſtice, nor policy in *their* arguments, who ſpeak of the indignity offered by thoſe who, contributing ſo handſomely to ſupport, expect from kings, their deſcendants, and, indeed, all public functionaries, retrenchment of public expence; in times and circumſtances like the preſent, ſuch doctrines are falſe as they are fatal; we expect frugality in every branch of public expenditure, and WE HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT IT.

The expedient of temporary retirement was practiſed with ſucceſs, in the beginning of the preſent century, by George Lewis, Margrave of Bareith; finding his exchequer empty, and a long catalogue of debts, particularly four hundred and ſixty thouſand florins due to the late King of Pruſſia, it was ſuggeſted, that new taxes muſt be laid on his ſubjects.

The margrave rejected this advice with honeſt indignation, and determining to rely on prudent economy, rather than on the patience and generoſity of his people, he diſmiſſed a uſeleſs and expenſive train of ſervants and of horſes, appointed a regency, and retired to Geneva: Having liquidated his debts, he returned, and enjoyed the public love, in ſober ſplendor and magnificent hoſpitality.

"The predicament in which you are placed," ſays the author of

of a loyal and ſolemn expoſtulation, addreſſed to the Prince of Wales, " the predicament in which you are placed is awkward and ſingular.

" At a moment when Europe is almoſt over-run with republican torrents, and the barriers of monarchy are ſhaken to their foundation, by the doctrines and arms of triumphant democracy; when the dynaſty of the Bourbons is grovelling in the duſt, when liberty and equality are almoſt elbowing us from our hereditary ſeats; at ſuch a moment, moſt prudent princes, at leaſt, moſt prudent men, would have thrown over the diſproportioned form and morbid excreſcences of ariſtocracy, a ſalutary veil, of exterior decency and moderation.

" Judge then of our ſurprize, after an immenſe ſum ſo lately paid; with an income fully adequate to neceſſary expenditure and dignified ſuperfluity; imagine our ſurprize at your *again* preſenting yourſelf burdened with debts, which, accumulating in endleſs items, puzzled the arithmetician to calculate, and perplex your *new* friend, the chancellor of the exchequer, to palliate or name.

" It is not my wiſh to violate the reſpect due to a prince, or the decorum to a gentleman, by ſcurility and perſonal invective; but, permit me, ſir, as the tried friend of your family, to lay before your royal highneſs, the ſentiments of your foes, and to point out the advantages they will take of your thoughtleſs and imprudent behaviour.

" ' Such conduct,' ſay theſe cenſurers of others, themſelves ſo impatient of reproof, ' ſuch conduct in the prince, while thouſands are ſinking under hunger and want, is cruel and unfeeling; it is adding inſult to the afflictions of the poor, and implies, that he has no reſpect for public opinion, no concern for the common calamities of mankind.'

" Truſt me, my gracious prince, we will not give credit to theſe harſh, theſe unfounded ſuggeſtions, we anticipate more joyful events, and our hopes are in ſome meaſure fulfilled: an honeſt man may now venture to approach the portico of your palace, the magic of Calypſo hath loſt its bewitching influence; the wolves, the vultures, the harpies, the hyænas, are driven from their obſcene receſſes, at the radiant approach of the blue-eyed Caroline and love."

Since my laſt impreſſion, a long and animated diſcuſſion has taken place, on the ſubject of the profits

profits of the Dutchy of Cornwall; from all that hath been said, the deduction is short and clear; if this part of his royal highnesses income was received by the king, during the prince's minority, it ought, on every principle of justice and common sense, to be repaid from his majesty's privy purse, after making a reasonable, or if you please, a princely allowance for the expences of education; the whole is a private transaction between man and man; nor, in consequence of it, can any new demand be made on the public with propriety or decency: *he who refunds, having of necessity first received, cannot be injured, though he may be disappointed.*

DE CAURRES, JOHN, or DE COURRES, for the printing is so execrably executed, that I cannot *make out* the word, principal of the college at Amiens, in fifteen hundred and seventy-five, and author of AN ODE IN PRAISE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW; it is among his *moral* works, in octavo; Paris, fifteen hundred and seventy-six.

This odious butchery has also been justified by Gabriel Naudè, in his Considerations Politiques sur les coups d'Etat; Philip the second, King of Spain, and Pope Gregory the thirteenth (Hugues Buoncompagno) also celebrated the bloody proceeding, by processions, public prayers, by thanksgiving, and by medals.

I have heard, or have dreamed, of a man who defended the murderer of Abel, praised Job's wife, and pronounced a panegyric on the conduct of Iscariot.

DECAYED MEMORY, one of the phœnomena of.

Theodore Beza, during the last six years of his life, lost all recollection of present objects and present subjects, but retained correctly early impressions, particularly literary compositions.

Being visited by a friend, he repeatedly forgot what they were talking of, and seeing his old associate about to leave him, with a melancholy conviction that his faculties were irrecoverably impaired, Beza requested him to sit a little longer, and soon after repeated to him a large portion of the Psalms of David in Hebrew, and of the Epistles of St. Paul in Greek.

This well-authenticated fact may be accounted for on the theory, that impressions made on wax *while it is soft*, are deeper and more durable, than those indented on it when it has acquired a harder surface.

DECIUS

DECIUS LABERIUS, a Roman knight, desired, or as we should say in the language of a modern theatre, *commanded* to act on a stage, in the decline of life, by Julius Cæsar.

This circumstance is related with emphatic indignation by a modern writer, as a strong instance of unfeeling despotism; yet, more is made of it than the transaction will bear.

Laberius, originally a player, had retired from the theatre, with limbs stiffened by old age, an impaired memory, and diminished skill; to be called on from a quarter he durst not resist, to risque a reputation already established, was extremely unpleasant; yet, on such occasions, the public seldom forget their old favorites, and make large allowance for infirmity, and a want of that dexterity which can only be acquired and retained by diligence and constant practice.

The case of Laberius being the subject of conversation, in a certain company it was asked, in what manner, the late excellent David Garrick, ten years after his quitting the stage, would have noticed such a mandate from our present king: "He would instantly have refused, what no power on earth could have obliged an Englishman to comply with:" was the reply of a person present.

The editor of this collection ventured to be of a different opinion; and when he recollects the good-nature and good sense, so happily blended in this eminent actor, he can almost see him shrugging up his shoulders, and with one of his inimitable ironical looks, in which regret was almost suppressed by merriment, exclaiming; "I confess I had rather sit by my own fire side at Hampton, but if such is his majesty's pleasure, I know the goodness of his heart, and that he will not forget *prèndre moi telle que je suis.*"

DE DOMINIS, MARK ANTHONY, Archbishop of Spalatro, in the Venetian territory of Dalmatia, during the pontificate of Camillo Borghesi, who governed the church under the title of Paul the fifth.

Professing strong objections against the errors and corruptions of popery, hoping to reduce the great points of dissent between the protestants and catholics to a narrow compass, and to procure, by mutual concession, a cordial union, this Italian prelate, in the year sixteen hundred and sixteen, travelled into England.

He

He was received with kindneſs and attention by King James the firſt, who ſeems to have been pleaſed with the opportunity of diſplaying, to a foreign dignitary, his learning and polemic dexterity, as head of the Engliſh church.

The rank of the archbiſhop, and the errand on which he came, excited conſiderable notice; he was complimented by the univerſities, entertained with magnificent hoſpitality at Lambeth, and being conſidered as a ſeceder from papiſtic ſuperſtition, he was appointed Dean of Windſor, maſter of the hoſpital at the Savoy, and preſented to the valuable rectory of Iſley, in Berkſhire.

To pave the way for his reception, he had, previous to his arrival, publiſhed the grounds of his diſſent, which he called Scogli del Chriſtiano Naufragio, or Rocks on which Chriſtianity hath been Shipwrecked; theſe he claſſes under the heads of maſs, auricular confeſſion, purgatory, which he denominates a fooliſh fancy, the worſhip of ſaints, plenary indulgence, and ſprinkling of holy water; the laſt he calls a remnant of pagan ſuperſtition, and ſcruples not to ſtyle the pope, Antichriſt and a tyrannical uſurper, and the majority of common catholics FORMAL IDOLATORS, WHO ADORE BREAD AS THE TRUE GOD.

The prelate profeſſes his entire diſbelief of tranſubſtantiation, but adds, that he conſiders this tenet of the church of Rome, as a miſtake in philoſophy, rather than a theological error, and he concludes with obſerving, that in both churches, proteſtant as well as catholic, there was ſomething laudable, ſomething tolerable, and ſomething intolerable.

The king, and the eſtabliſhed clergy, were pleaſed with what they conſidered as an unequivocal recantation of popiſh errors; but the puritans, and a large party of the more unaccommodating members of the church of England, ſome of whom had been eye-witneſſes of the religious perſecutions and burnings of the bloody-minded Mary, regarded De Dominis with antipathy and ſuſpicion; being of opinion that nothing good could come from Rome, they conſidered the archbiſhop as little better than a catholic emiſſary ſent to ſow diſſention, and ſee the nakedneſs of the land; a wolf in ſheep's cloathing, inſidiouſly deputed from the whore of Babylon.

Diligent enquirers diſcovered alſo, other motives for this journey,

journey, and attributed his declarations againſt the pope to perſonal enmity, becauſe the pontiff had compelled him to pay a Suffragan biſhop five hundred crowns a year out of his epiſcopal revenues.

But whatever were the real motives by which the prelate was influenced, he diligently purſued the avowed object of his journey, and thinking it a neceſſary preliminary ſtep, to ſimplify and arrange the objections and anſwers of both parties; he publiſhed, while in England, which was during a period of ten years, two volumes in folio, De Republica Chriſtiana, a learned work, written with conſiderable candor, and in good Latin, with a ſplendid portrait of the author prefixed; the arguments brought forward againſt popery, in this elaborate production, are conſidered, by many good judges, as unanſwerable.

But, after De Dominis had collected and publiſhed the principal grounds of the proteſtant ſeparation, he complained, and I think with reaſon, that he was not permitted to publiſh the anſwers and objections of the catholics.

If his ſtatement in this particular was correct, his opponents proceeded in a way often practiſed in religious controverſies; in ſtruggling for ſuperiority, in the war of claſhing intereſts, and the fury of outrageous paſſion, we too often loſe ſight of candor and of juſtice; power, like Jupiter in his diſpute with a countryman, who pretended to have an opinion of his own, *will ſhew its thunderbolt.*

A tranſaction, concluded on ſimilar principles, took place in Holland, during the furious Arminian diſputes, which once ſo violently agitated that commercial republic; after a long, a bitter, but ineffectual ſtruggle, public notice was given, that on a certain day, a miniſter of each party ſhould preach, one in the morning of the approaching Sabbath, and his opponent in the afternoon.

At the time appointed, an orthodox miniſter mounted the pulpit, and preached *for three hours*, to a numerous congregation, friends and foes of all perſuaſions; he handled his ſubject with ſo much ſkill, that in the opinion of the majority, his point was eſtabliſhed beyond all poſſibility of contradiction.

Some of the moſt violent of his adverſaries, who, with all their virulence and zeal, had thought very little of the ſubject, in a cool unprejudiced way, began to doubt their being right, and many of the wavering multitude

titude declared themſelves entirely of the ſame opinion with the preacher; the teachers and leaders of thoſe who diſſented, retired ſilent and ſullen.

After a haſty dinner, they returned with impatience to feaſt on the more delicious pleaſure of confuting and confounding their enemies by incontrovertible argument; a mortifying and unexpected circumſtance deprived them of this gratification.

They found the doors of the church ſhut, and ſurrounded by an armed force, with the civil magiſtrate at their head; he informed the malcontents, that the diſcourſe delivered in the morning, had produced ſuch general conviction, that the matter in diſpute was conſidered as ſatisfactorily and finally ſettled; that nothing further muſt be advanced on the ſubject, and that ſuch as continued refractory and obſtinate, would be puniſhed as diſturbers of the public peace; the diſappointed and exaſperated ſectaries retired, groaning and vowing vengeance.

But, to return to the Archbiſhop of Spalatro; reports began to circulate unfavorable to his honour and integrity; it had been diſcovered that ſeveral letters had paſſed between him and the pope, by means of the Spaniſh ambaſſador, and, that under certain conditions, the fugitive eccleſiaſtic had agreed to reviſit Italy.

The biſhops of London and of Durham, and Dr. Young, Dean of Wincheſter, waited on him by the king's deſire, to demand an explanation of his conduct.

The archbiſhop received them with that ſort of complaiſant, but reſerved demeanor, which a man who expects an offer to be made him, and thinks he has been rather undervalued, ſometimes puts on; he acknowledged his intention of returning to Rome, lamented that he had undertaken a buſineſs too weighty and too complicated for human wiſdom, and obſerved, in a way which ſeemed to mean more than it expreſſed, *that preferment to the amount of three thouſand pounds a year, was reſerved by the pope for his acceptance.*

With all his ſtrong convictions of the fraudulent corruptions of the Vatican, he could not reſiſt ſuch a temptation; his appointments in England not producing more than a fourth part of that ſum.

It was in vain that the proteſtant eccleſiaſtics expoſtulated with him on his inconſiſtent conduct, and inſiſted that the poſitions and declarations in his Scoglio del Chriſtiano Naufragio, made

made it impoſſible for an honeſt man, or a ſineere Chriſtian, to return to the eatholie faith; they hinted, in a gentle way, on the opportunities he was giving his enemies to call him mereenary and worldly-minded.

The prelate replied, that the miſconſtructions of ignoranee or malevolence, did not at all affect a well-meaning independent man; that the object of his viſit to England, was to render eſſential ſervice to both ehurches, and as he believed to the cauſe of Chriſtianity, whoſe ſalutary purpoſes were beſt forwarded by cordial union and purity of doctrine: after ſeveral ineffectual meetings, De Dominis was ordered to quit the kingdom, without obtaining an audience of the king, which he ardently and repeatedly requeſted.

An aecount of this tranſaction was publiſhed in ſmall quarto, (London 1624) under the following title——The Religious Shiftings of Mark Anthony De Dominis, Arehbiſhop of Spalatro, a Man for many Maſters. The mereenary queſtion of Iſcariot to the Jews, being aptly choſen for a motto: Et ait illis quid vultis mihi dare? Matthew xxvi. 15.

Before he reeeived this temperate eorrection from his friends in England, whom he had certainly ill-uſed, he was ſeverely cenſured by the eatholies, in a little book publiſhed at Antwerp, in ſixteen hundred and ſeventeen, under the title of the Pythagorean Tranſmigration of Mark Anthony De Dominis, *late* Arehbiſhop of Spalatro, into a Wolf in a Sheep's Skin. This production of Paul Boudot, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, and Canon of Cambray, is a curious ſpecimen of literary ſcurrility, written in elaſſieal Latin.

I remember in this inexcuſable perſonal attaek, that the writer draws a parallel between the hoary-headed churchman, and the beautiful Suſannah, who is ſaid in the Old Teſtament to have been aſſaulted by libidinous elders: being at a loſs to diſeover the analogy, I found on a further reading, that Luther and Calvin were the infuriate debauchees, who had eorrupted the faith, and violated the chaſtity of the prelate.

His conduct on this oeeaſion, was alſo eoarſely abuſed by Richard Craekenthorpe, Rector of Black Notley, in Eſſex, in his Defenſio Eccleſiæ Angelieanæ eontra M. A. De Dominis, Arehiepiſe. Spalatens.—Londini 1625.

Although the Arehbiſhop of Spalatro was certainly eulpable, I am not altogether of their opinion,

opinion, who conſider his voyage to England, and the motives which led to it, as inſidious and mercenary; I cannot but think that he was ſincerely deſirous of purifying the church in which he was educated, from fraudulent ſuperſtition and cabaliſtic fineſſe; but he could not forget, that in that church, with all its faults, he enjoyed the emoluments, honors, and proſpects of an archbiſhop.

To deſcend from a throne to a deanry; from ſitting with princes, to become at once the humble director of virgers, chanters, and vicars-choral; from haranguing a general council, or influencing a conclave, to perform the humiliating taſk of watching for broken-voiced choriſters, and deciding on counter-tenors and deep baſes, was one of thoſe ſacrifices of feeling and intereſt, which, how much-ſoever it may be our duty, human nature is not always prepared to make.

The Italian expected, as is the caſe with many of us, to be rewarded for doing right; hoping to be made, at leaſt, a proteſtant biſhop; but being diſappointed in this reaſonable expectation, and finding that nothing further was deſigned for him, he reſolved to make his peace with that eſtabliſhment, which had already raiſed him to honor and emolument, and ſtill promiſed to add *three thouſand pounds a year to his income.*

Sometimes I have imagined, that it would have been for the intereſt of true religion, had De Dominis been made an Engliſh biſhop, after a public, formal, and ſolemn recantation of his errors, as he poſſeſſed conſiderable learning and acuteneſs, and was well acquainted with the myſterious arts of Rome; he would have proved uſeful on the ſame principle that an old ſmuggler generally makes an active and uſeful cuſtom-houſe officer.

But mark the archbiſhop's fate, ye reformers and meliorators of the world!!——After quitting an honourable and ſecure aſylum in England, he repaired to Rome, but, inſtead of preferment to the amount of three thouſand pounds a year, he was caſt into priſon, where he paſſed the remainder of his life.

A third volume of his Republica Chriſtiana was publiſhed after he quitted London, and ſince preparing this article for my printer, I have met with a ſermon, preached in Italian by the prelate, on the firſt Sunday in Advent, and printed at London in 1617.

This diſcourſe on theſe words, "The night is far ſpent, and the day

day is at hand, let us therefore caſt off the works of darkneſs, and put on the armour of light," is a good practical diſcourſe, but perpetually clouded with Latin quotations from the vulgate.

He alſo left a work, De Radiis Lucis et de Viſu, which is mentioned with praiſe, by Sir Iſaac Newton and Leibnitz.

DE GONDY, JOHN FRANCIS PAUL, Archbiſhop of Corinth, Cardinal De Retz, and coadjutor to his uncle, the Archbiſhop of Paris, whom he ſucceeded in form, but not in effect. This ambitious and turbulent prelate, taking advantage of popular diſcontent, privately encouraged, but publicly reprehended, a faction, who called themſelves *frondeurs* (ſlingers) during the minority of Lewis the thirteenth.

It cannot be denied that Cardinal Mazarine was a cruel unprincipled miniſter, who endeavoured, by every means in his power, to oppreſs and enſlave mankind; but it does not appear that the motives of his opponent De Retz, and his party, were either laudable or patriotic; uninfluenced by public ſpirit, they ſeem, *like other popular leaders*, to have conſidered the people as humble inſtruments in their hands, with which they promoted their own ambitious and ſelfiſh purpoſes.

The ſubject of our preſent article, and his ſecretary Guy Joli, have left memoirs, which might, and would have been intereſting and entertaining, had not their narratives been perpetually interrupted and perplexed, by trifling incident and circumſtances foreign to the buſineſs; the book of the latter, proves what has been often ſaid, that no great man was ever a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre.

It was the faſhion of that period, to quote the Claſſics, and De Retz had the reputation of apt recollection and ready application: perceiving on a certain occaſion, that his hearers were expecting this favorite ornament of ſpeech, and not remembering a paſſage exactly to the purpoſe, he ſucceſsfully ventured an *extempore* effuſion; being told by ſome of the perſons preſent, that they did not remember the words in any ancient writer, the cardinal coolly replied, "It is in ſome part of Cicero's works, but I cannot exactly point out the place."—That could not be bad Latin which paſſed for the language of Tully.

He did not always exhibit ſuch uſeful preſence of mind; having, by means of friendly aſſiſtance, effected his eſcape from

from a caſtle in which he had been confined, his fears operated ſo powerfully, that he was for ſeveral hours deprived of ſenſe, of ſpeech, and unable to ſit on horſeback.

De Retz has been produced as an inſtance of a man of learning and ability, reſiſted and ruined by antagoniſts of inferior intellect and attainment; theſe triumphs of low cunning and artful manœuvre over genius, wit, and dexterity, are frequent and mortifying; men of ſuperior talents ſhould learn to fight raſcals *with their own weapons*.

The fulſome flattery of dedicators is become proverbial, but theſe gentlemen have not often the aſſurance to praiſe a man for virtues and qualities in which he is groſſly deficient; this praiſe undeſerved, which has been called, *ſatire in diſguiſe*, was however gravely beſtowed by one of the cardinal's humble friends in a florid Latin dedication; the title of the book to which it is prefixed has eſcaped my memory, I can only remember the paſſage, and that the book was an enormous folio.

"Hoc in flagitioſiſſimo ſæculo, te ipſum ſtupendum fidei præbuiſti, et nos a certiſſima ruina eripuiſti; navem quaſſatam procellis in littus *ſubduxeras*; diſcordias civiles virtute tua *compoſuras*."

A critical friend who occaſionally favors theſe articles with a peruſal, inſiſts that the dedicator has ſaved himſelf from the imputation of adulation, by the tenſe of the words in Italic, and that he is ſpeaking of what the cardinal would have done had he ſucceeded.

"Quoties conciones habuiſti," continues the author I have quoted, "toties ſuccum et medullam patrum expreſſiſti; facundiam Chryſoſtomi, Gregorii theologiam, Auguſtini igneos affectus."

It will probably excite a ſmile or a ſigh from my readers, when they are told, that the perſon to whom theſe words were addreſſed, was a profligate politician, devoted to amorous exceſs, and that this *compoſer of civil diſcord*, was, in fact, the firebrand of his country.

When ſo much power was given to the church, thoſe who conferred it did not ſuſpect the enormous ſize, nor the miſchievous purpoſes, to which the authority they were creating would be extended.

That it has ſometimes been exerted for the good of mankind cannot be denied, but, if Conſtantine, Charlemagne, or Alfred,

fred, had been permitted to dive into futurity, they would have ſeen with ſurprize, ſovereigns defied by pontiffs, and their ſubjects plundered, impriſoned, and tortured by inquiſitions.

Starting at the arrogant turbulency of Becket, and the ſeditious hypocriſy of De Retz, they would not have permitted the ſeeds of eccleſiaſtic greatneſs to be ſcattered with ſo laviſh a hand; they would have heard with regret, and have believed with reluctance, that a bloody and myſterious ſyſtem of tyranny, fraud, and extortion, would hereafter be built on the pure and ſublime precepts of the Goſpel.

DE LAVAL, COUNTESS OF, a French lady of quality, niece of the Chancellor De Maupeoux, and deſcribed by one who knew her well, as poſſeſſing an elegant taſte, ſtrong ſenſe, and of undoubted veracity.

I relate the following ſingularity concerning this amiable woman, on the faith of the late Mr. Hans Stanley, who heard it from the lady herſelf.

At a very early period of her life, the ſubject of our preſent article had been in the habit of talking in her ſleep, and was frequently obſerved on thoſe occaſions to utter an incoherent gibberiſh which no one could underſtand; but, on a certain occaſion, being confined to her chamber by illneſs, a woman of Britanny was employed to wait on her as a nurſe; the moment this attendant heard the ſick lady pouring forth, according to cuſtom, theſe ſtrange nocturnal effuſions, ſhe pronounced them to be the uncouth language (may we call it Patois) uſed in that province, and which is as different from the pure Pariſian, as the Corniſh from the converſation of a polite circle in London; it ought to be obſerved, that the counteſs was originally a native of, but had quitted Britanny when very young.

In that country, or in a perſon who ſpoke their dialect, the circumſtance here recorded would not have been extraordinary, but Madame De Laval, when awake, could not ſpeak or even pronounce that jargon, nor underſtand it when ſpoken by another.

From this well-authenticated and indiſputable fact, ſome important metaphyſical concluſions might be drawn.

I cannot quit an article in which mention is made of Hans Stanley, without adding a few words on that able but ſingular man.

It

It was his opinion that intervals of infanity in perſons apparently regular in conduct, and ſound in intellect, were more frequent than is generally imagined, and that thoſe of great powers were moſt ſubject to theſe temporary abſences of reaſon; on the ſame principle, that a horſe which gallops moſt ſpeedily on a journey, will probably be tired firſt.

"As this is the caſe," he concluded, and in a way peculiarly emphatic, which I remember ſtruck me very forcibly, although it is nearly thirty years ago, "let the friends and relations of ſuch perſons keep a watchful eye over them."

On this, and other occaſions, after a long converſation, in which his political ſagacity and ſtrong ſenſe were eminently conſpicuous, to a large and moſt reſpectable company, I have ſeen him ſuddenly riſe from his ſeat, and retire in apparent confuſion to ſolitude and ſilence, where, ſuppoſing himſelf unſeen, from the receſſes of a thick ſhrubbery, I have remarked in his geſtures, look, and deportment, every ſymptom of mental derangement; this afterwards proved to be actually the caſe, and a life, which once promiſed better things, was cloſed in the horrors of ſuicide.

I am aware that interference in circumſtances where infanity is not clearly marked and univerſally acknowledged, is a delicate and dangerous buſineſs, but ſuch are the momentous riſques entailed on friendſhip and affection, ſuch is the price we muſt pay for the moſt invaluable gift of Heaven.

A fear that he once erred in this reſpect, he hopes from an excuſable and not unamiable motive, has been the occaſion of many an anxious moment to the compiler of the preſent page; he earneſtly entreats ſuch of his readers as have relations or friends of a *certain deſcription*, to keep their eyes open, and their attention conſtantly awake to the poſition in which they are placed; let them by no means, or on any motive of delicacy or fear of offence, ſhrink from what is a painful but indiſpenſable duty.

Had ſome perſon nearly and dearly related to Mr. Stanley by friendſhip or by blood, carefully watched the infane paroxyſm, and given orders that a *proper* attendant from Dr. Willis, in the diſguiſe of a livery, or at an eaſy diſtance, ſhould have been placed within the call of ſudden emergency, the deadly blow might have been warded off by medical coercion, and other uncreditable

creditable embarraſſments have been prevented, which I can account for in no other way, but from a temporary abſence of reaſon.

DE LA METTRIE, JULIUS OFFRAI, a French phyſician, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a man of learning and a ſceptic, patronized by the Duke of Grammont, who appointed him ſurgeon to his regiment of guards; and it required a vigorous exertion of the power of his patron, to protect him from the numerous enemies he had created, by the imprudent and unwarrantable attack he made on the popular and religious opinions of his country.

His Hiſtoire Naturelle de l'Ame, firſt excited the reſentment of the clergy; and as if it was not ſufficient to provoke one powerful body of men, in his next work, Ouvrage de Penelope ou Machiavel en Medicine, he declared war againſt his own fraternity.

Apparently determined to be at peace neither with God, man, nor himſelf, and in the anxious perturbation of a reſtleſs ſpirit, which, under the form of zeal for propagating truth, ſometimes takes ſuch entire poſſeſſion of much worthier characters; he next endeavoured to prove in "Man a Machine," that in fact we have no immaterial principle. This publication was attributed for many years to the Marquis D'Argens.

Having by this time reached, or overleaped the extreme bounds of provocation, as well as patience, nothing ſeemed wanting to compleat his ruin, but the loſs of his protector, the gallant and generous duke, who was killed at the battle of Dettingen.

The enemies of De La Mettrie, whoſe anger had been exaſperated almoſt to fury, conſidered Grammont's death as a ſignal for ruſhing on their prey; but loſing that cool caution, which would have enabled them to deſtroy their victim, he ſaved himſelf by a precipitate flight to Holland.

A proſecution was immediately commenced againſt him for *Pantheiſm*; his memory was conſigned, by a judicial ſentence, to everlaſting ignominy, and his writings burnt by the common executioner.

Frederic, the philoſophic King of Pruſſia, ſympathizing with the ſufferings of a ſceptic, afterwards afforded him an aſylum, and he died at Berlin in ſeventeen hundred and fifty one, at the age of forty-three, bitterly repenting

that raſh and intemperate ſpirit, which had driven him from his native country.

Lamenting his misfortunes a few months before his death, in the hearing of a German not remarkable for the delicacy of his reproofs, this gentleman *ſoothed* him in the following words: "Conſidering what a fool and a madman you have been, I think you have been very fortunate to find ſubſiſtence and ſafety, inſtead of a halter; whatever were your opinions, it was your buſineſs to keep them to yourſelf, and not in the ſpirit of arrogance and vanity, oppoſe them againſt the ſenſe of the majority; *you ought to eat your pudding and hold your tongue.*"

In his attack on the medical profeſſion, which in Engliſh we ſhould call Penelope's Webb, or the Machiavellian Art of Phyſic, he diſplays a lively fancy, a conſiderable portion of wit, and much applicable ſatire; obſerving that we muſt make ſome allowance for the diſtortion of caricature and the ſoreneſs of a wounded ſpirit, occaſioned by the injurious treatment he had experienced from thoſe who could never forgive profeſſional heterodoxy.

"Kill," ſays De La Mettrie, if I may be permitted to rely on my memory after a lapſe of thirty years, "kill your patient by an exact conformity to the eſtabliſhed rules, and, if I may be allowed the term, according to the *faſhionable* practice, and you will be allowed to have done your beſt, whilſt the heir will applaud, and the widow pay your bill, with tears of unfeigned joy; you will live with credit and ſatisfaction, an orthodox practitioner, and a *fine* man.

"In another inſtance, ſave a ſick man's life by liſtening to the voice of reaſon, departing a little from the beaten path, and you will draw down on your devoted head, the abuſe of every little whipſter in phyſic, and every old woman in the pariſh; you will be proclaimed a dangerous man, and probably be proſecuted for your pains."

An inſtance which remarkably illuſtrates the poſition of our author, may be ſeen under the article Blair, in this collection.

Man a Machine, was anſwered in a ſhort, but concluſive way, by a German proteſtant divine, whoſe name I forget; the title of his reply is, The Logic of Probabilities, a well-written, and to thoſe who do not ſtrain at the gnats of revelation, while they ſwallow the camels of infidelity, to thoſe who are not eternally

eternally hunting after matter for doubt and controverſy, a ſatisfactory and uſeful performance.

The memory of De La Mettrie was purſued and vilified by one of his *old friends*, in an abuſive epitaph, which, on the ſcore of charity and wit, is on a par with the piety of the infidel; it dooms the unbeliever as a glutton and a debauchee to hell, and gives him the office of pander to Belzebub.

A brother-ſceptic, the late Mr. Gibbon, ſpeaking of the ſubject of our preſent article, is, I think, ſomewhat inconſiſtent; his words are theſe; "De La Mettrie is ſevere, ingenious and learned, his book is the work of a fool."

DELLA CRUSCA POETRY, a collection of fugitive pieces, which firſt appeared ſeparately in *The World*, a newſpaper now forgotten, and written for the moſt part by a ſmall party of Engliſh perſons at that time reſident in Florence; in which city there is, or was, an academy or literary ſociety of the ſame name.

In the preſent ſcarcity of real poetic genius, though Mr. Hayley thinks we have *many* poets, I peruſed with pleaſure, paſſion and ſentiment delineated in glowing language and harmonious verſe, but too often obſcured by forced alluſion and affected phraſe, and ſometimes rendered ridiculous by fuſtian, rant, and bombaſt.

The whole offspring of this enraptured ſchool, the Lauras, Anna-Marias, the Matildas, and Arleys of their day, with a long liſt of high-ſounding and muſical names, have been unmercifully laſhed by a modern ſatiriſt, whoſe unrelenting fury, not ſatisfied with the murders his pen hath already committed, is ſaid to be aiming at higher game.

The writers he has cenſured, with all their faults, are not without conſiderable merit, but in attempting to intereſt the heart, and ſeize the imagination, points in which they often are eminently ſucceſsful, they have ſacrificed truth and propriety, to novelty and brilliance; forgetting the trite, but uſeful canon, of a French critic, which painters as well as poets would do well to bear in mind; Rien n' eſt beau que le vrai—Nothing out of nature can be beautiful.

Some of theſe high-wrought effuſions were productive, at the time, of embarraſſment and miſchief, and others, of laughable abſurdity.

In the firſt inſtance, the feelings and imagination of a bard, were ſo ſtimulated by the elegant and tender verſes, of a female writer, that he addreſſed her with

all the warmth and impetuosity of an infuriate lover, whom nothing but an assignation, of course by a purling rill or in a jessamine bower, could satisfy.

Speaking rather too plain, and being clearly not platonic, it was thought necessary to repress his ardors, by informing him, that the object of his adoration was a married woman of eminence and repute: fact and common sense dissolved the charm, and a correspondence commenced, and carried on in glowing language, and with considerable poetic spirit, I remember, concluded in the following cruel words:

Anna-Matilda never can be thine.

In another case, this *tinder*-hearted gentleman caught fire at some pathetic tale, signed by a soft name, evidently borrowed from the Della Cruscа Vocabulary, and clearly, as the love-lorn poet thought, an unfortunate female, whom he addressed *con amore*; the object of this second overflow of passion and pathos, unfortunately was a man, and if I mistake not, an African negro!

DEMOSTHENES, a famous Grecian orator, the son of a man, who, to use the quaint conceit of an old English writer, *had made a great noise in the world*, his father was a blacksmith; and this intrepid defender of the liberties of the Greeks, against Philip King of Macedonia, was *accused*, by one of his opponents, of having in his youth assisted at the paternal forge.

The crime alledged against Demosthenes, most persons will consider as venial; whether the *noise* he afterwards made, was more useful or more effectual, I will not decide: the foulness of his language almost leads me to suspect, that the reproach of his enemies was founded on fact.

At Chœronæa, where the Greeks were defeated by Philip, and Mithridates by Sylla, who lost only fourteen men in routing a hundred thousand; at the former of these battles, the subject of our present article, so skilful in the war of words and scurrilous invective, exhibited a total absence of courage; being panic-struck very early in the engagement, he fled precipitately, and finding himself arrested in his flight, he turned round to disengage himself, crying at the same time lustily for quarter, when he discovered that a bramble was the impediment; from this incident, his enemies afterwards called him the bush-fighter.

DE

DE SOLIS, ANTONIO, a Spaniſh Cardinal, and Archbiſhop of Seville, whoſe life, amidſt the temptations of a prodigious income, was extended to a period of more than one hundred and ten years, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his faculties, and an exemplary exerciſe of epiſcopal duty.

The great age and healthy appearance of this worthy prelate, excited the curioſity of the late King of Spain, who queſtioned him concerning the regimen he followed, and the general habits of his life.

"By recollecting when I was young," ſaid the archbiſhop, "that I might hereafter be old; I have the feelings of a young man, though, in fact, very old. In anſwer to your majeſty's queſtions, concerning the habits of my life, I beg leave to ſay that it is ſober, ſtudious, and contemplative, but by no means lazy or ſedentary.

"My diet is ſparing, though delicate; my liquor, the beſt wine of Zerez and la Mancha, of which I exceed not a pint, except in very cold weather, when I allow myſelf a third more; I ride or walk every day in the open air, except in wet weather, when I exerciſe for two hours in a gallery or piazza of the palace.

"I endeavour to keep my mind in a due ſtate of obedience to the divine commands: I diſcharge as faithfully as I am able, the duties of a Chriſtian biſhop, and as far as it is conſiſtent with human frailty, endeavour to preſerve a conſcience void of offence towards God and towards man.

"By theſe means, I have arrived at my preſent age, without any conſiderable injury to my conſtitution; by the mercy of God, and relying on the interceſſion of a bleſſed Redeemer, I am now like ripe corn, ready for the ſickle of death."

This venerable eccleſiaſtic died in ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-four.

DESPOTISM AND LICENTIOUSNESS nearly allied.

It was the ſaying of a Roman Conſul, during the reign of the Emperor Nerva, that it was a great misfortune to live under a deſpotiſm, which would ſuffer nobody to do any thing; but that it was a ſtill greater to be in a country where every body might do every thing they pleaſed.

DIOSCORIDES, a phyſician of Anaxabarba, or Cæſarea, in Cilicia, and a cotemporary of Nero.

He

He is ſaid to have deſtroyed his conſtitution by experiments on *himſelf*, which excited the pity and regret of his fellow citizens, who ſeldom cordially love thoſe who are in the habit of diſſecting or operating on *others*; the prejudices of mankind having induced them at all ages, with the exception of a diſcerning few, to perſecute diſſectors and anatomical demonſtrators, and the perſons they employ.

The following trifle, occaſioned by a late medical fracas, is tolerably expreſſive of the attachment of mankind to profeſſional practitioners.

Two medical men had a ſtrange diſagreement,
Which of friendſhip and unity burſt ev'ry cement;
The wounds of his honor each endeavour'd to heal,
And this preſcrib'd parchment, and that was for ſteel.

A wag, who ſtood by, cry'd out in high glee,
"I had rather you'd kill one another than me;
In King's Bench or Hyde-Park, cool your courage brave men,
I fear leſs from your ſwords than a daſh of your pen;
Your thruſts one *may* parry, your law, Buller quaſhes,
But your pens are death-warrants and aſhes to aſhes."

DIVINE VENGEANCE, a term too often proſtituted by ſhort-ſighted mortals, to the baſe purpoſes of party malice and private revenge.

A ſtriking inſtance of the perverſe miſapplication of theſe words by King James the ſecond, when Duke of York, and of the reproof he received, is worth repeating, for the purpoſe of inculcating mildneſs and moderation in political controverſy; a point, in which the editor of this collection, during the early part of his literary career, was groſſly deficient.

The odious and abſurd character, whoſe words I record, ſoon after the reſtoration, viſited the author of Paradiſe Loſt, in company with his brother, King Charles the ſecond; they wiſhed to ſee, and were eager to reproach the hoary republican, who, in the violence of inordinate zeal, and exaſperated by the fury of civil war, had treated their father's memory with acrimonious and unjuſtifiable virulence.

Milton was now become helpleſs, blind, and old, circumſtances which would have ſoftened

tened the reſentments of a generous mind, but the royal brothers choſe to attack the enemy of their father with his own weapons, and to imitate the poet in the moſt faulty part of his character.

They inſulted him in various ways, and concluded a long ſtrain of coarſe abuſe, with the following words: "You are now ſuffering the juſt reward of your crimes, you old ruffian; DIVINE VENGEANCE has at length overtaken you, and put out both your eyes."

"I cannot ſay," replied Milton, calm and undiſmayed, "I cannot ſay whether it has pleaſed the Almighty to puniſh me with blindneſs on account of my ſins; but if *my* ſufferings are to be attributed to this cauſe, THINK WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CRIMES OF YOUR FATHER WHOM THE SAME PROVIDENCE PUNISHED WITH DEATH."

The catholic bully, baffled and ſeverely mortified, inſtantly retired, he was not able to utter a ſyllable in reply to this appeal to his feelings as well as his reaſon; in argument ſo ſtrong, in moral equity and fair deduction, ſo unanſwerably applicable and convincing.

In the early part of the reign of King George the ſecond, a number of people being collected in a barn, at Burwell in Oxfordſhire, to ſee a puppet-ſhew, by the careleſſneſs of a ſervant, the building was ſet on fire, when, from the crowding, confuſion, and the door unfortunately opening inward, eighty of the miſerable ſpectators periſhed in the flames.

A diſſenting miniſter, I believe with two Ds after his name, thought it neceſſary either to print or to preach on the occaſion, and called this calamity, which befel a number of poor women and innocent children, A DIVINE REBUKE, becauſe puppet-ſhews were unlawful entertainments; and the doctor declared he could not recollect that any misfortune ever befel an aſſembly of perſons met together for the purpoſe of religious worſhip!

DIVORCE, NEW LAW OF in France, apparently deſigned for the purpoſe of promoting domeſtic happineſs, but productive of conſiderable miſchief, from the perverſeneſs, the caprice, and inconſiſtency of man, that ſtrange compound of reaſon, paſſion, energy, and weakneſs.

A ſhort time after this law had paſſed, a young couple applied to take the benefit of it, who had been generally conſidered as patterns of nuptial felicity; the lady

lady was beautiful, rich, and in the ardor of genuine affection, had given her hand to a lover who was without fortune: a few days only had elapsed, when they were again joined in wedlock.

This tranſaction occaſioning conſiderable ſurprize, was thus explained; their union being what is generally called a *love-match*, the guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had taken care to ſettle the whole of the fortune on the wife, abſolutely independent of her huſband.

By diſſolving the marriage, ſhe became uncontrouled miſtreſs of her property; to enable her huſband to engage in commercial or other purſuits, and to give him a convincing proof of unabated love, on their ſecond wedding, this fond but imprudent woman, made him maſter of all ſhe poſſeſſed, without previous ſettlement or condition; her conduct on this occaſion, it would not be ſafe to imitate or recommend.

With reſpect to the facility of procuring divorces in France, it cannot be denied, that it has frequently afforded liberty and peace to the miſerable victims of avarice and indiſcretion, and happily ſeparated thoſe, who from nature, education, and temper, were never formed to come together; but fatal experience has proved, that a door has been opened to the gratification of looſe deſire, inordinate paſſion, and caprice.

If married perſons of ſtrong paſſions and weak underſtandings, in which deſcription may be included two-thirds of mankind, if they know that they may ſeparate by mutual conſent whenever they pleaſe; petty diſcontents, and momentary irritation might ſeparate for life, thoſe who, in the cool moments of reaſon and reflection, are, in fact, warmly attached to each other; the ſacred and tender ties of father, mother, brother, ſiſter, friend, will be rudely violated, and an irrecoverable ſhock be given, not only to the peace of families, but to the moſt ſacred and important duties of ſocial life.

The evils produced, would be ten thouſand times more diſtreſſing than thoſe it *profeſſes* to remove; it would be grafting on the religious ſyſtem of this our Chriſtian country, the indiſcriminate indulgence of Mahomet, the ſanctified and more abominable laſciviouſneſs ſo *piouſly* defended in the Thelypthora, that ſolemn mockery of Mr. Madan.

In the early part of the laſt century, a famous divorce-cauſe long engaged the attention of the parliament of Paris, and exer-

ciſed

ciſed the ingenuity of the French advocates; Borach Levi, a wealthy Jew, converted to Chriſtianity, could not prevail on the wife of his boſom to forſake the religion of her forefathers; the moment he was baptized, this zealous matron quitted her huſband.

Deſerted by the partner of his bed, he won the affections of a neighbour's daughter, and applying to a prieſt, acquainted with his being already married, he refuſed to perform the nuptial ceremony.

After a long and expenſive hearing, the opinion of the eccleſiaſtic was confirmed by an edict of the Gallic parliament, and a conſcientious man was thus devoted for the remainder of his life to comfortleſs ſolitude, or to an open violation of the moral and canonical precepts of that church to whoſe communion he had ſo lately and ſo eagerly been admitted.

It does not appear, whether after this hard deciſion, he was permitted to aſſociate with his ſecond love.

DODD, WILLIAM, a clergyman, who, by a pleaſing perſon, and agreeable manners, acquired conſiderable popularity, was patroniſed by Biſhop Squires, appointed a court-chaplain, and drew large congregations to the Magdalen, and other charitable inſtitutions.

But the extravagance of the times, the pride of the eye, and the luxury of modern life, involved him in pecuniary difficulties, and a letter was written to Lady Apſley, at that time, the chancellor's wife, in which five thouſand pounds was promiſed her, in caſe Dr. Dodd could be preſented to the vacant living of St. George's, Hanover-ſquare.

In conſequence of this ill-judged application, he was diſmiſſed from the royal chapel, and conſiderably lowered in the public eſteem; yet, he continued to indulge a taſte for living in a ſtyle to which his diminiſhed income was inadequate; a temporary ſupply was produced, by inſtructing private pupils, by publiſhing an edition of the Bible with notes, and writing novels.

His literary productions are florid and diffuſe, with few proofs of good taſte, invention, or correct judgment; he is deficient in that art, without which, in the preſent day, few writers are regarded, I mean the art of expreſſing what we have to ſay, in few words; from this general cenſure of Dr. Dodd's writings, I except his Thoughts in Priſon, which,

which, as misfortune improves us all, are ſolid, profound, and intereſting.

One of his productions, the Siſters, exhibits ſcenes culpably indelicate, and was thought at the time a publication highly indecorous for a divine.

But he was ſtill faſcinated by diſſipation, and made an excurſion to Paris, where the Genius of Folly poſſeſſed him, and he was recognized on the plains de Sablons, in regimentals, accompanied by a fille de joye in a phaeton.

Finding, on his return from France, that difficulties increaſed, he forged, in the urgency of pecuniary want, produced by vicious extravagance, he forged the name of Lord Cheſterfield, to whom he had been tutor, to ſeveral India bonds, on which he borrowed conſiderable ſums of money.

The fraud, in one of the inſtances, being diſcovered, he was taken into cuſtody, tried for his life, found guilty on the evidence of his former pupil, and after petitions and interceſſions, which for number and reſpectability, have no example, ſuffered an ignominious death.

It was in vain ſuggeſted, that regal clemency, which had been extended in caſes of murder to the Kennedies, to Balfe, and to Macquirck, might have been ſhewn to an unhappy man, who, although his conduct was inconteſtably criminal, had made ample reſtitution, and, in his public capacity, had ſaved and was lamented by thouſands.

But his conſpicuous ſtation, and the fatal effect of ſuch an example unpuniſhed, were conſidered, and properly conſidered as powerful reaſons for enforcing the execution of the law; and in a country which exiſts only on commercial credit and public confidence, it has been thought neceſſary to imprint in letters of blood, THAT HE WHO IS DETECTED IN FORGERY SHALL NEVER ESCAPE DEATH.

The conduct which led to Dodd's fate, is daily and hourly imitated, in a greater or leſs degree, by us all; at the bewitching call of faſhion or of folly, and in purſuit of a phantom, which dances before us, but always eludes our graſp, we tread the flowery path of what the world calls pleaſure, at the expence of our health, our fortune, and our peace.

If our wealth is immenſe, a journey to the continent, harraſſed ſpirits, jaded paſſions, and a broken conſtitution, are *all* that we ſuffer; but to the million

lion who diſſipate their whole property in purſuits they do not enjoy, and haunted by indifference, ridicule, and diſguſt, how dreadful the contraſt; from health, repute, tranquillity, plenty, and friends, to infamy, want, deſertion, ſolitude, and a jail.

Young people are too apt to forget, that every guinea they ſuperfluouſly diſſipate, is an ill-uſed friend, which, in all changes of fortune, would have ſhewn them the ſame face; that by exceeding their incomes, they become ultimately the ſuicides of their own enjoyments, and deſtroy all proviſion for domeſtic happineſs, and the ſoothing ſolaces, of which old age and infirmity ſtand in need ſo much.

The following are ſome of the laſt words of Dr. Dodd:

"I ſuffer death for a crime, of which I confeſs myſelf guilty, with a repentance, which I truſt, HE TO WHOM ALL HEARTS ARE OPEN, will not diſregard.

"The little good that remains in my power, is, to warn others by *my* example; with ſhame and ſorrow I declare, that I always ſinned againſt conviction, for I always conſidered the Chriſtian religion as a revelation from God; but although I acknowledged the truths, I neglected to practice what it recommends, and was led aſtray by vanity and voluptuouſneſs.

"I attended not to frugality, I deſpiſed THAT MOST NECESSARY OF VIRTUES IN A MASTER OF A FAMILY, MINUTE ECONOMY, and plunged into expences which produced diſtreſs, and ended in fraud.

"I earneſtly intreat all who are preſent, to join with me in my laſt prayer, that for the ſake of our bleſſed Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt, my ſins may be forgiven, and that my ſoul may be received into the kingdom of heaven."

DODSLEY, ROBERT, an ingenious writer, and ſucceſsful bookſeller, who, in the humble ſtation of a domeſtic ſervant, conducted himſelf with exemplary propriety; exciting the notice, and deſerving the approbation of his ſuperiors, he commenced buſineſs, and attained conſiderable wealth.

The world had been long miſled by an opinion, which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible; that it is not eaſy to be a wit without mortgaging our eſtates, and that a poet muſt neceſſarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

Theſe poſitions, Dodſley conſpicuouſly contradicted; at the moment he was improving his fortune, he cultivated his underſtanding,

derſtanding, and was a reſpectable writer without neglecting his ſhop.

By the favor of Mr. Pope, Lord Cheſterfield, and other diſtinguiſhed characters, his houſe became the faſhionable reſort of literature and rank; his Toy-ſhop, though better calculated for the cloſet than the ſtage, is lively, pointed, and ſatirical; the Miller of Mansfield, and its ſequel, Sir John Cockle at Court, are pleaſant light pieces, with ſeveral popular ſongs; they exhibit a uſeful contraſt between the unadorned ſolidity of country manners, and the varniſhed vices of a court; the importance of perſonal worth and unſophiſticated integrity, and the ſlender conſequence of royalty without its attendants, in a ſequeſtered ſpot, and in midnight darkneſs.

The retort of Mr. Dodſley on Biſhop Burnet, for calling the poet Prior, *one Prior*, in his hiſtory, is probably remembered by moſt of my readers: yet, if I was obliged to ſay which I thought would be remembered longeſt by poſterity, Dr. Burnet or Matthew Prior, for on that, Dodſley's epigram turns, I think I ſhould give it decidedly in favor of the Biſhop of Saliſbury.

At the ſame time it cannot be denied, that the party virulence and whig principles of the prelate, too often made him tardy and unwilling to allow a proper ſhare of praiſe to cotemporaries, who differed with him in political opinions; but, with all his faults, he is an entertaining well-informed writer, an eye-witneſs of many of the tranſactions he relates, and enjoyed, in a high degree, the friendſhip and confidence of King William and Queen Mary.

DOMINICO CIRILLO, a phyſician of Naples, who, a few years ſince, when his ſovereign fled precipitately from the French invaders, attempted, with other aſſociates and fellow ſubjects, to defend and govern themſelves.

For this proceeding, dictated by neceſſity, and conducted with ability, Cirillo, with a conſiderable number of dignified and eminent perſonages, was ordered to be put to death by the king, who, in the whole of the buſineſs, appears to have acted without conſiſtency, humanity, judgment, or common ſenſe.

It was in vain that the nobility and court, interceded in favor of the medical man, with Ferdinand the fourth; had he been a peaſant, a poacher, or a Lazaroni, they might have ſucceeded; it was in vain that the queen fell on her knees in his behalf,

behalf, "Intreating her royal husband to spare the life of a man who was as eminent for his disinterested philanthropy as his professional talents."

Cirillo was led forth to execution, and being asked by a stranger, from whom I relate the circumstance, who and what he was, Dominico thus replied:

"While the king maintained his post, I was a physician; when he abandoned us to our fate, the people chose me one of their representatives, and now, although I am about to undergo an ignominious death, contrary to the express faith of a treaty, I would not exchange my situation with Ferdinand the fourth."

The conduct of the king of Naples, on this occasion, will be perhaps best understood by recollecting a speech made to a bystander, by the Duke of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on his deceiving and disappointing Dean Swift. "We have not enough importance ourselves, my lord, to patronize *these fellows* who have."

I attribute the whole of this inauspicious affair to the advice and suggestions of a man, who, instead of being decorated with a ———, ought to have been sentenced to the gallies.

D'ORNANO, ALPHONSO, a hugonot of considerable repute in the reign of Henry the fourth, King of France, by whom he was prevailed on to quit the reformed religion, and rewarded with a marshal's staff.

By seducing so eminent a sectary, the monarch, whose faults originated from his virtues, hoped to countenance his own apostacy, an indecorous step to which he reluctantly consented, from genuine patriotism, and a conviction, that it was the only means of restoring tranquillity to his distracted country: "You have damned your soul for the salvation of your country," were the strong words of a sensible sectary of that distracted period.

There is abundant proof that Henry's professing the catholic faith did not arise from any consciousness of the truth of its tenets, or the divine origin of its traditions.

"Which of the two religions do you think the best?" said the king, in a confidential moment, to his military convert.

"The protestant, undoubtedly," replied the veteran, "in which opinion I have the honor to coincide with your majesty."

"How is that, D'Ornano," said the prince, with a cheek flushed by irritation, and somewhat

what raiſing his voice: "After what has ſo lately paſſed, can you be ſerious in aſſerting, that I think the religious faith of the hugonots the beſt?" "Certainly, my liege, or you would never have bribed me ſo handſomely to quit it."

Corrected and perplexed by this ſhort but unanſwerable logic, Henry pauſed for a moment, and turned the converſation to another ſubject.

DOWNFALL OF STATES.

It is the ſingular opinion of a modern writer, that the deſtruction of civil ſociety cannot be prevented by human wiſdom or political ſagacity; that there *is* a propelling force, an irreſiſtible power conſtantly driving every country, however apparently proſperous, to inevitable deſtruction; that this ſlow but ſure decay, however contradictory it may appear, *ariſes from internal ſtrength*, in a word, from exceſſive population; from a ſurplus of people, whoſe want of food is greater than the product of the earth; and that this melancholy cataſtrophe will conſtantly and regularly take place, whenever the conſumers in any country exceed thoſe who produce.

Theſe aſſertions, he further inſiſts, are not only moral truths, but mathematical demonſtrations; becauſe it is impoſſible that any ſociety can exiſt where the means of ſubſiſtence are not multiplied proportionately with the augmented number of mouths.

If the curious poſitions of this writer, who ſupports them with conſiderable plauſibility, were founded on fact, and corroborated in detail, by experience, how much miſtaken have thoſe writers been who conſider a numerous people as *one* of the treaſures of a country; he, on the contrary, conſiders this *growing evil* as pregnant with ruin, and aſſerts, that it would long ſince have taken place *univerſally*, had not Providence wiſely ordered, that war, diſeaſe, and various other viſitations, which weak reaſoners are apt to deplore as calamities, had they not uſefully thinned mankind.

In anſwer to this viſionary but ingenious writer, it has been obſerved, that however urgent and large the demands of the public for corn, it ſeldom happens that the exiſtence of the farmer becomes precarious; and a manufacturer, or artizan, would be accounted mad, after receiving large orders from his cuſtomers, if, inſtead of ſending goods, he ſhould

ſhould reply, that ruin would be the immediate conſequence of complying with the directions of his correſpondents.

This author appears to forget that the labour of thirty or forty men in huſbandry can furniſh proviſion for thouſands, that the mere cultivation of ground, in the preſent improved ſtate of agriculture, can afford employment only to a ſmall portion of ſociety, and inſtead of the fields being neglected in conſequence of men engaging in commercial purſuits, the fact is, that the cultivation of the earth will not find them ſufficient employment.

He ſhould have recollected, that although London and Paris contain more inhabitants than the ground on which thoſe cities ſtand can ſupply with proviſions, it by no means follows, that the population either of England or of France is exceſſive or dangerous; for although London and Paris do not grow corn, they produce manufactures for which other parts of the country barter their proviſions; and if England and France are ſhort, there are copious reſources in Aſia, Africa, and America.

The work of this writer appears to be one of thoſe ingenious reveries, which men ſometimes indulge more from a wiſh of exciting notice by ſingularity, than from a real and thorough conviction of the truth of them; this cenſure I think equally applicable to the opinion of a friend on the effect and ſound of certain Ruſſian words addreſſed to Kotzbue, which are the ſubject of an article in this collection.

DRAMATIC DIFFICULTIES. The following is part of the preface to a little French farce, called, *La Petit Maitre malgre lui*, and the circumſtances, however laughable they may appear to a reader, muſt have been teazing and vexatious for an author.

"After writing and getting the following trifle received and rehearſed, not without much trouble, the day for its performance was announced, but, on the inſtant of drawing up the curtain, the principal performer running acroſs the ſtage with thoughtleſs eagerneſs, met with the head of a candle-ſnuffer, making his way in an oppoſite direction, full ſpeed; the concuſſion ſtunned and laid both parties on the floor; they were much hurt, and the buſineſs of the evening was poſtponed.

"Being advertiſed a ſecond time, a fortnight after; the principal actreſs, a woman not given to exceſs, became ſo intoxicated with a cordial, called, Parfaite Amour,

Amour, which had been recommended by an attendant at the theatre for a ſtomach complaint, that ſhe was neither able to ſtand nor ſpeak.

"On attempting a third repreſentation, things at the commencement ſeemed to proceed ſmoothly, but, in an intereſting ſcene between a lover and his miſtreſs, the actors of which, had, in fact, once been the characters they repreſented; the hero, in a tranſport of paſſion, inflamed by the part he played, and probably ſtimulated by a recollection of his former attachment, ventured on a kiſs.

"The lady, diſguſted at his former inconſtancy, or his preſent indecorum, ſaluted him with a ſmart box on the ear, which he repaid with intereſt; and they proceeded to abuſe each other in groſs terms, in the face of the audience; after conſiderable delay, and an apology from the offenders, they were permitted to proceed, and the piece ſucceeded."

It has been frequently remarked, that the comedies of the French, although they are ſo gay and lively a people, are, for the moſt part, ſolemn and grave, rather converſation-pieces than dramatic performances; genteel ſentimental plays, to which the contradictory name of *comedie larmoyante* has been given, very different from that broad farce and coarſe humour which produces ſuch thunders of applauſe on the Engliſh ſtage.

In this reſpect, I believe, that the taſte of republican France is altered, where theatrical exhibition and public ſpectacles flouriſh with renewed vigor, and it ſeems the policy of that government to entice their *active citizens* from political diſcuſſion and revolutionary propenſity, by every means in their power; a kid for the lion to dandle, a tub thrown out for a whale.

DRURY, ROBERT, an Engliſh ſailor, who was ſhipwrecked on the iſland of Madagaſcar, in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne; after many ſufferings and narrow eſcapes from death, he returned to his native country, and publiſhed an account of his adventures.

Drury's book is on the plan of Robinſon Cruſoe, founded on fact, but like the work of Daniel Defoe, enormouſly, and beyond all reaſon and probability, wire-drawn and diffuſe; neither is it executed like the voyage of Cruſoe, by a ſkilful workman.

To relieve the diſtreſſes of an unfortunate man, and produce a decent octavo volume, which would

would pay the printer and bookſeller, appears to have been the paramount idea, but has wholly ſpoiled the ſtory, which conciſely told, and properly written, might have made an intereſting narrative.

This circumſtance ought to be remembered by thoſe who publiſh accounts of their voyages and travels, and who are too apt to ſwell their volumes by matter foreign to their ſubject, or hiſtorical details, remotely connected with it; this diſingenuous fraud is ſaid by *the trade* to have been practiſed by ſeveral eminent modern writers, in quartos as well as octavos, ſome in red, and ſome in black coats.

DUCK, STEPHEN, the ſervant of a farmer, in the vicinity of Kew, who, diſcovering certain literary tendencies, which probably would not have been noticed in a well educated man, was patronized by Queen Caroline, and furniſhed with the means of improvement: after the cuſtomary preparation, he was ordained a clergyman of the church of England, appointed chaplain to a regiment of dragoons, and ſoon after received further preferment.

But, from a ceſſation of that daily labor to which he had been ſo long accuſtomed, or from other cauſes, it gradually appeared, that his happineſs did not increaſe as his proſpects improved; had he been promoted from the barn and the ſtable, to the poſt of a bailiff, or a rural ſuperintendant, his ambition and intereſt would have been gratified in that line of life to which his firſt hopes and earlieſt habits were formed; had his royal, and in many inſtances, his well-meaning munificent patroneſs, given him the leaſe of a little farm, well ſtocked, it would have been a treaſure, compared to the weekly wages he previouſly received. But torn and tranſplanted from the ſoil on which he firſt grew, he was placed among perſons ſuperior to him in rank, abilities, and acquirement; he felt himſelf unable to ſupport that reputation, which the favor of an amiable queen had, to a certain degree, created; that pride, which we all cenſure, but all poſſeſs, was mortified; that pride, which among his brother cottagers, had elevated him to the dignity of 'a giant among the pigmies, the one-eyed monarch of the blind,' received a mortal wound; and he fled from the pangs of regret and diſappointment, to ſuicide.

It is far from my wiſh to cenſure Caroline, who was, in a thouſand inſtances, an excellent queen and a good wo-

man, *unſpoiled by a court*; although the ſingularity of her queſtions to Dr. Clarke ſometimes produced a ſtruggle between his ſincerity as a conſcientious divine, and his inoffenſive manners as a clergyman.

Had the worthy patroneſs of Mr. Duck acted with the ſagacity of a certain Biſhop of Lincoln, to one who made a demand on his benevolence, a toiling threſher would not have been transformed into a ſedentary parſon, to the deſtruction of his health, and peace of mind.

To a tiller of the ground, who claimed kindred with the ſenſible prelate of Lincoln, he made an admirable reply: "Couſin, if your cart be broken, I will mend it, if your plough be old, I will give you a new one, or ſeed to ſow your land; but an huſbandman I found you, and a huſbandman, by God's grace, I will leave you."

The force of this anecdote will probably be felt by many of my readers, who have been harraſſed by the claims of hungry relatives, and rapacious dependants, who, preſuming on favors already received, or on relationſhip too diſtant to be aſcertained, conſider themſelves as entitled to *their ſhare* of a fortune, which has been produced by the induſtry and ſagacity of half a man's life.

To the petitions of depreſſed merit, to the yearnings of blood and affection, I hope I have not, I hope I never ſhall be deaf; but ſtubborn mendicants, too proud to dig, but not aſhamed to beg, who ignominiouſly repoſe themſelves in the ſunſhine of one, whom, in early life, they joined to oppreſs, and in a reverſe of fortune, would inſtantly deſert, I ſhould in every inſtance expel from my threſhold, as canting hypocrites, and wolves in ſheeps-cloathing.

The whimſical queſtions of Queen Caroline to Dr. Clarke, have been mentioned; one of her requeſts was, that he would tell her faults.

After evading this delicate and dangerous buſineſs ſo long as he *could* do it without offence, the doctor obſerved; "As I am compelled, will your majeſty pardon my ſaying, that when people from the country come to St. James's chapel, for a ſight of the royal family, it is an example, not very edifying, for them to ſee your majeſties talking during the whole time of divine ſervice?" The queen bluſhed, told the doctor he was right, and a hearty laugh enſued. "Well, doctor, now tell me another fault: "No, madam, excuſe me, when I ſee your majeſty has amended this, it will be

be time enough to talk of another."

DUDLEY, SIR ROBERT, natural ſon of the Earl of Leiceſter, by a lady of noble family, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Although the earl educated and acknowledged Robert as his child, he conccaled the name of its mother, Lady Douglas Sheffield, from the knowledge of the queen, who, with all her great qualities, did not poſſeſs ſufficient ſtrength of mind to make allowance for thoſe paſſions which ſhe felt but did not inſpire.

Robert's progreſs in literary acquirements was conſiderable: feeling a ſtrong paſſion for viſiting remotc countries, he made a voyage to America, and afterwards accompanied the Earl of Eſſex to the ſiege of Cadiz, receiving, for his behaviour there, great applauſe, and the honor of knighthood.

Wiſhing to revive the honors of his family, he attempted to prove the legitimacy of his birth, of which he is ſaid to have poſſeſſed ſufficient evidence.

But his deſigns were counteracted by the activity and influence of his father's widow, and the mercenary violence of the attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, who conſidered his retaining fee as a full authority for virulent language and foulmouthed abuſe.

This great lawyer, but malignant opponent, acting in his official capacity, againſt the meritorious but much injured Sir Walter Raleigh, reviled him in the moſt opprobrious terms, repeatedly calling him *monſter, imp, and ſpider of hell.*

Diſguſted at injuſtice, and irritated by domeſtic inquietude, for he had a wife and ſeveral children, Sir Robert Dudley quitted his country; with a licentiouſneſs highly culpable in a married man, he prevailed on Miſs Southwell, the daughter of a Norfolk baronet, to accompany him, in the dreſs of a page, to Florence.

In the enjoyment of Engliſh beauty, and devoted to his favorite ſciences, mathematics, chemiſtry, and navigation, he became the favorite of Coſmo the ſecond, Great Duke of Tuſcany, and his brother Ferdinand; by their influence with the emperor, he was created a duke of the Roman empire, an ample penſion was granted him, and he was afterwards enabled, by a diſpenſation from the pope, to marry the woman he had ſeduced.

He built for himſelf, at Florence, a palace, which excited

admiration in what has been called, a city of palaces; he projected, and partly executed, the draining a moraſs between Piſa and the ſea; conſiderable improvements in agriculture and commerce, were alſo introduced by his zeal and ingenuity; and the inhabitants of Leghorn are indebted to Sir Robert for raiſing an inſignificant ſpot, frequented only by fiſhermen and petty traders, to its preſent magnitude and importance as a populous commercial city.

It was during his reſidence in Italy that his Arcano del Mare was publiſhed, in three volumes, folio; a ſcarce, and conſidering the period when it was written, a valuable work, on mathematics, trade, and navigation.

In Ruſhworth's collection, a piece of Robert Dudley's occurs, which he calls, A Propoſition to ſecure the State, and bridle the Impertinence of Parliament; ſome of his propoſals for augmenting the public revenue have been adopted by modern miniſters; a tenth on all incomes; fines ad valorem on renewing the leaſes of crown lands; an impoſt of five per cent. on wool at the time of ſhearing; and a tax of ſeven per cent. on lands ſold, and marriage portions; he alſo propoſes, that the ſervants of the royal houſehold ſhall live on board wages; a ſuggeſtion taken up and improved by the late Mr. Burke, in his excellent ſpeech which introduced the *defeated* bill for improving the revenues of the crown.

DUELLING, a mode of ſettling diſputes, regularly reſorted to in caſes where the honor and feelings of a gentleman have been wilfully or wantonly wounded; an unwarrantable practice, which the editor of this collection has been warmly cenſured for defending; this deduction could only ariſe from a peruſal too haſty, from wilful perverſion, or my defective mode of ſtatement.

I ſhould indeed be very ſorry *to make a father weep or a ſiſter ſigh*, as I am told has been the caſe, by an anonymous correſpondent, whoſe letter bears the poſt-mark of Ireland; the handwriting and ſeal being thoſe of a well-educated woman, with whom, if I am not much miſtaken, I once paſſed ſome very pleaſant hours, I mean hours that will bear reflecting on.

I earneſtly requeſt that the obnoxious page may be read a ſecond time, independent of moral and religious prohibitions repeatedly enforced, the article in queſtion is ſtrongly and clearly argumentative againſt duels, on another

another ground; becauſe they are too often unfair from certain manœuvres and practices there hinted at or pointed out.

I repeated, it is true, or my diſcuſſion would have been partial, I repeated the opinions of thoſe who thought different, yet in deferenee to my fair correſpondent, and the wiſhes of a reſpectable family, I have corrected the words which gave ſo much offence; to have wholly omitted them would not have been conſiſtent with my notions of public utility and impartial juſtiee, motives which I hope and truſt I ſhall ever conſider paramount; particularly to *thoſe other rewards* held forth ſo eloquently in the letter from Ireland.

If ever I convert my pen, which ought to be a weapon devoted wholly to the cauſe of virtue, if ever I convert my pen to a piſtol, or a dagger, for the purpoſe of raiſing contributions on the hopes or fears of mankind, may the hand which guides it drop palſied to my ſide, and the ink which flows from it converted to deadly poiſon, circulate through my veins.

But I muſt not loſe ſight of my ſubject, the ſword, which, after having for ages been the teſt of guilt and innocence, has gradually declined into a dramatic machine, and an ornamental appendage to the court dreſs of a gentleman.

To this the piſtol has ſucceeded, which placing two powerful elements, fire and air, in the hands of duelliſts, has been ſuppoſed the moſt ſpeedy and equitable inſtrument of vengeanee or defenee.

But in this favourite mode, which ſeems to leave ſo little room for illicit ſineſſe, and ſueh prompt means for ready deſtruction, a man of honor, eourage, and unguarded conduct, is unequally matched with an antagoniſt, hacknied in the ways of violenee and blood, and prepared by practiſing at marks with piſtols; againſt ſuch an aſſaſſin, he is a dwarf in conflict with a giant, a pigmy eombating with Goliah.

It was the frequent boaſt of a man, whoſe malignant paſſions and turbulent irritability at laſt conducted him to an ignominious death, it was frequently his boaſt, *and, in two inſtances, confirmed by bets previous to a meeting*, that he would forfeit his ſoul, body, and eſtate, if he did not hit any given part of the human body to the twelfth part of an inch.

In addition to this unerring aeeuraey of aim, it was a cuſtom with him, at the moment of preſenting

ſenting his piſtol, to make an immenſe elongè, or outſtretch, by which he is ſaid to have lowered his height more than fourteen inches, bringing his hand and eye to a direct level with his antagoniſt's piſtol, he, by this method, at the ſame time ſhielded his head and heart, ſo that the bullet, if well aimed, muſt penetrate the thick bony part of the palm of his hand before it could touch the one, and paſs through the whole length of his right arm before it could reach the other. Againſt a profeſſed duelliſt, thus prepared, and perpetually practiſing, what was the chance of a headſtrong paſſionate man ruſhing forth from the tavern, the gaming table, or the brothel.

The calamities produced in private life by duelling are ſerious and afflicting, but it has been called by its defenders a preſerver of the decorum of ſocial intercourſe, and the reſpectability of the military profeſſion; an effectual barrier againſt the troubleſome diſturber of poliſhed ſociety, the noiſy obſtinate bully, the box-lobby lounger, and the ſtrong-backed walking jockey; who, deriving a ſplendid ſubſiſtence from wealthy impures, incontinent widows, other men's wives, or their own, the gaming table, or the road; preſume on the ſtrength of brawn, bone, and impudence, to embarraſs modeſty, laugh down piety and good ſenſe, perplex humility, and interrupt rational amuſement.

No arguments, ſay the advocates for duelling, but powder and ball, will influence or check ſuch worthleſs marauders in the regions of pleaſures; who, like dogs in the manger of honeſt gratification, diſqualified for communicating or receiving inſtruction and entertainment themſelves, exert all their baſe powers and miſchievous activity in diſturbing the enjoyment of others.

It has been alſo obſerved as an additional extenuation, that the majority of thoſe who fall in duels, are perſons of whom ſociety is well rid; but do we not daily, and have we not recently ſeen ſome of the moſt amiable and worthieſt of individuals periſhing in this abyſs, loſt and lamented by their families and the world?

In the mean time, the more dextrous markſmen, *the dividers of a bullet on the edge of a knife*, ſafe in the obſcure garrets of Marybone and Soho, ſally forth to midnight plunder, beggar our ſons, debauch our wives, ſeduce our daughters, and are ready,

ready, on every occaſion, to defend enormity by violence and murder.

A writer who could awe ſuch men, correct their conduct, or diminiſh their miſchievous influence, would have a well-grounded cauſe for exultation:

Yes, I will own I ſhould be proud to ſee,
Scoundrels, who fear not God, afraid of me.

It has been recommended to enforce a declaration of my favorite King of Pruſſia: "I permit my ſubjects," ſaid Frederic, "to fight duels, but it is on this expreſs condition, that unleſs one be killed, I will infallibly hang both the combatants."

A military or naval officer, ſending or accepting a challenge, when engaged in actual ſervice, cannot be too ſeverely puniſhed, as expeditions of the higheſt importance have been frequently and notoriouſly fruſtrated by the death or mutilation of the only perſons who were qualified to carry into execution the object propoſed.

Deferring ſuch points would help to vary or relieve the gallantries, the liſtleſſneſs, the lounging, the card and the billiard parties, with other expedients ſuggeſted by the fertile mind, or the anxious vacuity of a military man in country quarters.

The ſituation of theſe gentlemen I have often thought ſingular, and ſometimes uncomfortable; cut off from the only decent ſociety the neighbourhood affords, by the ſuggeſtions of inhoſpitable avarice, the terrors of a cork-ſcrew, the timidity of parents, or the ſharp-ſighted precaution of maiden aunts; theſe have been taught by experience the danger of a red coat, which has ruined ſo many novel-reading damſels, and ſo frequently proved the deſtruction of domeſtic peace.

The duel of the Duke of York with Colonel Lenox exhibited, on both ſides, a conſiderable ſhare of coolneſs, ſpirit, and magnanimity, and has been thought a uſeful example: a prince of the blood giving perſonal ſatisfaction to a private gentleman, and a private gentleman demonſtrating with decorous but inflexible firmneſs, that he would not ſuffer a doubt to exiſt on the ſubject of character, though it originated from the ſon of a king.

DULLNESS OR CAPRICE, fits of, ſometimes in the public as well as authors.

Several of Voltaire's plays, which

which had been rejected, he *brought out* a few years after with new names, and they ſucceeded beyond his expectation. When ſpeaking of this circumſtance, he uſed to relate an anecdote of an ambaſſador from Sweden, reſident at Paris, who applied to Mouret, a celebrated maſter of muſic, to deſire he would compoſe a military march for the King of Sweden, at that time the heroic or the ſavage Charles the twelfth.

Mouret took ſome pains to produce a piece worthy of ſo warlike, and at that period, ſo ſucceſsful a monarch; it was rehearſed with conſiderable diſapprobation before a large company, who all declared, it muſt not be ſent; the unſucceſsful compoſer made a low bow and retired.

The following ſeaſon he introduced the rejected march into one of his operas, and it was univerſally praiſed. "Ah, my dear Mouret," ſaid the Swediſh envoy, "the muſic now playing is exactly what I wanted; why did not you give me ſomething like this for my royal maſter? You ſons of harmony, like other great geniuſſes in a different path, do not, I ſuppoſe, always find the muſe propitious." "Sir," replied Mouret, with a ſteady countenance, "the march you now applaud, is preciſely, and without the alteration of a ſingle note, what you and your friends, a few months ſince, ſo violently condemned." With theſe words, he took out his ſnuff-box, offered it to a friend, deliberately took a pinch himſelf, and paſſed on.

DUMOULIN, CHARLES, a French lawyer, famous for abilities, family pride, and profeſſional vanity.

Being related to Thomas Bullen, Viſcount Rochford, the maternal uncle of Elizabeth, Queen of England, he always called her his royal couſin; and whenever it was neceſſary to ſign his name to any legal opinion, he took ſome pains to diſplay the arrogance of his pretenſions, in the following words; CHARLES DUMOULIN, WHO GIVES PLACE TO NO MAN, AND WHO CAN BE TAUGHT BY NO MAN.

A creature ſo vain, whatever were his acquirements, muſt have been deficient in common ſenſe, that precious commodity which, though no ſcience, far outweighs them all; for this reaſon, had he been a countryman and a cotemporary, the editor of this collection would never have been one of his clients; on this

this fair preſumption, that *ſuch* a lawyer would have *travelled out of his record.*

DUNDEE, VISCOUNT, a zealous and intrepid Scotchman, who, commanding a body of inſurgents, in favor of King James the ſecond, defeated regular veterans, although his own troops were haſtily raiſed and undiſciplined; ſuch are the powers of deſperate enthuſiaſm.

Having received poſitive orders not to fight 'till reinforcements arrived from Ireland, he had for ſeveral months been ſurrounded by the forces of King William, under General Mackay, with his hands, as it were, tied up; a circumſtance highly irritating to a man of ſpirit and warm feelings, at the ſame time, he had to contend with famine and diſeaſe.

By ſharing in common with every private ſoldier, all difficulties and dangers, and by refuſing every indulgence, he won their affections, and induced them to ſubmit to hardſhip and deprivation without repining; his diſcipline, at the ſame time, was ſevere, the only puniſhment he inflicted was death, being of opinion, that "every other ſpecies of correction was diſgraceful to a ſoldier, who is by profeſſion a gentleman."

In a ſkirmiſh, a young volunteer, who had joined him, was ſeen to retreat: Dundee overlooking it, pretended he had ſent him on a meſſage to the rear; but this diſgraceful circumſtance occurring a ſecond time, he conducted the trembling fugitive to the front, and, obſerving, that a gentleman's ſon ought not to fall by the hands of an executioner, ſhot him with his own piſtol.

Tardy and inadequate ſuccours were at length ſent by Melford, who, like his royal maſter, was willing to take advantage of Dundee's exertions, but hated the obſtinate integrity of his religious principles: Dundee, in a letter ſtill extant, thanks the king for the little help he had received, promiſes he will do his beſt, but, with the blunt honeſty of a ſoldier, earneſtly intreats the king to let every man worſhip God in his own way, and inſiſts, that while his ſubjects are faithful, it is not the buſineſs of a ſovereign to determine whether they ſhall go to the kirk or to maſs.

The two armies ſoon after engaged in a narrow defile near the Paſs of Killikrankie, the forces of Mackay were diſordered, but Dundee, not ſatisfied with victory, unleſs he could cut off the retreat of his enemy, was hurried

hurried, by his ardor, to ſome diſtance from his men, and, while raiſing his hand to haſten or direct them, a fatal ſhot took place under his arm, that being almoſt the only part of his body unprotected, as he was cloathed in armour: this event gave the Engliſh general time to rally, and thus the advantages of a bloody victory were loſt.

The gallant viſcount appears to have been a valuable and active partizan in the cauſe which he ſerved, and probably acted like other ſoldiers of fortune, or keen lawyers, who do not always think themſelves obliged to enquire into the juſtice of every client they defend.

Had Dundee been appointed to the command of a regiment after the battle of Seneffe, when he fought under the banners of King William, but retired becauſe his requeſt was refuſed, he might have meaſured ſwords with King James on the banks of the Boyne, and his deſcendants might have been ſharing revolutionary rewards with the Zuleſteins, the Bentincks, and the Keppells, of modern times.

The viſcount is thus addreſſed by Dryden, in a ſhort elegy to his memory; the tory poet ſeems to have eagerly ſeized the opportunity of indulging the hereditary propenſities of his family in favor of the abdicated prince.

"Thou laſt, thou beſt of Scots, who didſt maintain,
Thy country's freedom 'gainſt a foreign reign,
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.

Of theſe lines, Dr. Pitcairne's are almoſt a tranſlation; he does not indeed proceed ſo far as to ſay, that the adherents of King James the ſecond *fought for* freedom.

Te moriente novos accepit Scotia reges.
Accepitque novos te moriente deos.

ELECTIONS. Previous to chuſing a member for the borough of Carmarthen, a learned biſhop addreſſed a circular letter to the clergy of his dioceſe, informing them, "That Sir William Manſell had his hearty good wiſhes, and that he hoped he ſhould not have the mortification to find a ſingle clergyman, ſo falſe to his character and duty, as to aſſiſt the other candidate, who had voted in favor of the repeal of the corporation and teſt acts."

The prelate, in this inſtance, was

was unſucceſsful; Mr. Phillips, an honeſt independent country gentleman, of amiable manners, and a member of the church of England, but of a liberal mind, was elected.

In the reign of King Charles the ſecond, the Counteſs of Dorſet, receiving a hint of the ſame kind from one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, returned the following anſwer:

"SIR,

"I have been bullied by an uſurper, and I have been neglected by a court, but I will never be dictated to by a miniſter.

"Your man ſhan't ſtand.

"*Ann Dorſet & Montgomery.*"

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when to ſerve in parliament was thought a burthen rather than an object of deſire, the Earl of Leiceſter addreſſed the following letter to the electors of Andover in Hampſhire:

"Whereas it hath pleaſed her majeſty to appoint a parliament to be preſently called, and being ſteward of your town, I make bold to pray that you would give me the nomination of one of your burgeſſes, and if you wiſh to avoid the charges and allowance, if you will beſtow the nomination of the other alſo upon me, I will thank you for it, appoint a ſufficient man, and pay all expences.

"Praying your ſpeedy anſwer, I bid you right heartily farewell.

"LEICESTER."

ELLIS, WILLIAM, a writer on agriculture, and a farmer of Little Gaddeſden in Hertfordſhire, who, under an unpromiſing form and coarſe manners, and with many defects as an author, poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of uſeful information.

His 'Timber Tree Improved,' excited public attention to an important, but at that period, a neglected object of national concern; and many of his contrivances for facilitating huſbandry work, although ſupplanted by the ſuperiority of modern mechaniſm, had the merit of firſt deviating from the beaten track.

The eſſays on Drilling and Horſe-hoeing, evidently deſigned to promote the ſale of his implements, are now forgotten: yet, his advice on the ſubject of turnips and of clover, and his ſenſible directions for adapting manure to the ſoil, are laid down with practical preciſion.

Many of his ſuggeſtions, with regard to ſheep and cattle, have afforded materials to ſeveral writers, who poſſeſſing what he wanted, philoſophy and ſcientific

tific theory, have profited conſiderably from the practical experiments of Ellis.

But his knowledge was debaſed or obſcured by peeviſhneſs, abſurdity, and a credulous reliance on receipts long ſince exploded, on noſtrums and quackeries, which diffuſing an air of ridicule over his writings and converſation, indueed many perſons to deny the real merits he poſſeſſed.

I had two reaſons for introdueing the preſent article; firſt, to give a *gentle hint* to certain writers, of the propriety of *ſometimes* mentioning the almoſt forgotten ſourees from whenee they oeeaſionally condeſeend to borrow; this would be no more than juſtice to an author, who, with all his eccentrieities, ealled forth public attention to purſuits which have converted ſo many deſerts into well eultivated ſpots, and produced ſueh beneficial alterations on the general ſurface of Great Britain.

The ſeeond reaſon for mentioning Ellis, was, to anſwer an objection which has frequently been raiſed againſt him, and many improvers of the manual arts; that what he had publiſhed and recommended to others, he did not, in every inſtanee, practiſe himſelf.

A projector is ſeldom a wealthy man, or if he happens to be of that deſcription, his propenſities ſoon make him poor; he is, in ſhort, generally ſpeaking, a martyr in the articles of time, health, and money, to the convenienee and advantage of others.

Ellis, in *his day*, was a man ſo mueh ſought after, and ſo faſhionable as a ſeedſman, and a provider of improved huſbandry implements, that there are few parts of England, which he had not oeeaſionally viſited; he was indeed at any man's diſpoſal who would pay him for his time, tools, and trouble, and his demands in general were reaſonable.

During theſe intervals of abſence, many noblemen and gentlemen ealled at Little Gaddeſden, in the expectation of ſeeing a perfect pattern of exeellent farming and modern improvement; but they were too often diſguſted by ſlovenly neglect, and frequently found his ſervants throwing aſide and abuſing the very tools he had ſo mueh praiſed in his publieations.

The ſervants of farmers, like thoſe of other people, ſeldom do their duty, without the ſuperintending eye of a maſter.

This eireumſtance alſo aeeounts for another peeuliarity in Ellis's books; he was on every

occaſion

occaſion flying from his ſubject, to deal out invective and abuſe againſt threſhers and ploughmen, beggars, gypſies, and hedge-pullers, who probably took advantage of his abſence to plunder him without mercy.

On other occaſions, I fear his integrity was ſomewhat warped by intereſt; tempted by guineas and half-crowns, and where is the man who does not love to touch them, he was not rich nor reſolute enough to lay aſide thoſe tools he had once recommended, although ſuperſeded by the ſuperior ſkill of others; ſuch a confeſſion would have been mortifying, and have ſhut up one avenue to ready money.

It is however very evident, that the hints and ſuggeſtions of Ellis afforded great, but *unacknowledged* aſſiſtance to many who followed him in the ſame path; a treatment experienced by many of his ſuperiors in intellect and refinement.

Addiſon, the reſpectable Addiſon, although mentioned with a degree of levity and contempt by certain late writers, enabled many of thoſe who cenſure him, to detect the errors, and arraign the ſuperficial criticiſms of the man who firſt taught them to think.

ELWES, JOHN, an eminent accumulator, whoſe propenſity to ſave money, was produced and confirmed by an incident, which might, and ought to have made him a uſeful and meritorious member of ſociety; the death of his uncle, whoſe vaſt wealth he inherited.

This worthy relation, Sir Harvey Elwes, without a literary taſte, or any predominant paſſion, lived ſeventy years alone, excepting ſometimes a viſit from the ſubject of our preſent article; on theſe occaſions, it was the practice of the young man to put on an old coat, a ruſty hat, and clumſy ſhoes, for the purpoſe of convincing the uncle of his nephew's frugality and prudence.

Yet, there were intervals of his life, when a love of play led Mr. Elwes to aſſociate with perſons of rank and faſhion, an honor not always to be enjoyed without paying an adequate price; this tax he ſubmitted to, and *at one ſitting* loſt four thouſand pounds at piquet.

It was a conſtant rule to pay his loſings by a check on his banker, before he left the room; but finding few of his aſſociates able or willing to imitate him in this reſpect, he ſoon quitted them in diſguſt.

Keeping fox-hounds was another

other inſtance of ſuperfluous expenditure, but managed with rigid economy; a modern ſportſman will hear with ſurprize, that his horſes, dogs, and ſervant, coſt only three hundred pounds a year: the ſame man was his valet, huntſman, and groom; ſuch time as could be ſpared from the care of eight horſes and a pack of hounds, being employed in milking cows, gardening, and other country buſineſs.

Mr. Elwes poſſeſſed a gentleneſs of manners which nothing could ſhake, and a pliancy of temper, not always to be met with in a miſer.

Having been perſuaded to take a day's ſhooting with a gentleman, who was very unlucky, or very unſkilful, he, at laſt, in firing through a hedge, lodged ſeveral ſhot in the old gentleman's cheek; the unfortunate man, approaching with evident embarraſſment and concern, Mr. Elwes anticipated apology by reaching out his hand, and ſaying, "My dear ſir, I congratulate you on improving; I knew you would hit ſomething at laſt."

It is too often the effect of a love of money, to render us little ſcrupulous in deviſing methods to procure it, and a monied man, in the preſent day, would laugh at being accuſed of uſury; yet the ſubject of our preſent article, conſidering it as unjuſtifiable, never would practiſe it.

Contrary to the oſtentatious meanneſs of modern diſſipators, *his* ſyſtem of heaping up, was founded on ſelf-denial and perſonal fatigue; he would walk in the rain over half the town, rather than hire a coach; preferred ſitting in wet clothes to the expence of a fire, and would never purchaſe freſh meat, 'till the laſt joint was finiſhed, though it was unfit to eat.

He has been known to riſk his neck to ſave a penny at a turnpike, and after his heavy loſs at piquet, walked from the gaming-houſe, through wet and dirt, to Smithfield, where he met his Eſſex people with cattle, and diſputed ſeveral hours with butchers, rather than abate a ſhilling.

This may appear like madneſs, but there was method, conſiſteney, and regularity in it; he once extricated a neighbour from a long and expenſive eccleſiaſtic ſuit, by riding ſixty miles, on horſeback, at midnight, almoſt at a moments warning, and at an advanced period of life, to ſerve a perſon, for whom no motives or intreaties could have prevailed on him to part with a guinea.

In

In this, and all long journies, a few hard-boiled eggs, a dry crust carried in his pocket, the next stream of water, and a spot of fresh grass, while he reposed himself under the hedge, were the whole of the travelling expences of himself and horse.

When his vast property was generally known, pecuniary applications were made to him from a variety of quarters; acceding to them without due prudence and precaution, he was preyed on by many fraudulent adventurers, who soon found, that paving the way with a little present, was the surest method of succeeding: by these, and other arts, he was tempted to advance money to needy tradesmen, necessitous builders and bankrupt architects, on buildings in Mary-le-bone, and lost *more than a hundred thousand pounds* by bad debts.

Having taken possession of a street of these *skeletons* of houses, by foreclosure, he fitted them *up* for tenants, and inspecting repairs, and overlooking workmen became a favorite occupation; but he would never hear of alteration beyond what was absolutely necessary to prevent the building from falling; as he denied such indulgences to himself, he could not be expected to allow them to others, of course he was a stranger to what are called the comforts of a house.

A near relation once slept at his seat in the country, but the bed-chamber was open to wind and weather, and the gentleman was rouzed from his sleep at midnight, by the rain pouring in upon him; after searching in vain for a bell, he removed the bed several times, 'till a place was found which the rain did not reach. On remarking the circumstance to Mr. Elwes in the morning; "Aye," said the old gentleman, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

To preserve peace in the county, Mr. Elwes was chosen knight of the shire for the county of Berks, in seventeen hundred and seventy-four, and though an old man, used to call himself a young member of parliament; often boasting that his seat cost him only eighteen-pence, which was the price of his election dinner.

During the American war, he was a steady Lord North's man; yet the praise of independence and disinterestedness cannot be denied him; as, to be thought poor was the favorite wish of his heart; he desired neither post, rank, nor emolument.

Parliament being dissolved in consequence of the general alarm produced

produced by Mr. Fox's India-bill, nothing could prevail on Mr. Elwes to incur the trouble and expence of a conteſted election, and he retired to the uninterrupted enjoyment of pounds, ſhillings, and pence.

Being of an amorous conſtitution, he poſſeſſed the power of impoſing on the rebellious paſſions, thoſe enemies to frugality, the ſame rigid rules of economy, which for the moſt part he practiſed through life.

A high-bred miſtreſs he dreaded, and a modern wife he knew would be an expenſive addition to his houſehold; he was therefore contented with a bedfellow from his kitchen, who, without ſufficient authority or influence to break in upon his favorite ſyſtem, might add to his comforts, minutely ſuperintend the inferior departments of domeſtic expenditure and conſumption, and eaſe him of the trouble of a family.

By this woman, who filled with exemplary propriety the awkward double character of a ſervant and a favorite, he had ſeveral children, to whom he bequeathed his unentailed property.

In thus ſelecting a female friend from the lower orders of ſociety, he imitated Matthew Prior, who made the following reply to Lord Oxford, the Prime Miniſter to Queen Anne, after being rallied by him for low amours: "Lord Treaſurers, and men of great certain income, may afford to marry or keep an opera girl; but, for a poor poet, whoſe daily bread depends on the life of an unhealthy queen, and the continuance of a jarring adminiſtration, he deſerves to have his ears cropped, if he aſpires beyond the ſnug felicity of a buxom, tender-hearted wench, who can dreſs his dinner and waſh his ſhirt."

As Mr. Elwes increaſed in years, his parſimonious habits increaſing, became incorrigible and irrational, he was unwilling to be at the expence of neceſſary food and clothes; anxiety and fear leſt he ſhould loſe his property, were ever uppermoſt in his thoughts, and in the ſolicitude of ſuſpicion, he watched opportunities of hiding guineas and bank-notes.

Although far removed from all poſſibility of pecuniary diſtreſs, poverty was his conſtant dread, and the phrenzy of heaping up, raged with re-doubled fury, when the avenues which lead to enjoyment were cloſed up for ever.

He was a compound of folly and ſenſe, of meanneſs and magnanimity, a ſtriking example of that

that provoking indigence of wealth, when it cannot confer happineſs on its poſſeſſors; of that aggravating impotence of gold, when it does not enlarge the underſtanding, and rouze the ſocial affections.

ELLWOOD, THOMAS, a quaker, almoſt at the commencement of that ſect; a friend and companion of the author of Paradiſe Loſt.

By reading to the poet different authors in the learned languages, he contributed to his own improvement, and ſolaced the dark hours of Milton, who had loſt his ſight by an affection of the optic nerves, called *Gutta Serena*, a diſeaſe in which the beauty and appearance of the eye are not at all impaired, although viſion is wholly and irrecoverably extinguiſhed; a circumſtance which accounts for there being no appearance of blindneſs in one of his portraits, painted after he laboured under this calamity.

"The curious ear of John Milton," ſays Ellwood, "could diſcover by the tone of my voice, when I did not clearly underſtand what I read; and on ſuch occaſions, he would ſtop to examine me, and *open* the difficult paſſages.

"On a viſit I made him at Giles Charlfont, he called for a manuſcript, which being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home and read it at my leiſure; and when I had ſo done, return it to him with my judgment thereon.

"I ſet myſelf to read it," continues Ellwood, "and found it was that excellent poem, Paradiſe Loſt; when I had with the beſt attention gone through it, I returned his book with due acknowledgments, and on his aſking how I liked, and what I thought of it, I modeſtly, but freely told my opinion, and *pleaſantly* ſaid to him, 'Thou haſt written much of Paradiſe loſt, what haſt thou to ſay of Paradiſe found?' He made me no anſwer, but ſat ſome time in a *muſe*.

"When afterwards my occaſions drew me to London, I waited on him there, and he ſhewed me his ſecond poem, called Paradiſe Regained, ſaying to me in a *pleaſant* tone, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the queſtion you aſked me at Charlfont, which before, I had not thought of.'"

It has been ſaid by a humourous writer, "Some cry out againſt the Turk, and ſome againſt the pope, but *I find my worſt enemy is my neighbour*:" and ſome of Ellwood's ſevereſt

trials were in the houſe of his father, a juſtice of the peace, who had been remarkably active in ſuppreſſing conventicles.

The old gentleman muſt have been mortified and vexed at the *converſion* of his ſon, a young man of great hope and expectation; the heir of his family thus forſaking the religion in which he had been educated, and joining in the unaccommodating auſterities and unpleaſant peculiarities of a proſcribed and ridiculed ſect, againſt whom the zeal of the magiſtrate had been ſo lately rouzed.

At dinner time, on ſitting down to table with a covered head, inſtead of a hearty meal and convivial merriment, he was ordered out of the room with a box on the ear, and many ſevere reproofs: his enthuſiaſm, his convictions, or his obſtinacy, were, notwithſtanding, unconquerable; from his father's houſe, and the improving converſe of Milton, he was ſoon removed to priſon, but his zeal was confirmed by perſecution, and during his confinement, he publiſhed a defence of the cauſe and principles he had eſpouſed.

In reply to a warm, but I truſt, a juſt panegyric pronounced on quakers in my laſt edition, it has been obſerved by an uncandid aſſailer of this collection, who ſays, *I am myſelf a quaker (riſum teneatis amici)* he obſerves, "That the doctrines, demeanour, and conduct, of a rigid quaker, are a ſtrange compound of affectation and pride, of cunning, fanaticiſm, and abſurdity;" but theſe are daily ſoftened and corrected by luxury, refinement, wealth, and common ſenſe; and ſurely no man can deny their quiet inoffenſive manners, and their conſcientious diſcharge of the duties of private life.

After a revolution of ſeventeen centuries, were the fiſhermen of Galilee, deputed by their maſter to re-viſit the earth, and report the ſtate of that religious ſyſtem, which he had perſonally revealed, and ſealed with his blood; after beſtowing an indignant glance on the profane mummeries of the Vatican, the half-done work of Luther, and the inexorable ſternneſs of Calvin, I am of opinion, that the ecceleſtial miſſionaries would have conſidered quakers, with a few exceptions, as making a near approach to primitive Chriſtianity.

It is on the ſcore of expediency, *that teſt and touchſtone of all things here below*, that this ſociety, in many points ſo praiſeworthy, will be found deficient. THE MODE OF FAITH AND CONDUCT THEY ADOPT AND PROPAGATE

GATE, IS INCONSISTENT WITH HUMAN WANTS, AND NOT ADAPTED TO A CREATURE LIKE MAN IN THE PRESENT IMPROVED STATE OF SOCIETY. There always has been, and ever will be, a portion of wicked and unprincipled men in the world; now five hundred rascals, with arms in their hands, could subjugate and controul a million of quakers, and by seizing their property and persons, dissolve their union, and for ever close the avenues to instruction.

The same objection applies to the religious and political institutions of the Hindoos, who have, at all periods, been subject to, and alas too often been tyrannized over by masters with the sword in their hands.

A community of Hindoos and of quakers, in the present state of Europe, and of general society, could not exist a month.

In the mean time, *tolerated and subordinate*, like a spring flowing through a desert, they diffuse a salutary and grateful influence around; they purify and cool inordinate heat, and it is to be lamented, that these desirable effects are circumscribed, by their unaccommodating habits in certain trifling points of dress and speech; could they prevail on themselves to mix and yield a little in certain non-essentials, to the harmless customs and prejudices of their countrymen, it might be instrumental in diffusing their manners and Christian spirit.

The Saviour of the world reproved the recluse unaccommodating Pharisee, he associated with all ranks, presided at a wedding supper, and was a friend of publicans and sinners.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England, a woman of gallantry and good sense, who endeavoured to prevent her passions interfering with her duties.

Most readers know that this princess afforded effectual aid to the united provinces when they separated from Spain: it was on some occasion of gratitude or request, that the learned Baudius, a friend and correspondent of Sir Philip Sidney, was sent ambassador to England; his speech, at his first audience, is extant, and was an elaborate piece of fulsome flattery, which I will not recite; her majesty's reply was short, but worth preserving, being unpremeditated and delivered in correct Latin.

"I am convinced, sir, as well by my own defects, as by the immoderate praise you have bestowed upon me, that you are not acquainted with my real character; yet I cannot but feel

flattered by a miſtake which originates from reſpect and friendſhip; under ſuch prejudices the judgment is often led aſtray.

"In the mean time, I hope to prove not wholly unworthy of the favorable opinion you entertain of me; and although I ſhould not be able to attain that perfection you deſcribe, your praiſe may ſtimulate me to improvement, and make me endeavour, by every means in my power, to preſerve the eſteem of yourſelf and thoſe who ſent you."

Baudius, a caſuiſt as well as a politician, and *maſter of his trade*, ſucceeded in the object of his miſſion: Elizabeth, who notwithſtanding her proteſtations, loved panegyric as well as moſt women, convinced the envoy that ſhe had not ceaſed to deſerve it.

A diplomatic meſſage delivered to the ſame queen, and nearly at the ſame period, took a different turn: Sigiſmund, King of Poland, had made ſeveral attempts, under cover of a neutral flag, to furniſh ſupplies to his relation Philip the ſecond, King of Spain, during the efforts he made to recover the revolted provinces in the Netherlands; but the Engliſh cruiſers, and the active ſagacity of Engliſh counſels, had intercepted every veſſel.

Irritated and diſappointed, he diſpatched Paul de Jaline to expoſtulate with the queen; this commiſſion, the ambaſſador executed in warm and unbecoming terms, at an audience he had demanded; but Elizabeth interrupted him in the midſt of his animated harangue with the following words:

"How much have I been deceived, I expected friendſhip, and meet with reproach; I thought you an ambaſſador, but your attitude and menaces are thoſe of a herald in the field of battle; I never was addreſſed in ſuch language, and can ſcarcely believe that your maſter would have treated me with ſo much inſolence.

"If, however, (which I do not ſuppoſe) he gave you ſuch inſtructions, I impute them to youth, inexperience, and his being raiſed to the royal dignity, not by hereditary deſcent, and a preparatory education, but by a tumultuous and venal election; otherwiſe he muſt have known how a ſovereign prince expects to be treated.

"As to yourſelf, you ſeem to have acquired a conſiderable ſhare of book learning, but I fear to little purpoſe, if you do not

not apply it to your conduct in life; it might have taught you, that sovereigns, more particularly at public audiences, ought to be treated with decency and respect.

"You have spoken at large on the law of nature and of nations, but, sir, let a woman tell you, that when two princes are at war, each of them hath an undoubted right to intercept all supplies, from whatever quarter, sent to his enemy; this is universally acknowledged to be the law of nations; and as to the House of Austria, of which you speak with such lofty emphasis, is it possible your master can so soon have forgotten that a branch of that family attempted to deprive him of his throne?

"The other matters you mention, require consideration, and you may expect an answer in due time from my minister; in the mean time farewell, and be quiet."

EMBARRAS, a well-known one, probably recollected by many of my readers, which disturbed the peace of a respectable family, and raised a general outcry against what was considered as a gross violation of friendship and hospitality.

An intercourse which had subsisted between two houses for several generations, was suddenly interrupted, and in a few months an innocent, but unwelcome stranger, was introduced.

Appearance, as well as prejudice, were strong against the gentleman, and he submitted for many years, with a mixture of gallantry and philosophy, to universal reproach; while a circle of friends, attached by his many estimable qualities, felt strongly inclined, from the general tenor of his life, to defend his conduct, even under circumstances where there was such damning proof.

Every preacher, and every rhymer, every maid, every widow, and every wife, joined in chorus against him; the editor of this collection was doomed to listen to many a stale story, and many an unmeaning jest on the subject. To compleat the melody, a certain sentimental whiner raved in heroics, the newspapers teemed with invective, and magazines moaned in romance; all insisted, that the gentleman had not the shadow of an excuse; for if he was fond of the lady, what father would have refused Hilario for a son? What woman, (I repeat the words of every female who knows him) what woman could have refused an honourable offer from a man, in every respect so unexceptionable.

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The circumſtanee was trying, and the ſituation, to a man of ſtrong feelings, and a nice ſenſe of honour, (I repeat the words without fear of contradiction) and of a nice ſenſe of honor, highly unpleaſant; at length wine, which is ſaid to work miracles, to bend the moſt uncomplying, and ſoften even adamant, wine threw a ray of light over the clouds, which had long enveloped the myſterious buſineſs.

During one of thoſe election buſtles, which it has been ſo peculiarly the fate of this gentleman and his family to be perpetually engaged in, during one of thoſe tremendous dinners, where the dangers of contending mobs, broken windows, and broken heads, are leſs to be dreaded than the libations after dinner; it was after the triumph of an important, long-delayed deciſion, and when the healing of *old* animoſities, and confirming *new* friendſhips, was thought to be beſt cemented by wine, that the bottle circulated with a rapidity, fatal to the ſenſes of every man in the room. The triumph of Bacchus was eomplete; noiſe, nonſenſe, and ribaldry, drove prudenee and propriety from the board, the multitude huzzaed from without, and the gueſts ſhouted within; the ſaſhes, by a unanimous vote, were demoliſhed, the tables puſhed to the windows; thoſe without and thoſe within became on terms of abſolute equality; toaſts were given, ſongs ſung, and ſpeeches attempted to be made, which it would be as difficult to repeat, as it was for the orators to finiſh.

Not far from Hilario, the hero of the night, a giant among the pigmies, ſat a well-known fox-hunter, more remarkable for the ſtrength of his beer, than the depth of his underſtanding. Stimulated by that which makes cowards fancy themſelves courageous, and renders fools eloquent; the brute in buckſkin, from the inſanity of intoxieation, the latent ſeeds of ſome unextinguiſhed grudge, or that natural propenſity which little, deſpieable, mean-ſpirited raſcals, always feel, to degrade or vilify men of intellect and worth; this animal, with the ſenſual appetites of a goat, the filthy obſcenity of the filthieſt of quadrupeds, and the grimace of an ourang outang, virulently attacked the accompliſhed and highly-endowed Hilario; he reviled him in the groſſeſt terms, and in the moſt unqualified manner, as a ſeducer of innocence, the debaucher of the child of his friend.

The man thus rudely aſſailed, *a gentleman even in his cups*, for

for a short time bore with his illiberal brutality in silence; but there is a point at which forbearance ought to cease, and when patient endurance becomes a crime; Hilario rising as well as he was able, from his seat, thunder-struck, and half sobered by the virulence of the reptile, who had been daubing him with nauseating flattery, in the early part of the day, Hilario moved towards the door, which he opened, and left the room with the following emphatic words: "The company must decide in what manner the wretch, who has been speaking, deserves to be treated; I will not insult them, by comparing characters with one, whose propensities, every hedge, every ditch, and every dunghill, can witness. If I followed the impulse of my own feelings, which as I am a party concerned, and cannot fairly be a judge in my own cause, I will not do, I should certainly drop him from the window; but while he sits at table, I must beg leave to be absent.

"Before I go, perhaps I may be indulged with a few words—they shall be but few, for the subject he has chosen to handle so abominably and unfeelingly, I can hardly trust myself, especially in my present situation, to speak of. *(Here was a pause, occasioned by a sort of struggle between the effects of wine, resentment, and a native sense of decorum in his breast; an honest one, which even intoxication could not wholly suppress.)*

"But, gentlemen, this I must say; I will permit no man to decide on my conduct, in the point to which, uninvited and uncalled, he has chosen to allude; I will allow no man to decide on my conduct, 'till he can prove he has waked at midnight, from provoking dreams, and found at his bedside, the fairest of forms, with no other accompaniments than soft sighs, her chemise, and a wax taper."

He who had actually experienced, but proved himself unable to resist *such* a temptation; a temptation which would have melted the wax, and have snapped the cords of Ulysses, instantly retired. The mystery which had so long attracted general attention, directly vanished; all who heard, felt for a man placed in such a trying situation. The fox-hunter, by a general vote of the company, was kicked down stairs, tossed in a blanket, and cooled under a pump.

The tide of public censure, subject to such wonderful refluxes, soon after ebbed in an opposite direction; the obliquity of the daughter was universally im-

imputed to paternal neglect, and a very faulty maternal example: the frail fair one, who, in one unguarded moment of guilty indiſcretion, had ſacrificed the peace of her life, had been driven from her father's doors the moment her ſituation was ſuſpected.

As the price of reconciliation to her family and the world, and tempted by a ſplendid ſettlement, ſhe was prevailed on, in an ill-ſtarred moment, to accept the hand of one, who, though acquainted with what had happened, avowed himſelf her ardent admirer. But what language is ſtrong enough to uſe againſt a man, or rather a monſter, to whom every circumſtance had been unreſervedly explained; he married only to torment her. Though her conduct, ever ſince the fatal moment, had been correct and reſerved, and ſtill continued ſo, her tyrant choſe to repay the confidence ſhe had placed in him, with ſullen, groundleſs ſuſpicion, violence, and perſonal outrage.

If death has not yet put a period to her ſorrows, he ſeems deſtined by fate to vex and harraſs, to be the avenging fiend of her future life. Their not interfering in her caſe, nor reſenting ſuch deteſtable conduct, is a reproach on the courage, the feelings, and the honor of her family, and in my opinon, of the man ſhe originally loved.

This appears to me one of thoſe rare inſtances, in which *delivering* a wife from her huſband, is not only a juſtifiable ſtep, but a duty; I can conceive, and *almoſt* approve, Hilario's objections to marrying her in the firſt inſtance; but the unhappy woman, who ſacrificed her *all* to him, but nothing he for her, ſeems to have a ſtrong claim on him, (a claim, which I own I could not reſiſt) to reſcue her from harſhneſs and oppreſſion.

I have mentioned the gentleman's objections, in this caſe, to matrimony, and I recall the words, for the purpoſe of enforcing a uſeful, a never to be forgotten precept to women, who are ſo apt to be faſcinated by men of intriguing renown, gallantry, and gay manners. With this important caution I conclude: Let no female, who has notoriouſly tripped, think of marrying with any tolerable proſpect of happineſs, not even with her ſeducer; general lovers, when huſbands, are for the moſt part rigidly exact and obſervant of the conduct of their wives; SHE WHO VENTURES TO ACCOMPANY A RAKE TO THE ALTAR, SHOULD, IN INTERNAL PURITY, AND EXTERNAL DEMEANOUR,

OUR, BE A VESTAL, OR A CLARISSA.

The following is said to be part of a letter written by the unfortunate lady, and addreſſed to the gentleman in queſtion; in conſequenee of the unpropitious avowal he made, in the paroxyſm of irritation, and the heat of wine.

" Ungenerous man! is it not ſuffieient to have added *my* name to the long catalogue of your triumphs, to have deprived me of the affections of a father, the countenance of my friends, and the reſpect of my acquaintance, without adding to them the baſeneſs of ſpeaking of me with contempt over your cups;——how am I degraded, indeed I am *now* aſhamed of my fall.

" Let me pauſe and reflect on my conduct, let me conſider what I *once* was, and what I *now* am: admired, applauded, courted, and by you almoſt adored; now, avoided, deſpiſed, traduced, or what is worſe, *pitied*. Yet how enormous ſoever my tranſgreſſion in the eye of ſtrict female decorum, I cannot find that I am vicious and abandoned; I have been incautious and indiſcreet, but not depraved.

" If an unſpotted reputation be eſſential to a virtuous female character, my virtue I confeſs is gone; but if, as my reaſon informs me, virtue be wholly independent of human opinion, I ſtill feel myſelf its moſt ardent votary; I ſtill poſſeſs a heart endowed with the nobleſt principles; the children of ignoranee cannot, and the children of malevolenee will not, comprehend this apparent contradiction; but I neither court their approbation, nor fear their cenſure.

" I never pretended to deny that I poſſeſſed ſtrong ſenſibility, that I felt very early in life a propenſity for the tender paſſions; theſe tendencies, inſtead of being moderated and ſubdued by religious impreſſion, were foſtered and called into premature vegetation, by maternal example, and the indiſeriminate introduetion of myſelf and ſiſter, into very improper company, of all deſcriptions, and at all hours.

" You know, and muſt remember, how regularly my father and brother, after the fatigues of the field, and the exceſſes of the table, uſed to retire with my mother, and leave two giddy girls, at midnight, in company only with you and your friend ******; *he* valued the treaſure he now poſſeſſes too highly to attain it by the arts of a robber.

But to my purpoſe, 'till the fatal moment which brought on my undoing, I defy you to produce a

ſingle

single instance in which I deviated from the most scrupulous delicacy; and in the very delirium of those pleasures, for which I am paying a heavy penalty every hour of my life, will you dare to say, that transport was not chastised by reluctance, and voluptuousness restrained by decorum?

"But, whatever have been my faults or my failings, as neither the world, nor the world's law, are my friend, you ought to have been the last in blazoning my transgression: I have long felt the sort of treatment I may expect from my own sex; cautious reserve, affected concern, and insolent condolence; but as the remainder of my life shall be devoted to solitude, I feel no uneasiness on these accounts, and although my former companions shun me, I repose with confidence on the mercies of my Redeemer, and trust, that ministering angels, at an hour which I hope is not far distant, shall receive me into the realms of everlasting bliss.

"In spite of what has passed, I wish you peace and happiness, which, after a life like your's, can only be attained by repentance and amendment; farewel, you have added one to the many proofs, that NO MAN CAN ENTERTAIN A PROPER AFFECTION FOR ANY WOMAN WHO HAS ONCE CEASED TO RESPECT HERSELF."

EMBASSY TO CHINA. The sudden departure of Lord Macartney, and other peculiar circumstances which attended his mission, excited, on his arrival in Europe, general attention, and a curiosity which has not yet been gratified.

By some writers, the behaviour of the deceased Emperor Kien Long, to the English envoy, was considered as a master stroke of policy, an instance of diplomatic dexterity, which, without offending other nations, or tying down and committing himself, enabled his subjects still to reap all the benefits of a commercial intercourse with Great Britain; an intercourse which, although my opinion on the subject has been contradicted by a most respectable writer, I still continue to think, must, *as it is now conducted*, ultimately tend to injure, debilitate and impoverish us. By others, the Chinese Emperor has been condemned as a morose, haughty, suspicious, unaccommodating old despot; the query is, whether our conduct to *some* of his neighbours, has not justified his proceeding with due precaution.

An account, *not official*, but recently published by one well enabled,

enabled, by long habits and local poſition, to form a proper judgment, and give a correct report, helps to throw ſome light on the buſineſs.

"It being propoſed," ſays the writer I quote, "it being propoſed to his imperial majeſty, to enter into and ſign a written treaty, with the crown of Great Britain, the cautious Tartar pauſed, and after ſome deliberation, poſſitively and firmly refuſed to take ſuch a ſtep, either with Great Britain or any other power; the propoſing it, he could not but think, implied a doubt of his ſincerity, and his acceding to it would be contrary to ancient uſage, and a direct violation of the conſtitution of the Chineſe empire.

"The emperor, at the ſame time, expreſſed the higheſt reſpect for the King of Great Britain, and the people he ſo happily governed, and profeſſed that he felt a ſtrong inclination to grant them greater indulgences than any other European power which traded in his dominions; nor had he any objection to make a new arrangement of the duties levied on Engliſh ſhips.

"At the ſame time, he felt it his duty to ſay, that the intereſts of his own ſubjects muſt, in every inſtance, and in every intercourſe, be the paramount and leading principle of his conduct.

"Such are my ſentiments, and I cannot perceive that they require any written inſtrument or ſignature to give them efficacy. Deliver with them this caſket to the king your maſter," concluded the imperial veteran, for he had conſiderably ſurpaſſed the age of man, preſenting at the ſame time a box containing miniature portraits of all his predeceſſors, with moral and political axioms written under each of them, "deliver it to him with your own hands; though the preſent may appear to be ſmall, in my eſtimation, it is of the higheſt value, and has been tranſmitted to me through a long line of my anceſtors.

"I had, indeed, reſerved it as a ſacred bequeſt for my ſon and ſucceſſor, in the hope that he would be ſtimulated by ſuch bright examples, and by the ſage inſtructions which accompany them, to exalt the honor of the Chineſe throne, and procure, by every means in his power, the proſperity and happineſs of his ſubjects."

EMIGRATION. A practice ſtill perſevered in, and to a degree ſo alarming, in different parts of Great Britain, that it ſtrongly

ſtrongly claims the attention of the patriot and ſtateſman.

By ſome writers it is ſaid not to be an evil, becauſe exceſſive population is incompatible with the ſafety and quiet of a ſtate, which, like the human body, requires, at times, copious evacuations to carry off *plethora*; and, that it is not deſirable to have a number of people, greater than can be cheaply and plentifully ſupplied with food, cloathing, and employment.

I lament the neceſſity ſo many have felt in thus baniſhing themſelves from their country; in ſeveral inſtances I have been deprived of a good neighbour, a pleaſant companion, and an intelligent friend.

I would wiſh to make large allowance for the effects of diſappointment and exaggeration on minds brooding over public and private calamity: under ſuch impreſſions, I have, too often alas for my own comfort, experienced the induſtrious alacrity of imagination, in hunting out, or creating, cauſes for complaint and irritation.

In every ſtage of ſociety, and at all times, there have been, and ever will be, individuals diſſatisfied with the ſlender portion of good things, allotted to the ſubordinate and inferior claſſes of mankind; endeavouring, in the preſent overcharged ſtate of ſociety, to improve their circumſtances, and find eſtabliſhments; movements, ſo common and natural, excite neither ſurprize nor alarm.

But when we ſee citizens of ſuperior worth, wealth, and intellect, ſenators, philoſophers, and merchants, with a numerous train of artiſts, handicrafts-men, and artificers; perſons, I ſay, who have improved the world by their diſcoveries, and afforded bread to thouſands by their manufactories; when we ſee them, tearing themſelves, at a heavy expence of property and regret, from their country, friends, and connections, and carrying to diſtant lands, arts, ſciences, capitals, and inventions, which have ſo long and ſo ſumptuouſly borne up this country, with all its enormous burthens, on the buoyant ſtream of mercantile proſperity and renown; a cool and conſiderate ſpectator, an independent Engliſhman, attached to his country and conſtitution, but not blind to its defects, cannot help looking around him with anxiety.

On this ſubject, the public has been favored, by an Engliſh emigrant, with his REASONS FOR QUITTING A COUNTRY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I hear

I hear with pleaſure, that in taking this ſtep, nothing has been done incompatible with returning to his native country, ſhould the writer ever be ſo inclined.

After ſeeing many men and many cities, after quaffing from the Circæan cups of republican hoſpitality, and liſtening to democratic Syrens, I hope and truſt that he will eſcape the equally overwhelming whirlpools of regal and popular deſpotiſm, the Scilla and Charybdis of modern times; and that he will return with renewed health and ſpirits to Penelope, who, with faith unimpeached, aſſiduouſly labours at her yet unfiniſhed web.

Some of his *reaſons* it may not be amiſs to conſider: "The regret you expreſs," ſays the traveller, "is indeed no more than I expected from our long intimacy; I conſider it as the kind ſolicitude and anxious inquiſitiveneſs of genuine friendſhip; indeed it was not without difficulty that I refrained from ſeeing you on the day of my departure; but in that caſe, explanations muſt have followed, deſcribing many of your acquaintance, and ſome of your friends, in unfavorable colours."

He then proceeds to point out the various claims on his hereditary property, which made retrenchment of expenditure abſolutely neceſſary, and concludes that part of his letter by aſking emphatically: "Was it pleaſant in a country which once echoed with the beneficence of my family, to be pointed out as an economiſt and a miſer?"

A *watering* place, only a few miles from his houſe, is alſo mentioned as an awkward ſpecies of grievance:

"The diſtance from my pariſh is ſo ſhort, the ride for the ladies *ſo charming*, and to the gentlemen *ſuch a monſtrous good lounge*, that I found I muſt either be ill-natured, or bid adieu to comfort and repoſe.

"I have not the impudence of your friend ****** to repel intruding curioſity, by placing, as he did, a living naked figure in the veſtibule, which effectually, but indecorouſly, cleared his premiſes of troubleſome viſitors. But, can it be agreeable to a man fond of domeſtic retirement, to have his houſe conſidered as the *raree ſhew* of the country? And thoſe gardens and pleaſure-grounds, the ſcene of morning exerciſe and evening contemplation, in which I have paſſed with you, my friend, ſo many delicious claſſic hours, haunted by maſculine females, and effeminate danglers, who miſtake noiſy

noisy vulgarity for easy manners, and rank affectation for graceful gesture."

One of his neighbours, a justice of peace, and colonel of volunteers, who damns the jacobines, recommends loyalty, bonfires, rejoicings, fire-works, and constitutional toasts, and kindly furnishes his neighbours with candles, gunpowder and strong beer; and a *special attorney*, who, as vestry-clerk, sees no reason why, in litigated cases, the parish should *ever* submit; is sure a jury would right them, and whose annual bill is seldom more than one hundred pounds, rank next in the rural catalogue. The rector he names with respect, and esteem "as a successful interceder between God and man, a character worthy of a purer age, a primitive Christian.

"Judge of my concern, at having forfeited the friendship of this worthy priest, who, with all his good qualities, is a stern and unaccommodating opposer of every inroad on orthodoxy. Since I communicated to him my doubts of the fidelity of certain passages in Saint John's Gospel, and absented myself from church whenever a certain creed is read, he considers me as an outcast of Israel.

"We were surrounded by keen sportsmen," is the next reason given by this gentleman for seceding from his native country, "we were surrounded by keen sportsmen, who consider killing foxes, hares, and partridges, as the great and most important business of their lives; who think agility and dexterity in field exercises, and the being able to converse *learnedly* on these subjects, swallowing half-pint bumpers, and roaring obscene songs, as ample and sufficient qualifications for a country gentleman.

"I have sometimes endeavoured to entice them into a conversation on literary, agricultural, or scientific subjects, but it was expecting a man born deaf to describe the harmony of tones, or a blind one to explain the theory of vision; my endeavours were generally repaid with the broad grin of ignorant impudence, accompanied with the *knowing* jargon of the stable, the brothel, or the dog-kennel.

The bachelor a cormorant, the
bachelor a drone,
Who eats and drinks at other's
cost, but seldom at his
own,

is served up as the next standing dish of a country town; this sketch, I understand, is a portrait from the life, and on a late occa-

occaſion, at a public dinner, in a diſtant county, the ſubject of it was pointed out to me.

Being wholly a ſtranger to the perſonal and local hiſtory of the place, I am not able to decide whether it is a *ſtriking* likeneſs; but, having peruſed the pamphlet with ſome intereſt, I made a point of getting into a little general chat with the original; I found him affable, well-informed, and pleaſant. A collection being made for the wife and children of a labourer recently killed by an accident in a ſtone quarry, he was active in promoting the charitable contributions of others, and more than liberal himſelf.

For theſe, and other reaſons, I am inclined to attribute ſome of the exaggerated deſcriptions, and ſatirical invective with which the piece abounds, to party prejudice, morbid irritability, and perſonal reſentment.

Yet, with all theſe faults, I am told I *muſt not* omit "the ſly bachelor, with his gun, his gelding, and his terrier, ſubſiſting in his almoſt deſerted manſion on mean expedients, and avowing, without a bluſh, that he wholly depends on his acquaintance for dinners and wine; but indulging in every other expence of a ſelfiſh or ſenſual kind, and in every article of dreſs, ſuperfluity, and amuſement, where the gratification begins and ends with *number one*: debauching your wife, ſeducing your daughter, or corrupting your ſervant, and galloping brim full of ſcandal acroſs the country, to diffuſe it in every direction.

"But," continues the writer I quote, "I paſs from theſe molehills, on which I occaſionally ſtumbled, to the over hanging and tottering mountain, which terrified and drove me from **-***; and it is with peculiar reluctance that I enter on the ſubject, becauſe you are yourſelf a party concerned; *it was our differing very widely in political opinions.*

"It cannot have eſcaped your recollection, that I always profeſſed myſelf an advocate for moderate and peaceable reform; for a diminution of public expence, as far as was conſiſtent with honor, expediency, and ſafety; that I always held in abhorrence thoſe eloquent orators in favor of melioration, who conſider popularity only as a ſtalking horſe to carry them into office, who, on the oppoſition bench, are eager and inceſſant in crying for reform; but, *in the treaſury*, ſpeak another language, and

and vilify or traduce their old aſſociates, whom they firſt converted by precept and example.

"I will not deny, that circumſtance, ſituation, and the ſpirit of the times, may render the ſame theories and ſpeculations dangerous and inadmiſſible, which, at *other* times, and in *other* ſeaſons, would have been not only ſafe but highly deſirable and advantageous; on theſe and ſimilar occaſions, what I look for, and what I think I have a right to expect, is candour and moderation, but my neighbours would not permit me to ſteer a middle courſe.

"I muſt abſolutely and neceſſarily be an ariſtocrat or a democrat, with all their headſtrong exceſſes, infatuations, and abſurdities; an implicit ſubſcriber to the reveries, prejudices, and declamatory invective of Mr. Burke; or a pupil to the rough rhetoric and levelling logic of Thomas Paine; it is in vain that I declare myſelf a diſciple of neither of the ſchools; each party ſcowls upon me with a ſuſpicious eye, nor will either of them believe, that arguments *ſo ſtrong* can fail of producing inſtant conviction.

By the partizans of one ſide, I am conſidered as an enemy to wholeſome and neceſſary ſubordination; by the zealots on the other, I am *cried down* as a foe to the rights of man, and the inalienable birthright and prerogatives of an Engliſhman; I tried to inculcate, without avail, my favorite axiom, that MODERATION IS THE KEYSTONE OF POLITICAL AS WELL AS RELIGIOUS WISDOM.

"In polities, I was thought too lukewarm to be loyal, and becauſe I endeavoured to avoid the extremes of ſcepticiſm, rant, and ſuperſtition, I was accuſed of being careleſs and indifferent on the important ſubject of religion.

"For theſe and other reaſons, the *nicknames* of jacobin, republican, and leveller, were alternately beſtowed upon me; I was marked as a dangerous man, and being ſurrounded by perſons who approved of the *wholeſome ſeverities* at Mancheſter and Birmingham, I ſoon felt the effects of prejudice and malignity; conflagration, uproar, and plunder, with all their horrors, preſented themſelves to my imagination, I ordered my horſes, and fled from impending deſtruction.

"Perhaps you will allow me ſome merit in thus avoiding evils with which I felt myſelf unable to combat, the meek merit of diffidence, if not of heroic reſolution;—as happineſs is the great and juſtifiable purſuit of

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us all, I have determined to try an experiment on the ſubject; I have left full powers with our common friend ***** to tranſact every neceſſary buſineſs for me, and am preparing with my books and *part* of my family to viſit America.

I am neither ſo ſanguine, nor ſo weak, as to expect that I ſhall find that country without cares and imperfections; yet, I entertain a warm hope, that the conſolations of religion, time, experimental philoſophy, natural hiſtory, literature, and a new ſcene, will gradually heal the wounds inflicted by intolerance, prejudice, and calumny.

"I will not pretend to deny, that, by the conduct I have adopted, I ſhall forego many of the ſolid comforts, and ſome of the ſoothing ſatisfactions of life; a friend like yourſelf, and I cannot ſuppreſs the ſigh which burſts forth while I make the declaration, a friend like yourſelf, intereſted in my happineſs and welfare, is not eaſily re-placed.

The enlivening intercourſe of ſocial life is not without its faſcinations, but I have for ſome years imagined that ſociety, or, to uſe a more common phraſe, *keeping company*, is neither what it was, nor what it ſhould be; I cannot, I will not *diſpatch* three bottles of port at one ſitting; ſome of the *converſation pieces* after dinner are, in the higheſt degree, diſguſting and intolerable; I am a miſerable whiſt-player, and cannot reconcile it to myſelf to give away my partner's money, nor am I very willing, which is regularly the caſe whenever I play, to be always loſing my own.

"You will ſmile, as you often *have* ſmiled, at another circumſtance, which is a grievous eyeſore to me in every part of Europe which I have viſited; the ſhocking contraſt, often ſeparated only by a few feet, of wretchedneſs, famine, filth, and rags, with enormous wealth, luxury, ſuperfluity, and refinement.

"It is impoſſible to deny, particularly in this country, the vaſt contributions of charitable benevolence, but the object of my complaint is a practical ſatire on European policy, a ſentence of condemnation on the government which does not prevent, and the rich man who does not wholly remove the evil: this and other whims, you uſed to tell me, were the flights of a *miſtaken perfectioniſt*; yet it uſed to be the boaſt of my worthy grandfather, whoſe honeſt ſpirit is now enjoying thoſe ſcenes of eternal bliſs which, I fear, his deſcendant is not qualified to taſte; it uſed to be his boaſt, that there was

not a ruinous cottage, nor a ragged, miserable, half-starved labourer's family, within five miles of his house.

"To the question with which you conclude your letter, 'do I mean ever to return?' I answer, Yes, the period, perhaps, is distant, but come it must; when our religious and political leaders are more disposed to enlighten the reason, than inflame the prejudices of those they govern.

Since my former impression, the transatlantic voyager is returned; probably induced by a change of administration, in which a near and dear friend has taken an active part; he confesses, that under a different mask, the foes he fled from in England, ignorance, envy, prejudice, intolerance, and malignity, equally abound on both sides of the Atlantic: with respect to the conduct of religious and political leaders, with which my last extract closes, he owns, with the wounded pride of a mortified republican, that kings, ministers, and public men, must adapt the tools and instruments they employ to the capacity and morals of those they serve; in a word, that there are few hands, few heads, and fewer hearts, capable of exercising power without interest, fear, or affection.

EMPSON, RICHARD, the son of a sieve-maker at Towcester, in Northamptonshire, who, to use the words of an old provincial biographer, *sifted the estates* of the wealthiest men in England. He lived in the reign of King Henry the seventh, who repenting that he had rejected the offers of Columbus, to sail in the service of England, on a voyage of discovery, resolved *to find the Indies at home*.

Looking about him, the king at last cast his eyes on the subject of our present article, who was a lawyer in considerable repute for diligence, acuteness, and undaunted countenance, but wanted that, without which a good lawyer makes a bad man, a feeling and honest heart.

Empson quickly experienced the benefit of royal patronage, he received the honor of knighthood, was appointed Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster, and was soon after associated with Edmund Dudley, a man well descended, but devoted to the court, in a special commission which called them *Fiscal Judges*; an office, I thank God, not known in the English constitution; the only fiscal judge *we* acknowledge, is the House of Commons. In this post incited, and encouraged by a king who was too fond of money, they converted the penal laws,

laws, and obſolete or forgotten ſtatutes, into inſtruments for levying heavy fines on their fellow ſubjects, and filling the royal coffers.

It was their cuſtom to indict wealthy perſons for ſundry crimes, and when the bills were found by a pliant jury, aſſiſted by a train of witneſſes, not very ſcrupulous in the buſineſs of oaths, they adviſed the parties to compound the matter, and generally terrified them into compliance.

By this worſt ſpecies of tyranny, a tyranny under form of law, men's eſtates were confiſcated on vain and frivolous pretences, and many reſpectable families wholly ruined; pardons, relief from offices unjuſtly laid on perſons, tenures *in capite*, and reverſals of outlawry, were alſo copious ſources of emolument.

But the king was called to that tribunal from which there is no appeal; and, after his death, Empſon's day of retribution ſpeedily approached.

In the early part of the next reign, they were both examined before the council, but producing poſitive orders, for every thing they did, ſigned by the late king, Henry the eighth, as little ſcrupulous in the means he employed as the moſt abſolute of monarchs, found it impoſſible to puniſh them without diſgracing the memory of his father; one important part of his duty, on this occaſion, he wholly neglected, that of re-funding the ill-gotten wealth of his plundered ſubjects.

The following words are part of the defence of Empſon, who pleaded his own cauſe before the council, with conſiderable eloquence and ſtrength of argument:

"The accuſation brought againſt me is new, and without precedent; moſt proſecutions have been carried on againſt thoſe who have acted contrary to law, or diſobeyed the commands of their ſovereign.

"In the preſent caſe, I am called to account for obeying the expreſs orders of his majeſty's father, and acting preciſely according to the law of the land; if ſuch conduct is to be conſidered as a puniſhable offence, and it be divulged to foreign nations, they will infer, that the diſſolution of the Engliſh government is approaching."

The preſident of the council told him, "that he ſpoke with unwarrantable freedom, but that his eloquence was fruitleſs and unſeaſonable; that he was not accuſed of executing the laws, but of ſtretching them beyond due bounds, and rendering them inſtruments of injuſtice; that he was not brought in queſtion for

obeying his royal maſter, but for exceeding his commiſſion, and for not ſubmitting to the king's conſideration, as was his bounden duty, any proceeding which bore hard on the rights of the ſubject.

Empſon and Dudley, after a long confinement in the tower, were executed to appeaſe public diſcontent, on ſome fabricated charge, or the ſide wind of an *ex poſt facto* law.

The prodigious wealth of Empſon probably accelerated his ruin. His treaſures were ſoon diſſipated by the voluptuous extravagance, and indiſcriminate ſenſuality of Henry. His houſe and gardens, the moſt ſumptuous and magnificent of any private man's of his day, were given to Wolſey; theſe firſt harbingers of royal favor occupied the whole ſpace, at the back of Fleet-ſtreet, from the preſent foot of Blackfriars-bridge to the Temple-gardens.

An hiſtorian of that period, who ſaw an account-book of Empſon's, obſerved the king's writing in various parts, by way of note; the following entry caught his eye: Received of **** (an offender under ſentence) five marks, for a pardon to be procured for him; *the money to be returned if the pardon do not paſs, except the party be other ways ſatisfied.* Oppoſite to this memorandum, on the margin of the book was written, in the king's own hand, OTHER WAYS SATISFIED.

It is not eaſy in this and other traits of the ſeventh Henry to recognize or reconcile them to the mild virtues and magnanimous conduct of the pious Richmond, as delineated by Shakeſpear, the ſubduer of tyranny, and the reſcuer of beauty.

Our author was clearly warped by court influence; his buſineſs, at all events, was to paint Devil Richard, *as black as poſſible*, and to flatter, by every means in his power, the immediate anceſtor of Elizabeth, the ſovereign at that time on the throne.

Without yielding implicitly to the pleaſant chimæras of Horace Walpole, all muſt agree, that the man who could thus proſtitute his honor and dignity, did not deſerve to triumph in Boſworth field. Richard, with all his ferocity, would have deſpiſed ſo diſgraceful a proceeding.

Nothing could eſcape the rapacious induſtry of the ſeventh Henry; his quick-ſighted avarice appeared in an inſtance, uncreditable to his political gratitude as a king, and his manners as a gentleman.

There were ſeveral acts of parliament paſſed, for obvious and wiſe

wiſe reaſons, againſt giving liveries to any but menial ſervants. The Earl of Oxford, to whom the king was more obliged than to any man in the realm, incautiouſly ſubjected himſelf to the penalties of theſe ſtatutes, and on an occaſion when moſt princes would have overlooked it.

The king viſiting the earl at Caſtle Henningham, was entertained with magnificent and expenſive hoſpitality; ſeeing, as he departed, a number of perſons dreſſed in rich liveries, arranged on each ſide of the apartments and gallery through which the royal viſitor paſſed. "My lord," ſaid the crafty monarch, turning to the earl, "I had heard much of your hoſpitality, but it exceeds all report; theſe handſome gentlemen, and luſty yeomen, I ſee on both ſides, are ſurely your menial ſervants."

The earl, not perceiving his inſidious aim, anſwered, "I do not, my liege, keep ſo many domeſtics, they are only tenants, neighbours, and humble retainers, whom I ordered to attend, conſidering it my duty to pay your majeſty every homage and reſpect in my power."

Henry ſtarting a little, replied, "By my faith, my lord, I thank you for your good cheer; but I muſt not ſuffer the laws to be thus broken before my face; MY ATTORNEY MUST TALK WITH YOU."

This diſhonorable tranſaction, which I impute to the ſuſpicious timidity of the king, as well as his love of money, coſt the generous earl fifteen thouſand marks.

Dudley publiſhed a book, ſaid, by Wood, to be in the *juridic* ſtyle, called Arbor Reipublicæ; he was ſteward of the Rape of Haſtings, in Suſſex, and father of John, Duke of Northumberland, Ambroſe, Earl of Warwick, and Robert, Earl of Leiceſter.

ENTHUSIASM AND OBSCENITY OFTEN ALLIED.

It would appear incredible, did not facts prove it, that any who profeſs and call themſelves Chriſtians, ſhould adopt and ſupport one of the moſt exceptionable tenets of the beaſtly Cynics. "That nothing natural is ſhameful, that the gratification of the paſſions *in public*, is not only allowable, but praiſeworthy." Yet, a modern pamphleteer has not ſcrupled to go even beyond them; he inſiſts that "We ought to call a ſpade a ſpade, that we ſhould withdraw the veil from nature, not only becauſe what is generally hidden is not ſhameful, but becauſe it is *holy*.

"The Scripture," ſays this extra-

extraordinary writer, "gives ſtriking accounts of theſe matters, which ſqueamiſh folks cannot reliſh; the diſtinguiſhing criterions of the ſexes are holy, and it was thought no crime, in better days, to ſpeak of our appetites, our paſſions, and thoſe organs, which we now wrap up in delicate phraſe, as they really are, and under their proper denominations; this modern affectation, in an age of clean mouths and foul hearts, is, after all, downright vanity and pride."

Another writer of the ſame opinion, but on different principles, inſiſts, that by delicacy we augment irritation, that by refinement and decorum we increaſe ſuſceptibility, give new arms to the temper, and inflame the ſenſes through the imagination.

This admirer of naked truth, who would deprive us of one of the greateſt of our pleaſures, that of cheating ourſelves, inſiſts, that if *his* vocabulary, and *his* ſyſtem of cloathing, or rather uncloathing, were adopted, we might paſs by a fine woman, as we do a well-formed ſtatue, with *cool admiration*; and behold her neck, her leg, &c. with as little emotion as we now view her noſe, her cheek, her hands, or her arms.

EPICHARIS, an enfranchiſed female ſlave, who, at a dark and diſgraceful period of the Roman empire, diſcovered a firmneſs of mind, and an incorruptible virtue, worthy the age of the Scipios.

Irritated to deſperate enthuſiaſm by the enormities of Nero, ſhe joined in a conſpiracy with the author of the Pharſalia and other conſiderable men, againſt the imperial ſavage; but the tardineſs or prudent precaution of her aſſociates, did not ſuit the warmth of her feelings, and the ardor of her zeal; aſpiring to the rights of a free woman, as ſhe planned with boldneſs, it was her wiſh to execute with rapidity.

Their purpoſe was ſuſpected, and Epicharis committed to priſon; the tyrant expecting from her ſex and ſtation, that ſhe would be eaſily prevailed on, by promiſes or threats, to make important diſcoveries.

But all his efforts to corrupt or to intimidate were vain; ſhe rejected his offers with ſcorn, defied the impotence of his malice to touch or warp an independent mind; lamented that ſhe had not at once, and without communication or counſel, ruſhed on him with a dagger, and given liberty to the world: ſhe concluded

cluded by execrating Nero as a brute and a parricide, and the Romans as degenerate ſlaves, for ſubmitting to ſo inhuman a monſter.

Epicharis was inſtantly delivered to the tormentors, who, during a long a dreadful day, exerciſed upon her every ſpecies of torture and indignity, without a word or a groan eſcaping from their unfortunate captive.

As her mangled body was conveyed back to priſon, Nero, with a mercileſs aſſiduity, ſince practiſed by the inquiſition, gave particular directions, by medical and other means, to prevent death from ſhortening her miſeries.

Being brought forth the next morning for the purpoſe of again tormenting her, this extraordinary woman, while the infernal preparations were making, eluding the vigilance of the attendants, or ſoftening their hearts, paſſed a girdle, which formed part of her dreſs, tightly round her neck and the back of the chair or ſeat on which ſhe was placed; then ſlipping her feet from their reſting place, was in this manner ſuſpended, and ſoon placed out of the power of the tyrant.

The firmneſs and reſolution of Epicharis on this occaſion, were a ſtrong contraſt to the conduct of ſome of the principal conſpirators; men of literary eminence, pro-conſular dignity, ſenators, and magiſtrates, who, intimidated by *her* ſufferings endeavoured to make their peace with the brute in purple, but, as an impreſſive leſſon, were all alike conſigned to an untimely death.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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